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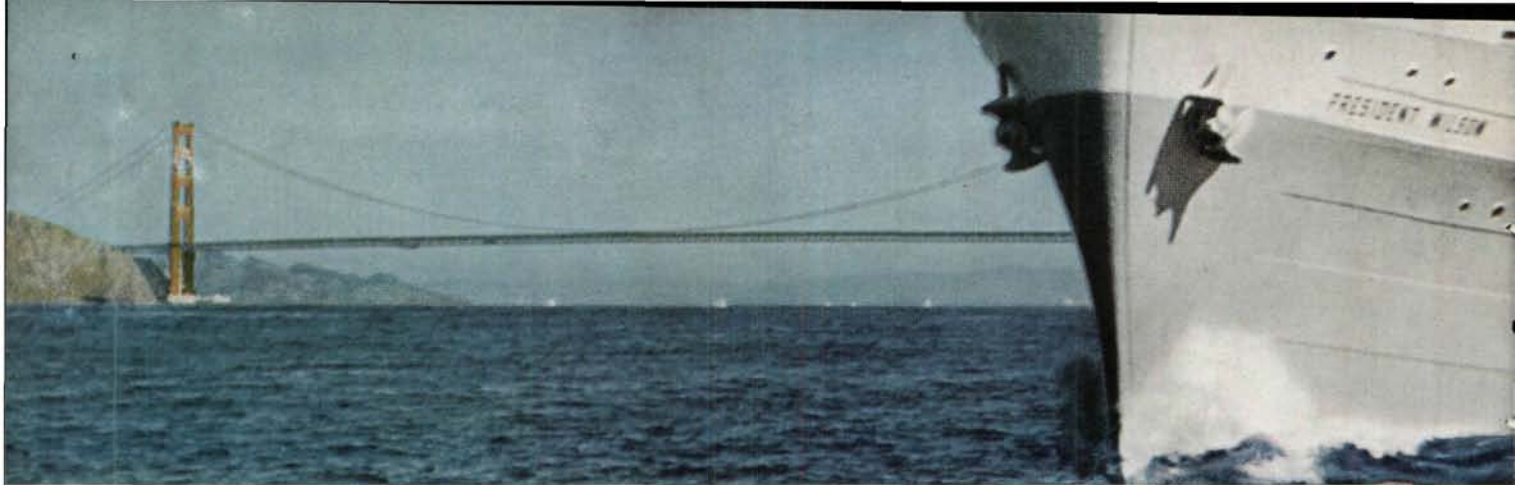
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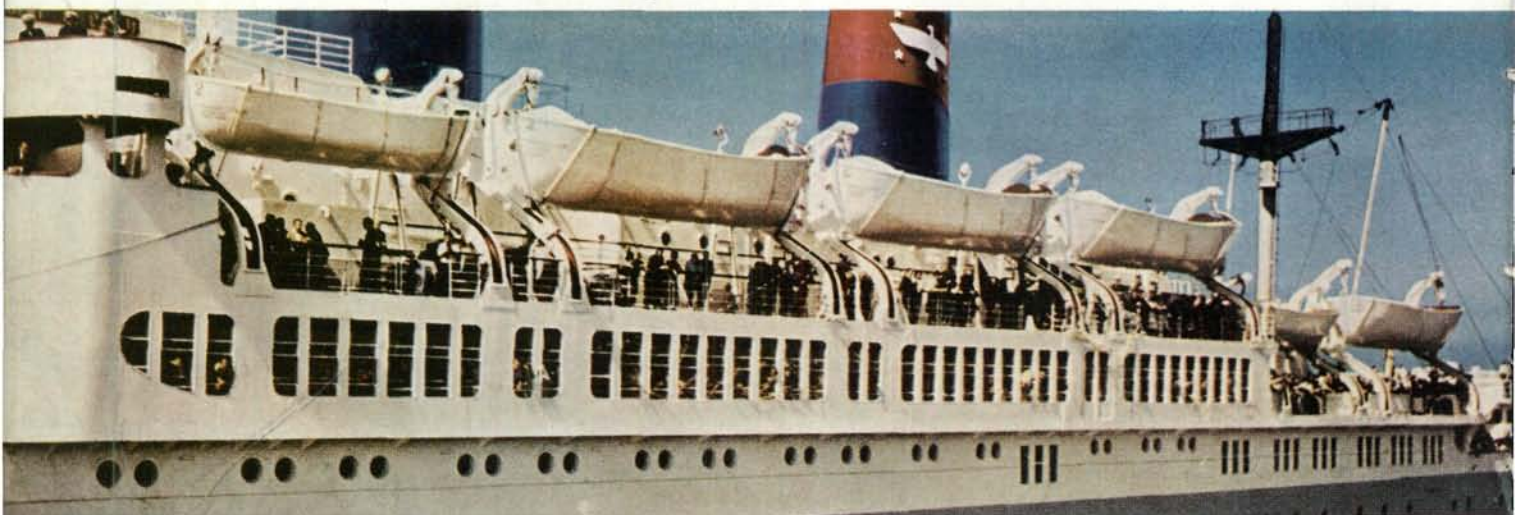
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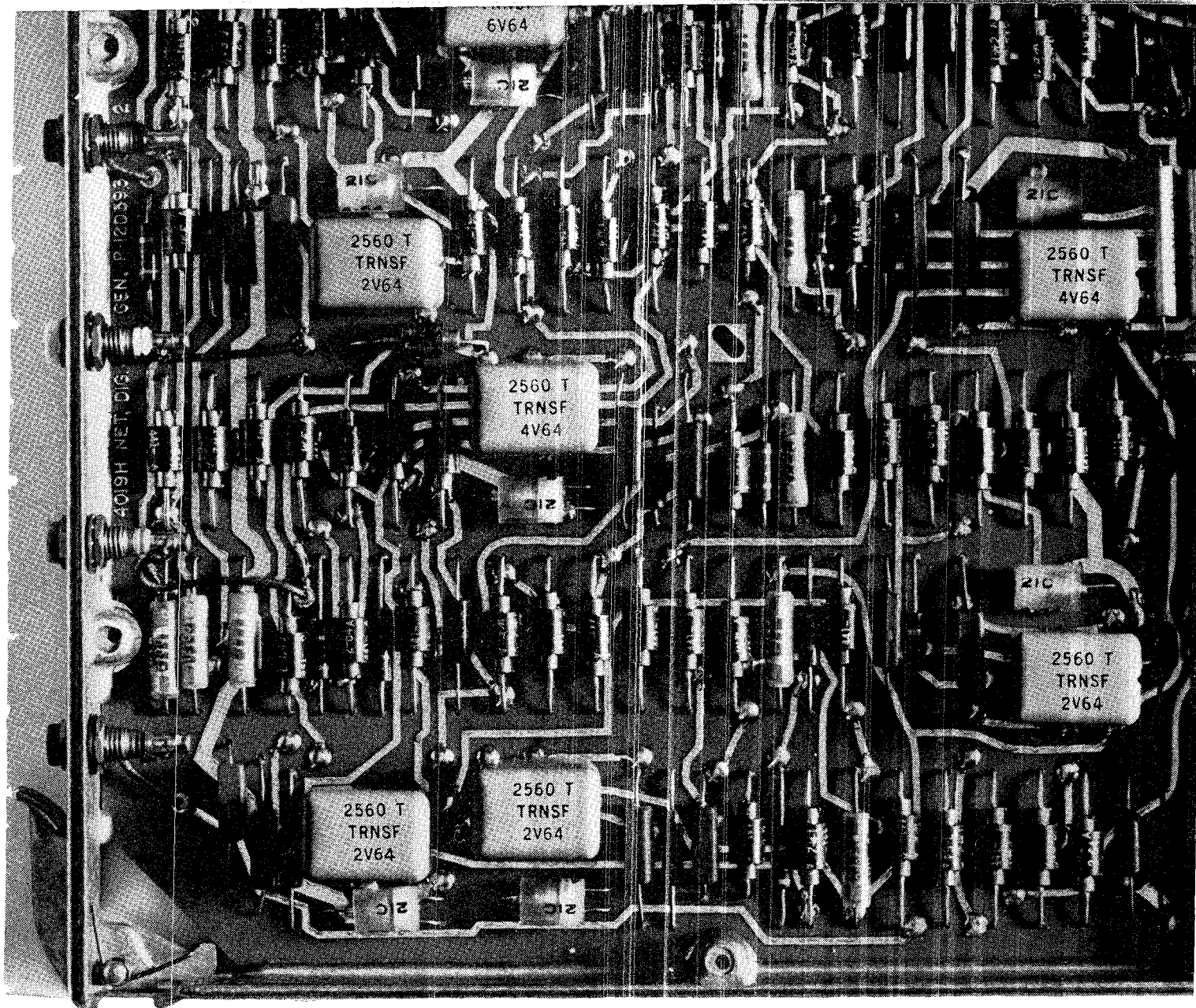
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ATLANTIC

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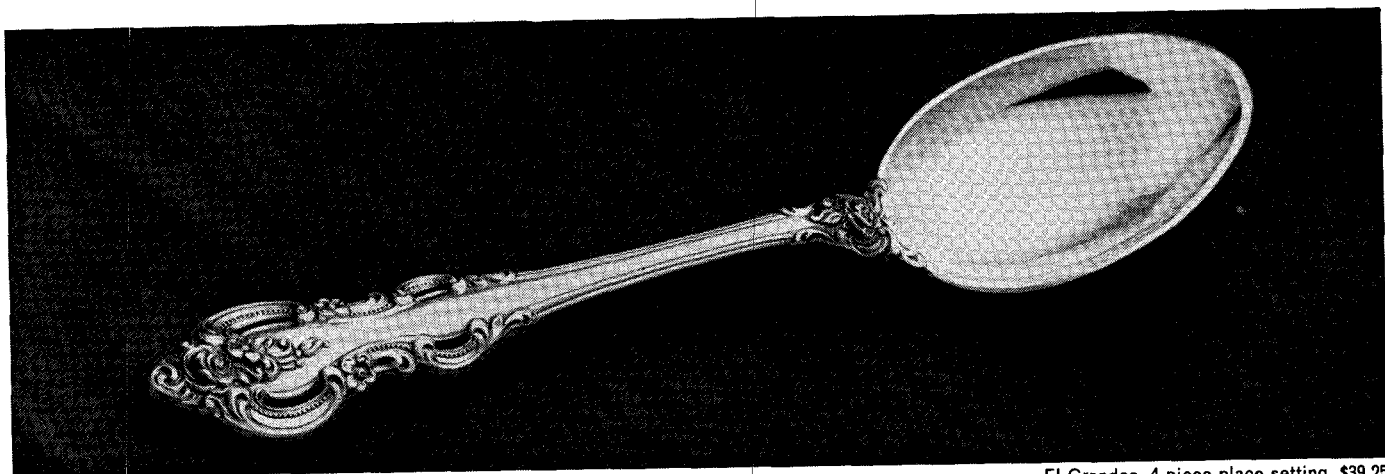
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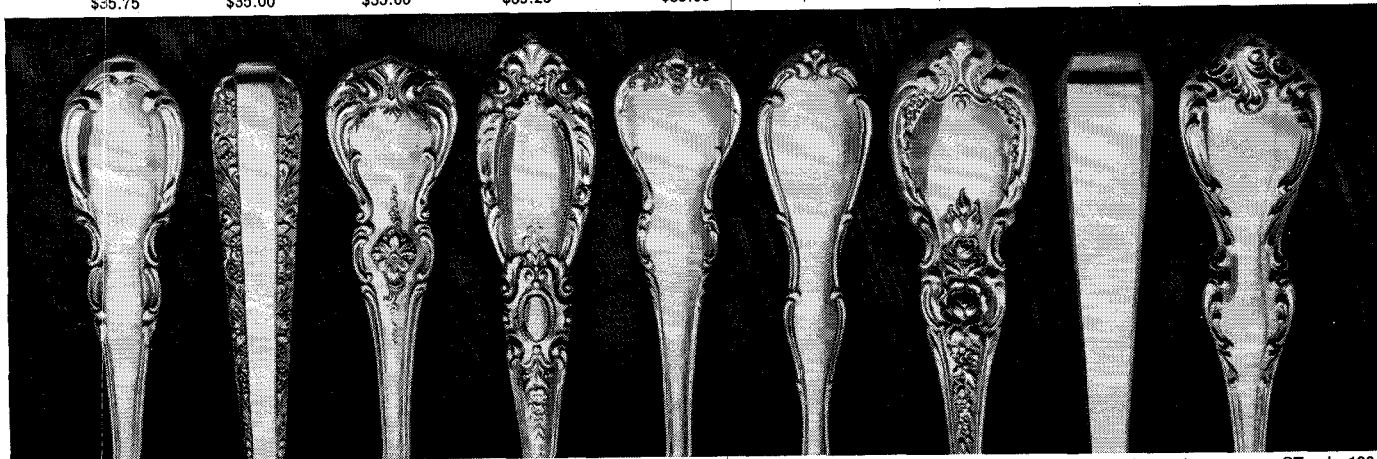
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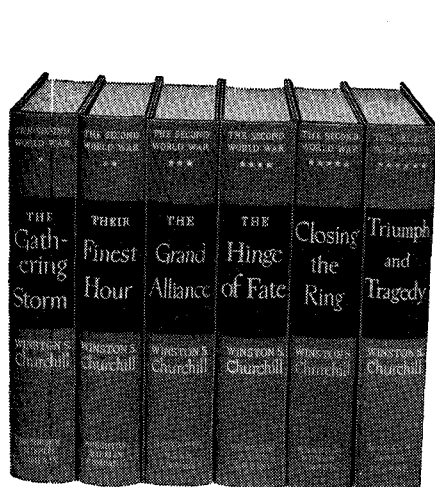
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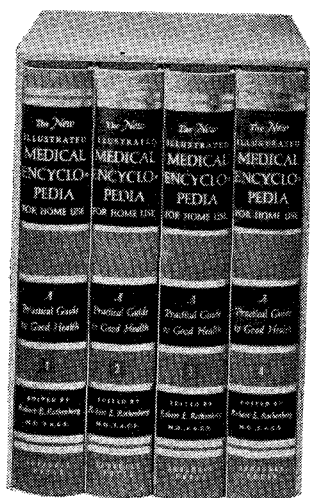
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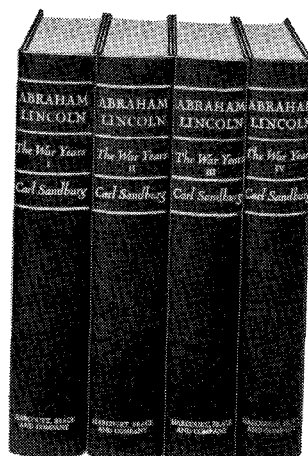
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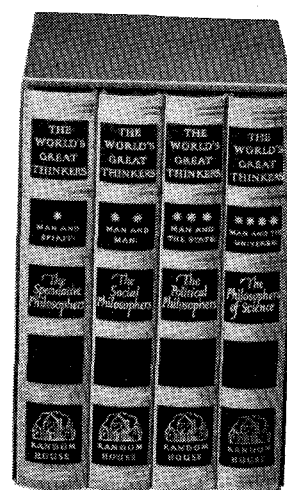
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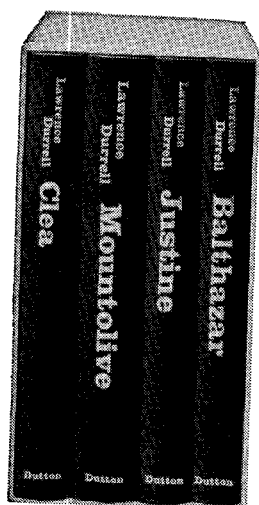
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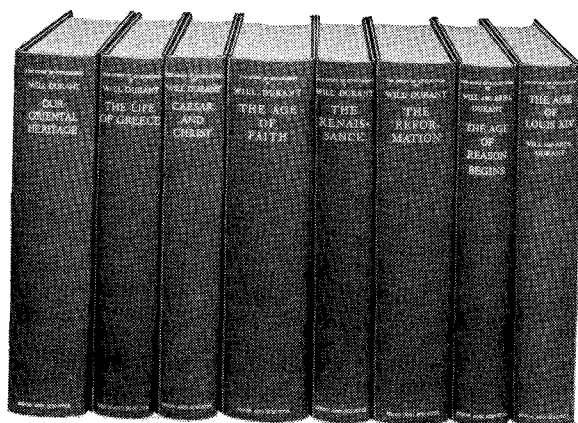


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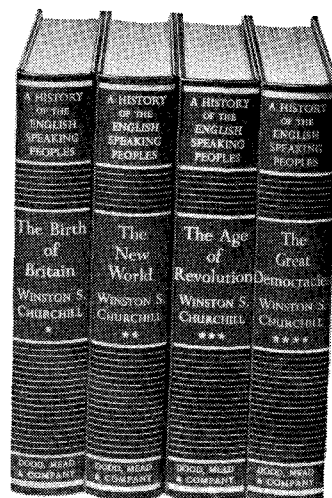


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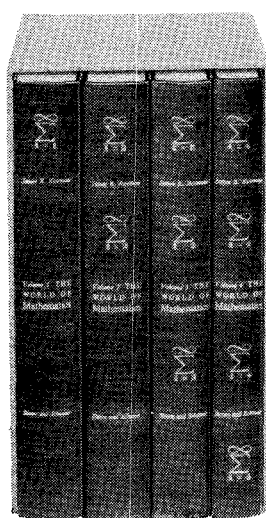
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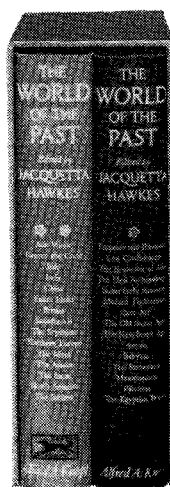
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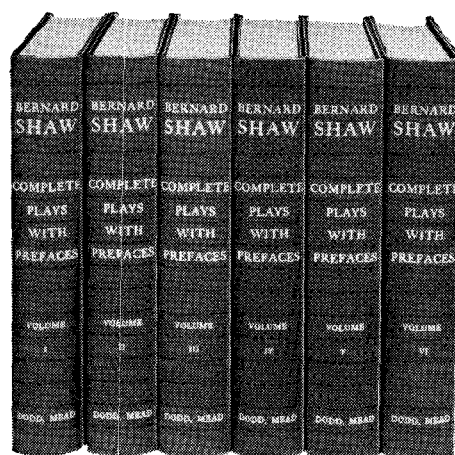
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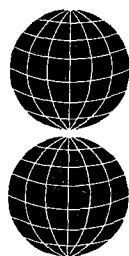
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WASHINGTON

IN SELECTING Hubert H. Humphrey as his running mate, President Johnson consulted every faction in the Democratic Party, while retaining the full measure of decision. He planned his every move with extraordinary care to preserve his freedom of action. Months ago he wrote a memorandum to himself saying that until he reached a final decision, he would not discuss the vice presidential choice openly.

The President has told associates that although he was given every consideration and shown every courtesy by President Kennedy, the three years in the vice presidency were the most miserable of his life. As a proud man, he suffered acutely from published reports that he was a nobody, a Throttlebottom. After he became President, he resolved that his own Vice President must have a recognized role in the Administration.

The President intends, if he is elected, to use Humphrey in a variety of assignments at home and abroad, and to make him a spokesman for the Administration. While President Johnson expects the Vice President to make formal speeches, cleared in advance, he does not wish him to hold press conferences and subject himself to questions that could expose any differences between the two men. With Humphrey, this could present problems, for he likes to define the issues clearly, and has been popular with Washington newsmen because he will debate in any forum available. The President, on the contrary, likes to blunt the issues and resolve differences behind the scenes.

At any time in the weeks before the convention, the President could have put an end to the Humphrey drive if he had chosen to do so. But he knew that Humphrey was the one man on which the majority of the delegates agreed. Humphrey has had good experience in foreign affairs and a consistent

record on domestic issues. His nomination assured Johnson of the continued support of liberal, labor, and minority groups that even to this day are mildly suspicious of the President.

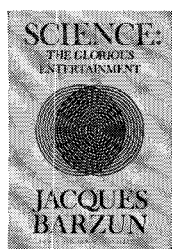
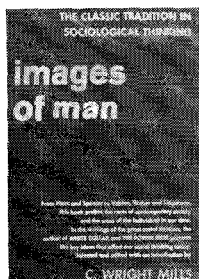
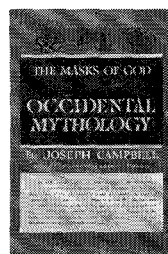
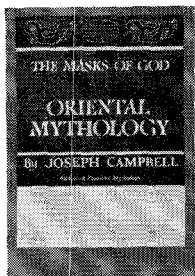
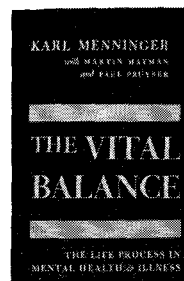
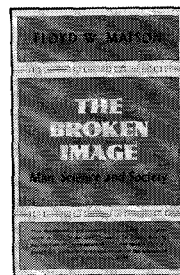
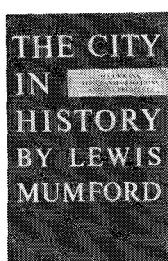
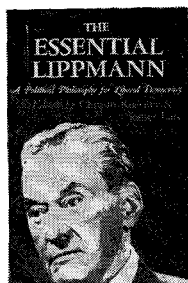
The presidential succession

President Johnson can take justifiable pride in the major accomplishments of Congress in 1964. But there was one outstanding omission. Out of deference to Speaker McCormack, Congress failed to do anything about the issue of presidential succession. The President supported Congress in its refusal to act because he did not wish to offend the Speaker.

Fortunately, the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee performed the necessary preliminary work to set the stage for action in 1965. Under the chairmanship of Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana and with the active interest of Senator Kenneth B. Keating of New York, the subcommittee exhaustively studied and debated the problem. But the House refused even to discuss it.

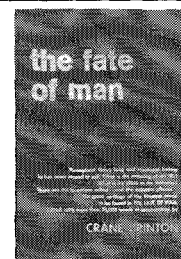
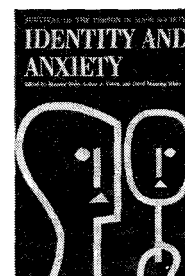
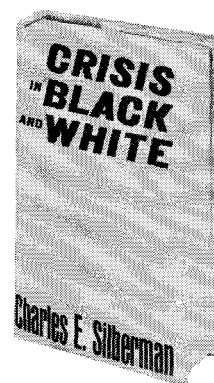
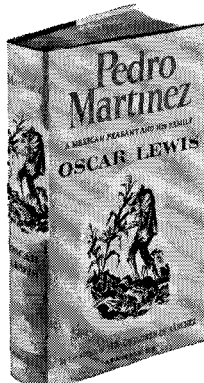
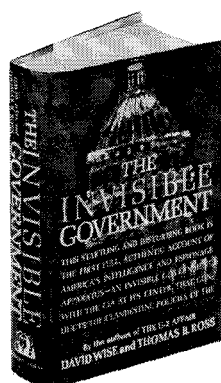
With a Vice President in office after January 20, Congress should be able to consider the subject. While many persons dislike the Succession Act of 1947, which changed the order of succession after the Vice President from the Cabinet to the Speaker, the president pro tempore of the Senate, and then the Cabinet, it is unlikely that this law will be changed. That would be too much of a vote of no confidence in the two presiding officers. What is possible is a constitutional amendment to enable the President to nominate a Vice President whenever that office falls vacant.

Bayh worked much of the year in trying to persuade the Senate, at least, to approve his amendment. He wanted to keep the issue before the public "while it is close to the horrors of November



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Report on Washington



22.” But without Administration support, he was unable to go beyond his committee work. He will reintroduce his amendment in January. It provides that a President may nominate a new Vice President when that office is vacant. The nomination would be subject to confirmation by a majority of the House and Senate in joint session.

Former President Eisenhower and former Vice President Nixon recommended action along these lines. The American Bar Association has given its active support. There has been vigorous interest from a variety of other witnesses. The task now is to maintain public support after a normal situation is restored in January.

Congress against the Court

Almost every recent session of Congress has seen one or more attempts made to overturn decisions of the Supreme Court. Once when he was Majority Leader of the Senate, President Johnson successfully led a fight against a bill, which had passed the House, to limit the Court’s power. This year two major efforts were made to invalidate Supreme Court decisions through the amending process.

One involved the Court’s ruling that the First Amendment bars all levels of government from sponsoring religious activities, such as devotional Bible readings and prayers. After extensive hearings that brought both the facts and the competing arguments into clear focus, the House Judiciary Committee declined to report the proposal, submitted by Representative Frank J. Becker of New York, to amend the Constitution to permit prayers and Bible readings in public schools.

While the amendment may be offered again in the next Congress, much of the pressure for its adoption was dissipated after the committee heard scores of expert witnesses. Many congressmen originally believed that it might be expedient to support the amendment. But after the arguments were presented, they found that it would not be political suicide to support the Supreme Court’s decision.

Late in the session, Representative William M. McCulloch of Ohio, senior Republican on the House Judiciary Committee, offered a constitu-

tional amendment which proved to have much more political dynamite in it than the Becker amendment. McCulloch proposed to overturn the Supreme Court decision on apportionment of state legislatures. The Court had ruled in June that districts for both houses must be “substantially equal” in population. The McCulloch amendment would make it possible for state senates to be apportioned by counties or other geographic divisions rather than by population “if the citizens of the state shall have the opportunity to vote upon the apportionment.”

In its six-to-three decision, the Court had said, through Chief Justice Warren, that where districts for either house are unequal in population, voters are denied the “equal protection of the laws” guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment. “To the extent that a citizen’s right to vote is debased he is that much less a citizen,” the Chief Justice said. He was responding to demands that citizens have made for half a century for more equitable representation in state legislatures.

The decision at once provoked great praise and great criticism. Urban dwellers, who for decades have been underrepresented in state legislatures, believed that at last they had found a way to make their votes count; rural and small-town voters, who in a vast majority of states exercise veto power at all times, recognized that the Court decision, if permitted to stand, would result in destroying the ancient power structures.

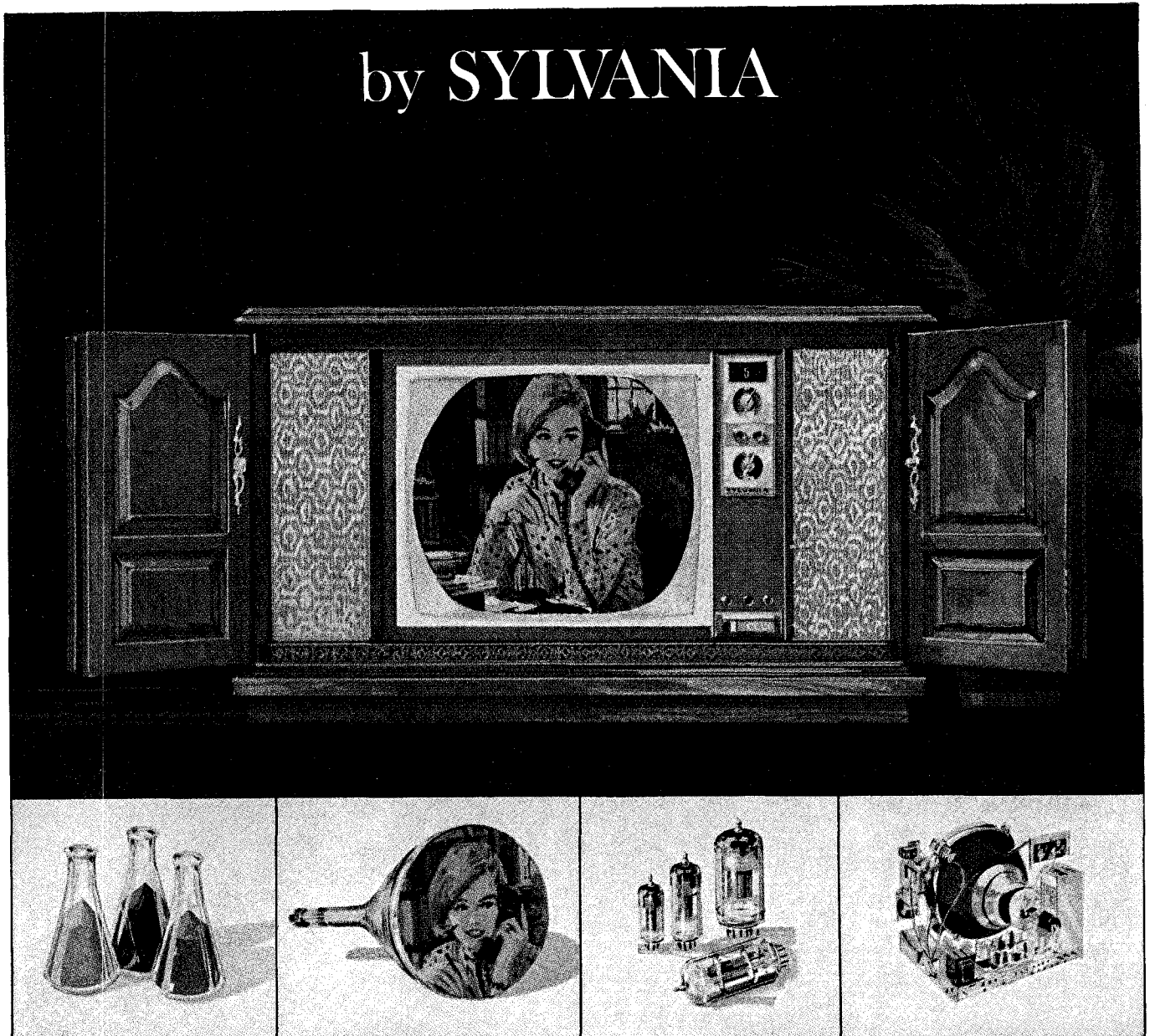
Almost immediately letters and telegrams began arriving on Capitol Hill urging support of the McCulloch amendment. In some states, reapportionment was the major political issue in the summer months; many congressmen received more mail on reapportionment than on any other subject. In language broad enough to permit almost any form of malapportionment, the Republican platform called for a constitutional amendment, as well as legislation, to enable states to apportion one House “on bases of their choosing, including factors other than population.”

When Senate Republican Leader Everett M. Dirksen returned from San Francisco and proposed a bill (in the form of a rider to the foreign-aid appropriation bill) to authorize a delay in enforcement of the Supreme Court ruling, he not only forced national attention on the subject but a major debate that delayed adjournment of the 88th Congress. The issue is one that will be on the doorstep of the 89th Congress when it convenes in January.

While the “revolutionary effects” claimed for reapportionment may have been exaggerated, as James Reichley suggests in his book *States in Crisis*,

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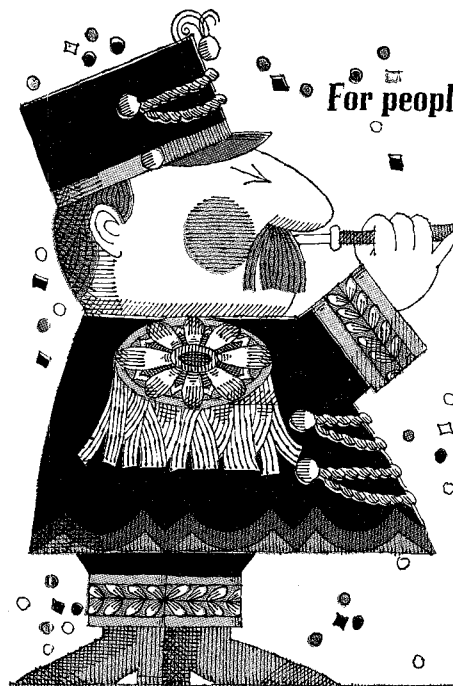
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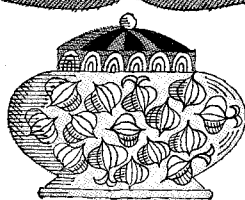
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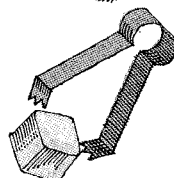
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—also onion into empty
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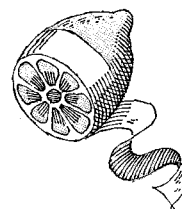
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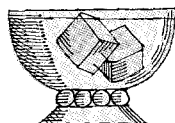
**"Teach a yellow Lemon
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For those who missed
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Report on Washington

the effect "on many state governments should certainly be considerable." Reichley is convinced after much experience in state government that reapportionment is one of several reforms needed to end the "constitutional obsolescence" which for many years has afflicted state governments.

It is ironic that conservatives are leading the fight against reapportionment. True, there will be new centers of power in the states if voters are fairly represented in the legislatures. But if reapportionment makes it possible for legislatures to deal more effectively with local issues, the states may not turn so quickly to the federal government for help in solving every problem.

Washington's Negro majority

As the only large city in the United States with a Negro majority, Washington has watched the spread of racial rioting with anxious concern. But out of wide experience in meeting common problems, Washington believes that it has learned valuable lessons and profited from them. The city's three newspapers long have stressed the need for biracial cooperation. Important work has been done toward meeting, in part at least, the Negro's needs in housing, welfare, jobs, schools, and police protection.

John B. Duncan, a Negro, is a member of the three-man Board of Commissioners which governs the District. Negroes also hold such other important positions as president of the Board of Education, chairman of the Public Utilities Commission, and executive director of the National Capital Housing Authority.

Of great importance has been the training and leadership of the police department, which for many years has had Negro officers. Although there continue to be complaints against the police, the city has long had a civilian review board, which was an issue in New York last summer. All of the Washington police receive careful instruction on the problem of race relations. Early in September, all uniformed officers with the rank of sergeant or higher

were ordered to take a special eight-hour course in human relations. Officers also were required to attend a panel discussion on police and community relations in which representatives of the N.A.A.C.P., the Urban League, and other citizens' and civic groups participated.

The Governor of Puerto Rico

Since no other Latin-American statesman is held in higher esteem in Washington than Governor Luis Muñoz Marin of Puerto Rico, his refusal to accept a fifth term brought forth mixed reactions. There was sadness over the fact that he had decided to turn over the leadership to another man. But there was a realization that Muñoz Marin was serving the cause of democracy by refusing to perpetuate himself in office.

The work for which he is most famous — Operation Bootstrap — was literally just that. Few countries have ever lifted themselves by the bootstraps as rapidly and as successfully as Puerto Rico has done under Muñoz Marin's direction. President Kennedy wanted him to head the Alliance for Progress, but the Governor refused to leave his post. Now perhaps he can be persuaded to take a more active role, at least in an advisory capacity, in the larger activities of the hemisphere.

Mood of the Capital

Immediately after the Republican Convention, it seemed that civil rights and the so-called white backlash and the issue of extremism were the principal campaign issues. Now that the campaign is well under way, it is clear that there are, as always, a variety of issues that divide and perplex and fascinate the American voter. Civil rights seems less ominous as an overriding issue. There is active debate on farm problems in the Middle West. There are water problems in the Far West. Medical care for the aged and social security are major concerns.

Above all, as the President has told intimates for a long time, there are two issues which cut deeper than all the rest — peace and prosperity. Johnson believes that they will be the decisive ones in November. He has been emphasizing their importance for months, and he will continue to do so.

Moving Ahead

Last year the oldest bootlace factory in England closed its doors forever. The factory was founded in 1850 and was still using its original machinery and making only its original product when it closed. From one point of view, that record may look like devoted single-mindedness on the part of management. From another, it is stubborn inflexibility, an unwillingness to face the fact that the world changes, and the needs of customers change, too.

Many a buttonhook, kerosene-lamp, and bustle factory went out of business, too, when fashions changed and the company didn't. On the other hand, a great number of old companies are still in business because they adapted their operations and their products to the changing world, expanding, diversifying, and improving all the time.

There's a double lesson for investors here. One, obviously, is that when you consider companies in which to invest, you should avoid the hidebound and the inflexible and choose instead those companies that keep up with the times and with consumer demands.

The other is that after you buy stock in a company, you ought to keep track of the company's activities as well as the price of its stock—to be sure that your company is keeping pace with the world.

Remember, hardening of the arteries is as dangerous for companies as it is for people.



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CYPRUS has never been a peaceful place for very long. This sun-scorched stage of cactus, lemon trees, and pines has suffered the conspiracies of many faiths. The worshipers of the Roman and Greek gods claimed Aphrodite-Venus rose here from the sea. The gods of Egypt, Persia, and Israel staked their claims on their spears. In combat today the ingenuity of the Orthodox Greek and Muslim Turkish Cypriots shows little influence of the love goddess. Cypriots send explosives in the mails, mine the mosques, convert tractors into tanks, confect bombs in kitchens, put looted villages to the torch, shoot playing children and kneeling women, burn traitors with gasoline, and run disc harrows over the bodies of the losers.

Their venom is aristocratic even by Middle East standards. The shores are narrow. But the mistrust is so boundless that it infects the off-island Greeks and Turks too. "How can we trust *them*?" cry both sides, shrugging.

In an area of only 3572 square miles, with less than 600,000 people, international peace-keeping ought not to milk the United Nations at the rate of \$24 million a year. But it does. From Kyrenia's mountains on the north, facing Turkey's snowy peaks across forty miles, it is hardly twenty minutes by helicopter to the southern port of Limassol, facing Egypt. East to west, the long way of the island, a chopper can fly in about a half hour from Famagusta, Othello's walled city facing Syria only 110 miles away, to Paphos in the west. Except for its two mountain complexes, meagerly clad with stunted firs, Cyprus is mostly a dry waste of brown hills. Its surface, scarred by gullies but no rivers, is as barren and burnished as the rude ingots of copper that brought the classical adventurers: Egyptians, Persians, Jews, Phoenicians, and Romans, and later, the Crusaders, French, Venetians, Turks, and British. This year Russia too declared itself a protecting power.

The Cypriots number four Greeks to one Turk. In the ultimate showdown, a poor, plodding, and provincial minority of 100,000 Turkish farmers must somehow yield greater political leverage to a

clamorous, mercurial majority of 400,000 Greek artisans, traders, and gardeners. The Turks are more dogged, but the Greeks are more clever.

Turkey is not naturally aflame to intervene in Cyprus; only Greek Cypriot atrocities make Turks feel that way. In Istanbul, it has been pointed out, there are more Turks left unemployed by the muddled Turkish economy than there are Turks on all Cyprus. Turkish Cypriots are regarded in Turkey a little suspiciously, as crafty demi-Hellenes. Many of them speak Greek, a sinister sign in itself.

Between Russia and the West

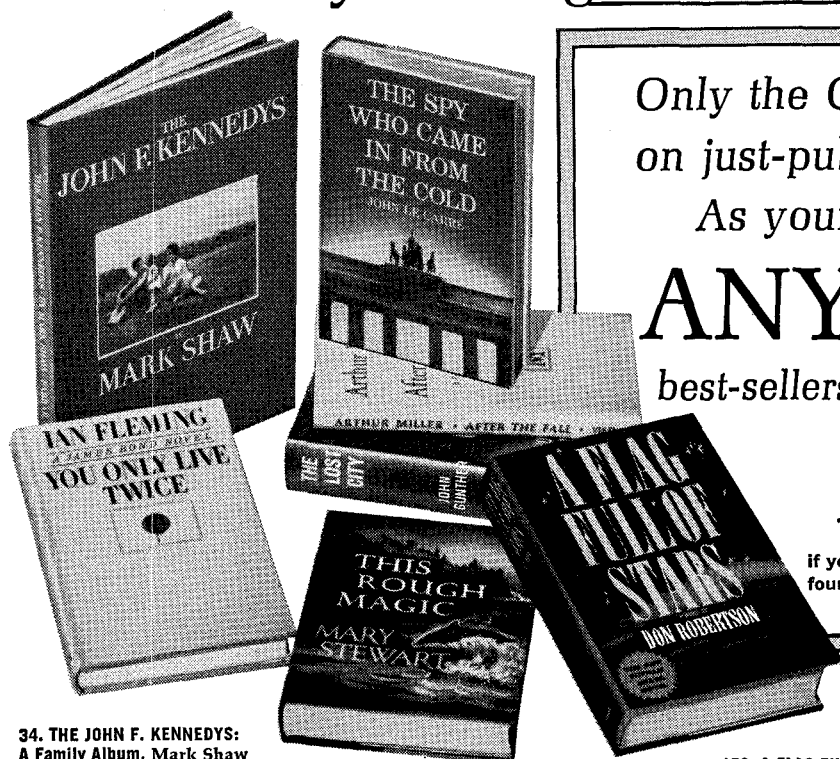
Both sets of Cypriots are caught in a geopolitical vise between Russia and the West. Somewhere between 30 and 40 percent of the Greek Cypriots give their allegiance to a solid, labor-based Communist Party, two generations old, one of the two (the other is Israel's) that are legal in the Middle East. Communism seems an unnatural ally for an archbishop, but it is not. In return for granting the Communist Party legality, President Makarios has, since January 1, been publicly promised protection by Khrushchev against "aggression . . . from any quarter, under any pretext."

An unspoken compact between Makarios' autocephalous Orthodox Church and the Communists keeps the oil and vinegar, Cypriot nationalism and Marxist-Leninism, in harmony. No totally Communist units are permitted in the new armed bodies that Makarios is constantly shifting, renaming, and modifying. But individual Communists are welcomed.

Partly in return for Khrushchev's red umbrella there is an ideological truce on the island. The Cypriot Communist Party, which is completely Greek, deliberately overlooks the fact that the Orthodox Church is the largest and most affluent landowner, both plutocratic and religious, hence doubly the class enemy.

To give the land of the monasteries to their sharecroppers has been a fundamental Marxist

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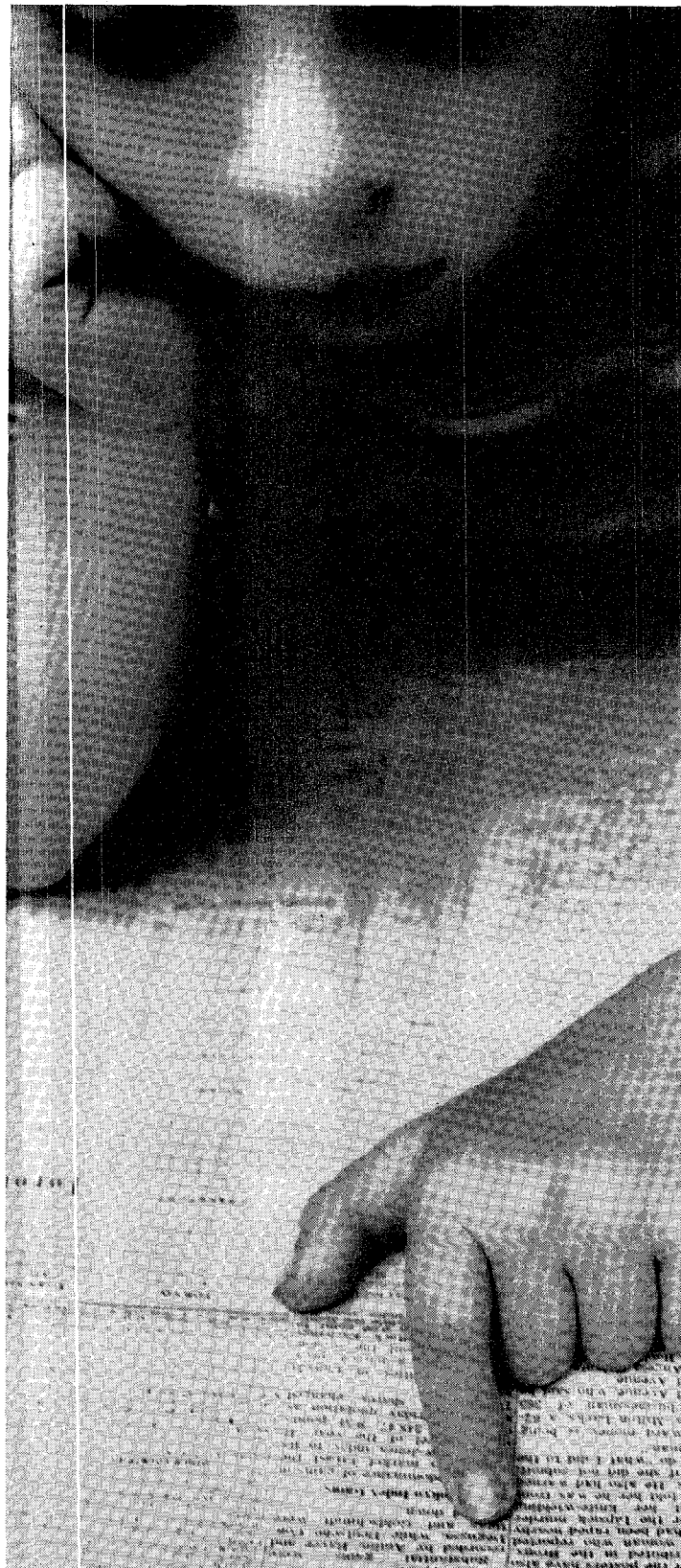
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Report on Cyprus

program; but the Cyprus Communists need most the rights to agitate, organize, and vote. Only the archbishop can grant these blessings.

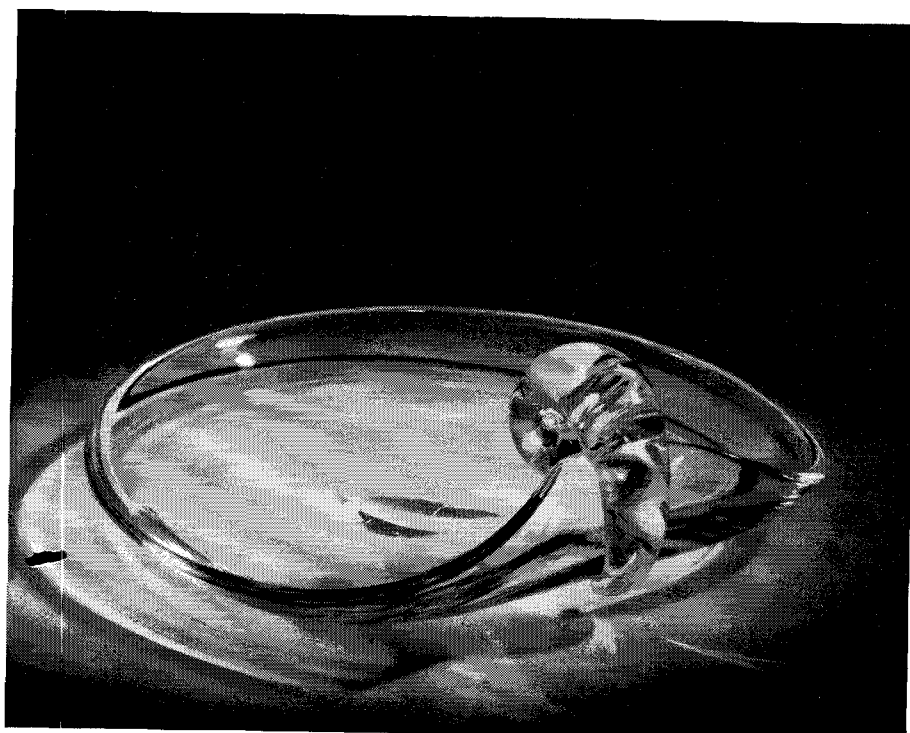
The privilege of legal operation is more than the Communists would enjoy in Greece, where the Party is officially banned but actually legalized under another name. If Cyprus and Greece were unified, and the two parties merged, the Greek Party would gain the advantage of numbers over the Greek Cypriot Party. But the Cyprus faction would bring to the Greek Communist Party, still shadowed by its conspiracy of 1944-1950 with the Slavic Communists, a purifying cachet of spotless legality under the protection of the elastic cross of Byzantium.

On the Turkish side this complicated situation does not exist, because no Turkish Cypriot is a Communist. In Turkey, Communists are really illegal, not masked under another name. They are not banned because of being Marxists — Turkey is encumbered with an archaic, corrupt socialism borrowed by Ataturk from Lenin — but for the grave sin of being pro-Russian. The Turkish Cypriots are against Communism on the island because it is Slavic in origin and Greek in practice, two enemies in one. The Greek Cypriots tolerate Communism because it is anti-Turkish, which automatically hellenizes it and removes its old pro-Slav Stalinist stigma of the Greek civil wars.

Why all the killing?

The Greek Cypriot Communists cut across this semantic folk dance by wooing the Turkish Cypriots directly with secret missions. The Communists explain that they, unlike the Greek nationalists of Makarios, have never burned Turkish villages. On Cyprus, never to have ignited a Turkish home or daubed a blue cross on its blackened walls is as far as compromise can go. Since both kinds of Cypriots have so much to gain through this contrived status quo, why all the killing?

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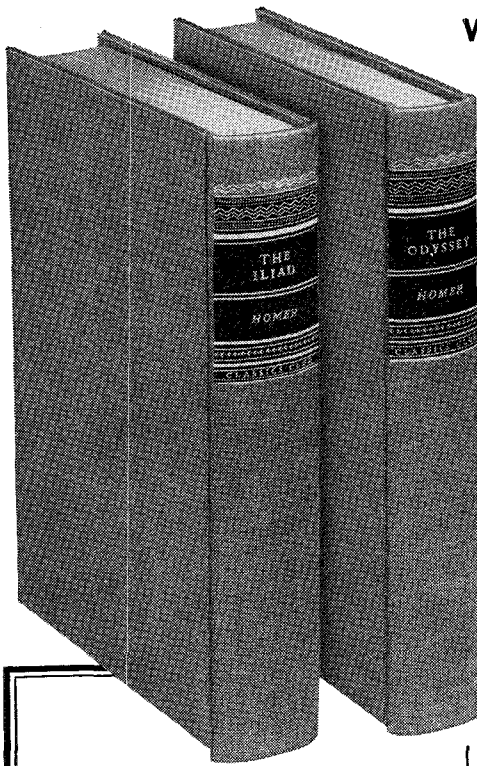
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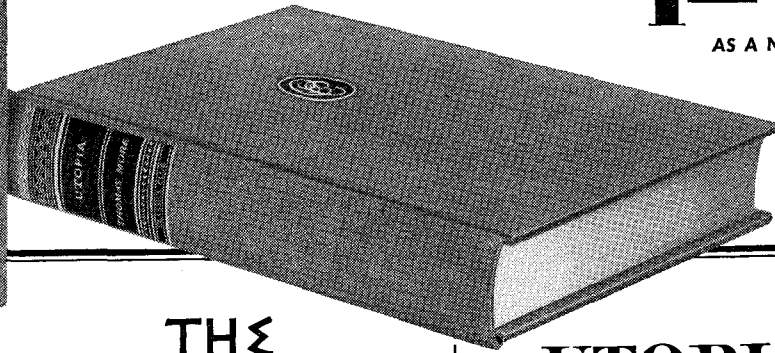
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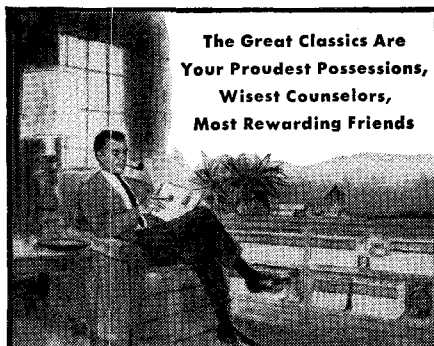
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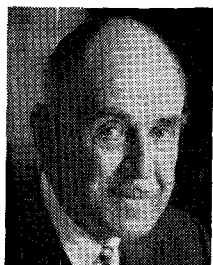
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Report on Cyprus

"Why did NATO have to choose that city of tragic memory for its Southeast headquarters? The Greek Cypriots are fighting Turkey's revolution over again, but in reverse. What makes it so sterile is that Makarios, who was president of the Greco-Turkish republic of Cyprus for four years, has now slipped down to being simply the ethnarch, the political and religious imam of the Greek Cypriots. He can never bring unity again between Moslem and Christian. Yet Greek Cyprus can never unload him, because though he rules the state for only five years, he rules the church for life."

In Makarios the fumbling Turks, outguessed and outmaneuvered, have at least the satisfaction of a personal enemy. The low-voiced archbishop, with his neat beard, blue working tunic, pectoral cross, and calm, enigmatic smile, is a hate-figure of ironic dimensions. He seems to lose them a little only when his rival, Lieutenant General George Grivas, the mustached, violently nationalist leader of the youthful EOKA guerrillas, makes a move to split the Cypriot front on the issue of Communism. Makarios tries, not very successfully, to argue that Grivas' version of enosis is impossible because the Turks will not tolerate it. Actually, Makarios wants independence. But Grivas, who controls the National Guard, has more power.

Power decides. The Soviet bloc and Nasser have given the Greek Cypriots power in weapons. Makarios acts; Vice President Fazil Kutchuk, a genial Turkish surgeon, only protests. Kutchuk, chafing under Makarios' pre-emption of the term "the government" for the thirty-five-member all-Greek rump session of the fifty-member parliament, asked for a common cabinet meeting under UN protection. Makarios refused. His refusal did not impair his standing with the UN leadership; the UN directorate blandly continued to treat with both physician and archbishop.

Useless bloodshed

The 55,000 Turkish Cypriot refugees estimated by the UN to be "in need of relief in the form of basic foodstuffs and medical supplies" are

one core of unrest, and so are the 16,900 who have lost their homes. Cyprus is a Palestine in the making. But the real abiding cause for enmity is the unbalance in casualties. According to the UN head count, between fifty and sixty Greek Cypriots have disappeared, victims of Turkish violence.

If losses by "kidnapping" — a Cypriot euphemism for murder — were apportioned equally by population, only fifteen Turks would be mourned. Instead, according to the UN, the number of Turks vanished and presumed dead has passed the five-hundred mark. In other words, transposed on the weight of population in Cyprus, Turkish losses are about thirty-three to one.

The shock of useless bloodshed in Cyprus is intensified by the fear of larger implications. In 1921 and 1922, when there was no United Nations to hover over their intransigence, and no United States to buy them off with aid, bleeding Greece and disorganized Turkey got together in a peaceful exchange of a million refugees. Nobody was pillored, as Makarios has hit against Dean Acheson and George Ball, for "uninvited mediation."

Moreover, the resulting peace, born of exhausted desperation, was durable. Venizelos, having earlier separated his native Crete from Turkey and chased out the Turkish minority, was not insistent on getting Cyprus too. Ataturk, having pushed the Greeks out of Anatolia, was satisfied to have the Italians hold the strategic belt of the Dodecanese Islands between them as an alarm system when and if the Greeks pushed eastward again in search of their "greater Greece."

In Korea in 1950 both Greeks and Turks fought gallantly and were both rewarded by American military aid well above meager losses. When Cyprus became an independent republic in 1960, it seemed like the perfect child of reconciliation to bring Athens and Ankara into true alliance. The Turks had taken little shooting part in the struggle from 1956 to 1959 between the British and Greek Cypriots, and were generously rewarded with a promise of 30 percent of the government jobs for over 18 percent of the population.

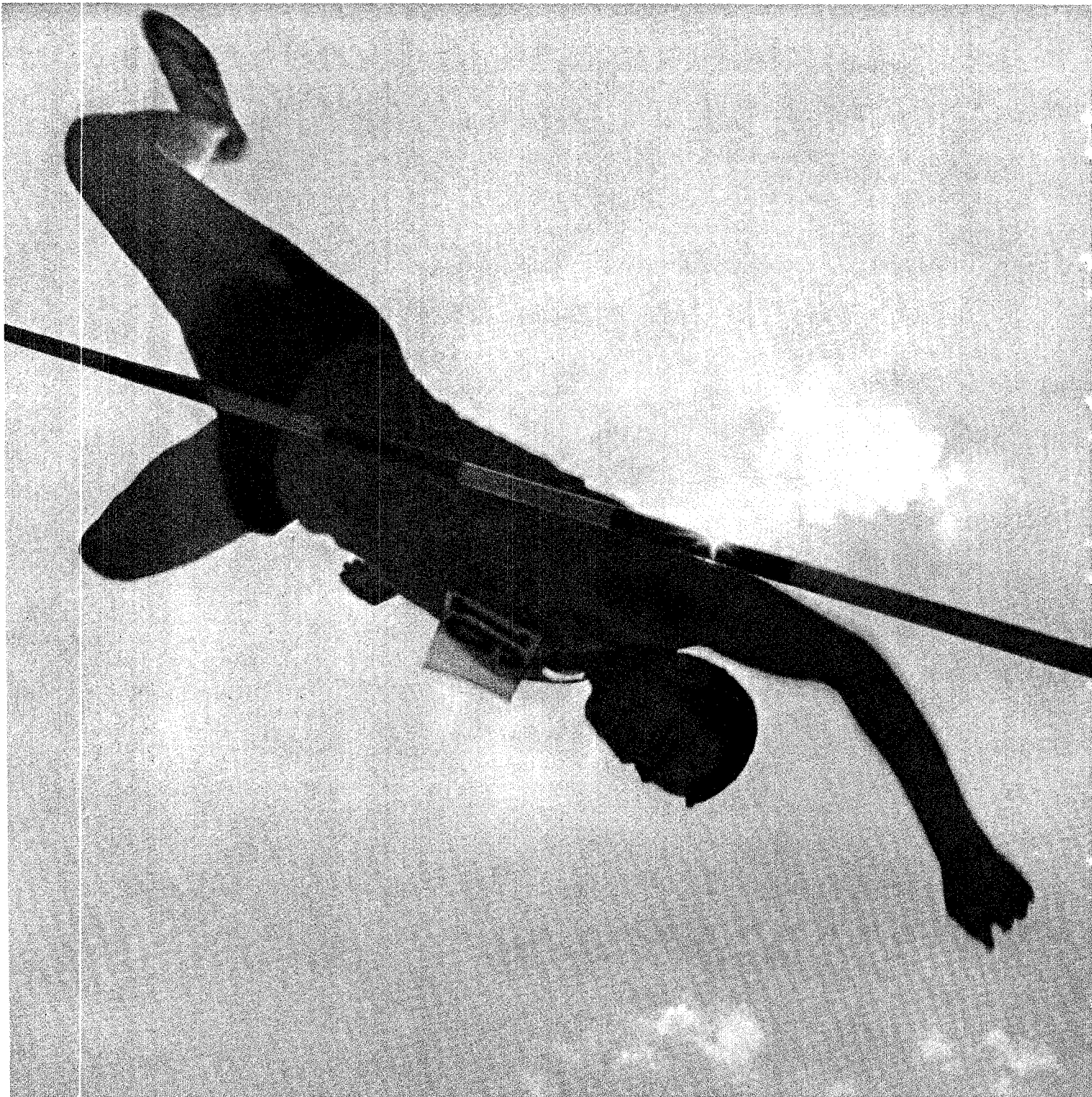


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Report on Cyprus

Cyprus boomed, with 22,000 Israeli tourists a year purchasing nearly \$400 per person from Greek merchants. The newborn republic cost its foster parents little. Greece's Prime Minister Karamanlis cut off the \$400,000 secret subsidy which had been granted to help the Cypriots fight the British. Turkey trimmed down its aid to the T.M.T., the Turkish underground. The overt angels were Britain and America, meeting every deficit, pouring in help to Makarios, hoping that his alliance with the Communists was not real.

Makarios wins

The whole tidy cat's cradle fell apart when one of the several "private armies" operating irregularly under Makarios elected to bomb the American Embassy in Nicosia in January, 1964. Nobody was even wounded, but the Americans took out their women and children by special airlift. As the Soviets openly became Makarios' political allies and military purveyors, the inflow of useful intelligence about the Cypriot Communists reaching the Americans dwindled. It was significant that nobody was arrested for bombing the American Embassy, even though the outrage was traced by the Americans to a private army run by one of Makarios' advisers.

The opening British task, after fighting erupted, was to be the responsible peace-keeping power for all three of the official protecting powers of Cyprus. Under these terms the British, with Makarios' cool consent and the support of Greece and Turkey, sent in forces enough to bring about law and order. They failed to decentralize their forces or to set up an effective alarm system. As a result, hundreds of Turkish homes, and a few Greek ones, were pillaged, burned, and bulldozed.

During the two months of British peace-keeping, Makarios gained his main objective: a chance to arm his forces and to put them under trained leadership from the Athenian Ministry of War while the British, as legal watchmen of the three-way alliance, prevented the Turks from landing.

Under the Cyprus convention any of the three powers is entitled to intervene unilaterally.

The UN moves in

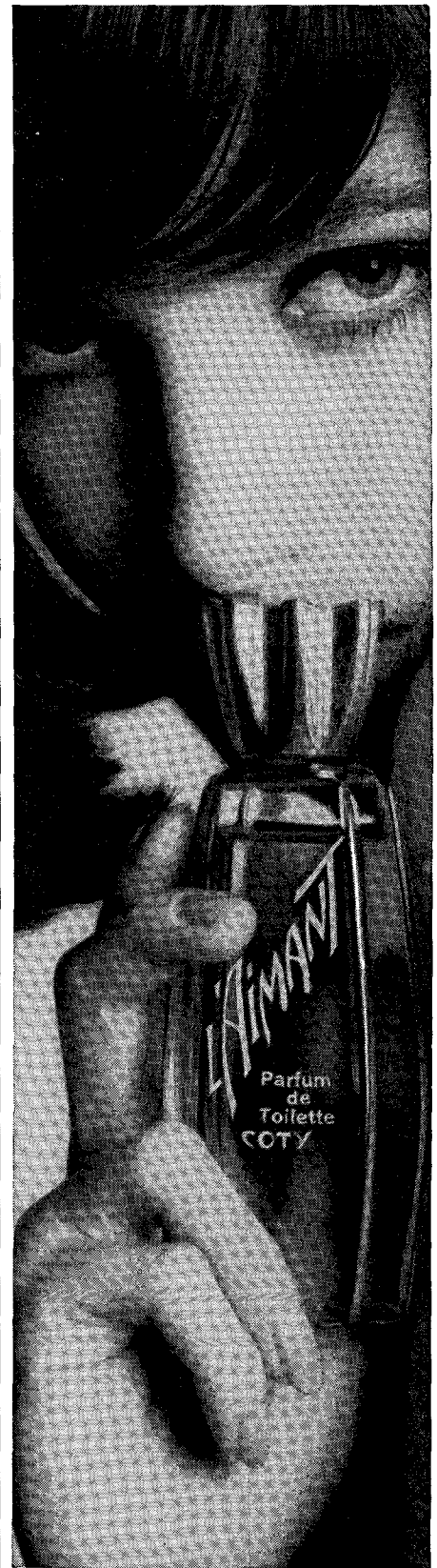
The real victory of Makarios was gained in February when he succeeded in convincing the British to depart and to refer their sinking predicament to the United Nations. A completely different legal situation emerged. Unlike Britain, the United Nations did not arrive as peace-maker under the treaties that gave Cyprus birth, by consent of all three parties. It came at the "invitation" of the "Cypriot government."

Aside from its disregard of the legal birth certificate of the Cyprus republic, the United Nations was handicapped by the very terms under which the Cyprus baby was placed in its lap March 27. The legal deviation had begun even under the treaties, when the British, at Makarios' protest, gave up inspection of incoming arms.

But the British had weakened the legal as well as the military position before referring Cyprus to the UN. In January, when the bloodiest fighting had drawn to a lull, the British invited leaders of "both communities" to London for a conference. The clear intention was to withhold recognition of full sovereignty from both the distressed Makarios faction and the besieged Turkish faction.

Makarios outmaneuvered the British by sending his Foreign Minister, Spyros Kyprianou, unbidden, to the conference. Young, vigorous, and eloquent, Kyprianou demanded that the "Cyprus government" be heard. The British found themselves with two sets of "community" spokesmen and an extra spokesman of the "government of Cyprus." They yielded legality, and with it sovereignty, to Makarios. The representatives of Turkish Cypriots who went to London as a "community" equal to the Greek Cypriots were shoved onward to New York as a "minority" confronting "the legal government."

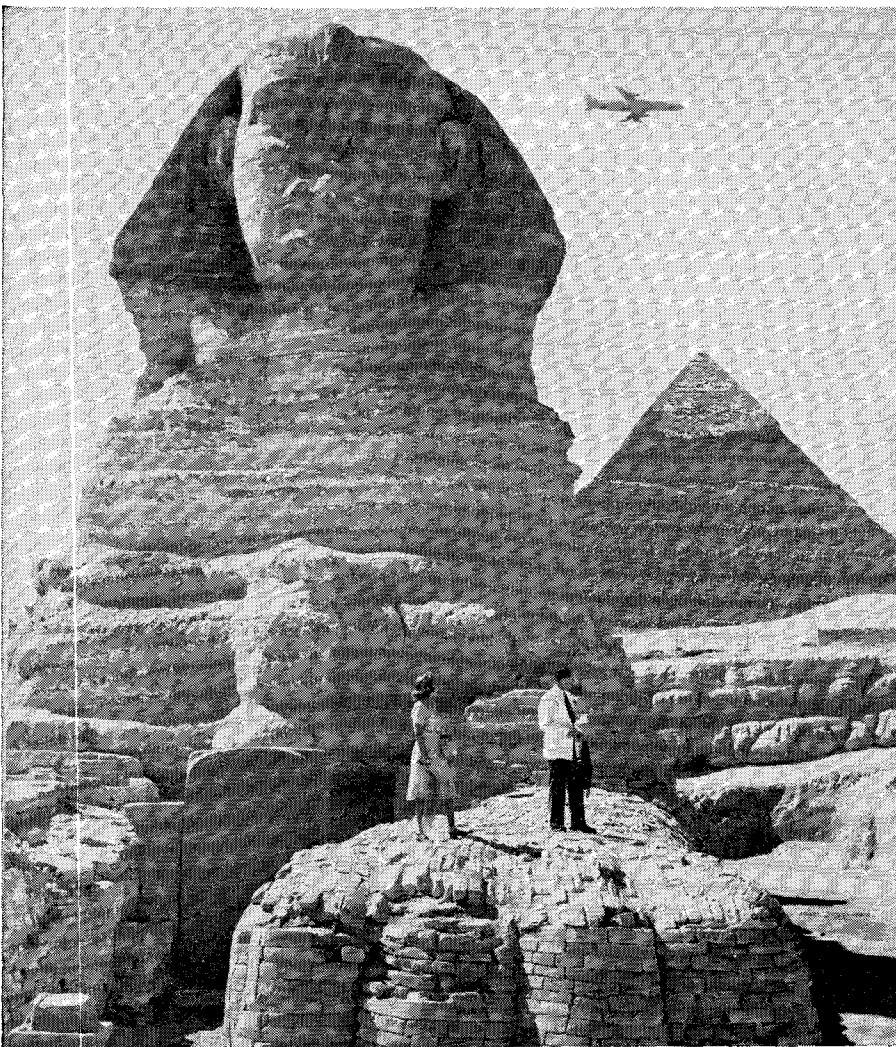
U Thant accepted an agreement in which the original treaties, that gave both Makarios and Kutchuk their offices and privileges, were not even mentioned. He accepted an unqualified sovereignty for Makarios and ignored the constitutional power



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Report on Cyprus

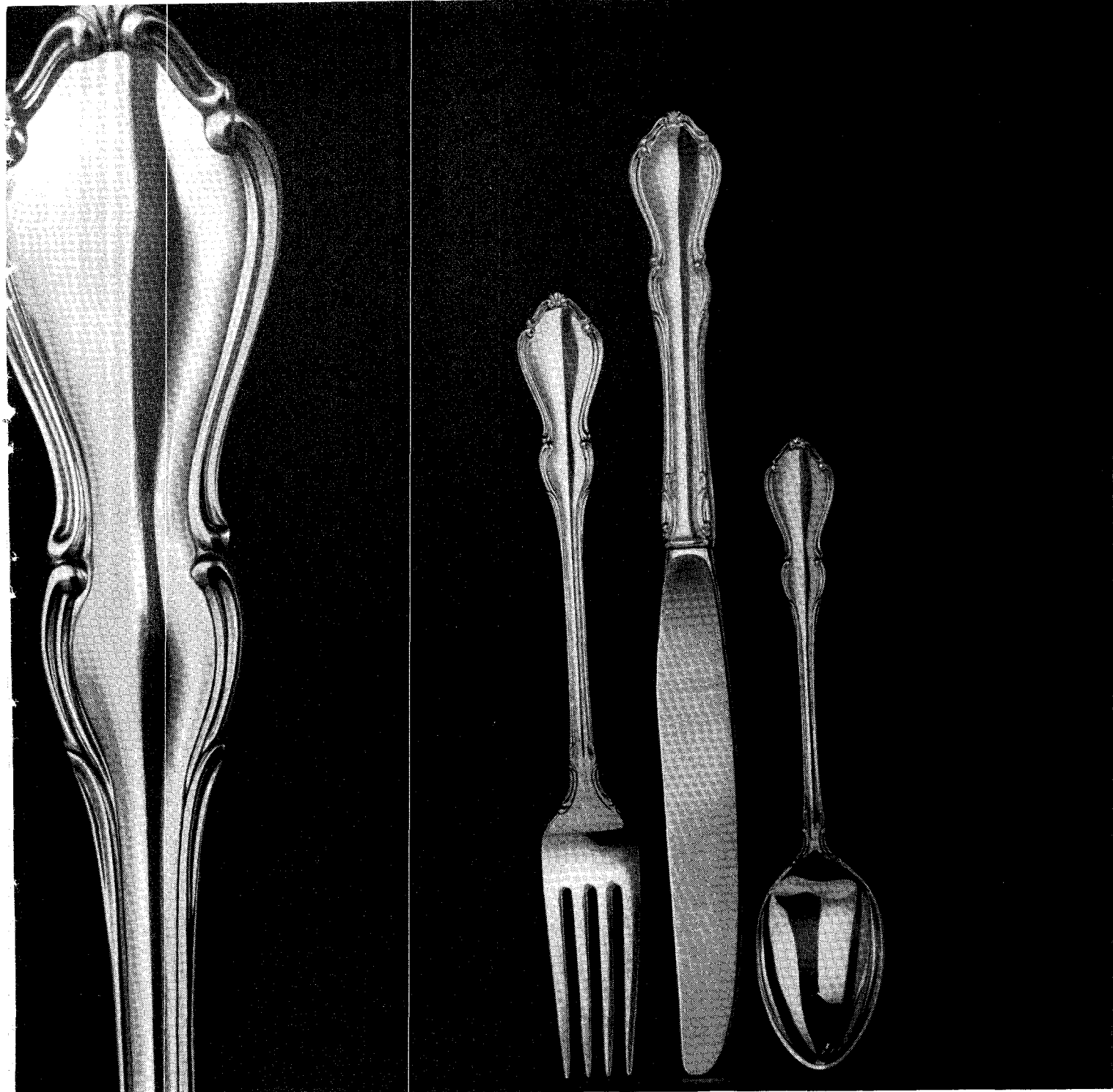
of the Turkish Cypriots to veto military matters and matters of foreign affairs. He crippled the UN forces in dealing with the Greek Cypriots by leaving sovereignty under Makarios completely unmodified.

After his meetings in Washington with Papandreou and Inonu, President Johnson culminated the confusion by giving the Turkish Premier assurances that for the United States all the original agreements about Cyprus, presumably including the right of intervention, which the UN had been trying to smother, were still valid. The Turks could land legally, Washington seemed to tell them, but they would get no American help if Russia should strike them.

The Turks carefully hung the albatross of responsibility around Washington's neck. The Cyprus question was being deferred, but it was escalating, too. When President Johnson sent carrier planes against coastal patrols in Vietnam, the Turkish press and military demanded that Inonu do likewise in Cyprus.

The UN's respect for the Makarios sovereignty, without inhibition by the constitution or the original treaties, came home to challenge U Thant. To make his next purpose perfectly clear, Makarios informed UN General K. S. Thimayya that it was his intention by September 27, the expiration date for the second three-month term of the UN forces, to do away with the UN entirely. The UN forces had, in fact, served their purpose for Makarios by deferring a landing by the Turks.

The natural preoccupation of Washington and London with the preservation of NATO, and the alliance of Makarios with the anti-NATO forces as well as with Greece, tended to obscure a more serious development. Behind the cloud of the Cyprus affair a larger pattern was emerging: that of a greater Byzantium, of a golden Greek Constantinople as the second Rome, and of Cyprus as the redeemer of the lost Greek cities of Alexander's empire in Southern Anatolia. In this alliance there would be a noose of power — Russia, Greece, Cyprus, and Bulgaria — around Turkey.



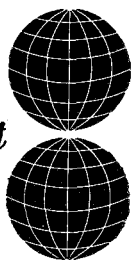
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The Atlantic Report



SPAIN

LAST June the final match of the Coupe de l'Europe soccer contest was played off in Madrid between Spain and Russia. It was not the first time the Spaniards, who are great soccer players, had reached the finals, but it was the first time they were permitted to meet the Russians on Spanish soil. Players on the home team were promised lavish rewards of as much as 200,000 pesetas (\$3200) if they won, and to mark the occasion, Francisco Franco and his ministers turned up in force at the huge Estadio Bernabeu in northern Madrid. Thus encouraged, the Spanish team proceeded to defeat the Russians, 2-1.

The applause at the end of the game was frantic. For a full ten minutes the crowd cheered Franco as though it had been a Spanish victory over Communism and another vindication of his personal leadership. Exultantly the spectators chanted "*Arriba España! Nada que España! Viva Franco! Nadie que Franco!*" ("Up with Spain! Nothing but Spain! Long live Franco! No one but Franco!")

Providence once again had smiled on the seventy-two-year-old Caudillo. Two years ago, after the hunting accident which tore a deep gash in his left hand, bets were being laid that he wouldn't last another six months. But antibiotics successfully checked the infection, and the wounded hand is now completely healed. Last July Franco opened the eighth legislative session of the Cortes with a lengthy oration which lasted well over an hour. During the speech, he displayed no visible signs of fatigue, though he did twice break into tears toward the end, overwhelmed by the emotion wrought in him by the recitation of the regime's accomplishments.

Franco's critics attribute these outbursts, which have become increasingly frequent of late, to Parkinson's disease, to cerebral arteriosclerosis, or to senility. Nevertheless, realists grudgingly admit that if a national plebiscite were held today, Franco might win as much as 60 percent of the vote. The fact is that millions of Spaniards have "never had it so good." The national income has been rising at a rate of 7 to 8 percent per annum.

In January of last year the government finally raised the official minimum wage from 36 to 60 pesetas (60 cents to \$1.00) a day; but far from dampening demands for more pay, this has only encouraged them. Workers, by going on strike or threatening to stage strikes which the regime no longer dares to crush through brute force, have extorted wage increases — in some cases as much as 25 percent a year — from a harassed Minister of Labor.

The result has been an unprecedented rise in demand for consumer goods. Television aerials have begun to sprout from the roofs of simple houses in remote villages. Humble artisans, shopkeepers, and workers have begun to acquire motor bicycles and refrigerators.

Traffic jams in Madrid

Madrid, now a spreading city of two and a half million souls, has begun to suffer from traffic jams and gas fumes. There is a building boom, and hundreds of red-brick apartment buildings are going up in the airy suburbs of the capital, just as they have along the Costa del Sol — Andalusia's Sunshine Coast — where hotels have literally mushroomed. Last year twelve million foreign tourists visited Spain, or twice as many as visited France. The average Spaniard, with an annual income of \$340, is still far from affluent, but for the first time he is sustained by a general feeling that things are getting better. His instinct, therefore, is not to bite the hand that feeds him.

That the hand is Franco's is a convenient illusion, and it has been carefully cultivated by the regime's propaganda organs. Spain this year is dotted with posters proclaiming "*25 Anos de Paz*" to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the end of the Civil War. This slogan, twenty-five years of peace, has become a permanent theme in official broadcasts, newspaper editorials, and not least of all in the speeches which Franco has made in ceremonial trips to different cities and provinces.

The response to both slogan and living symbol has been surprisingly enthusiastic, and wherever



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Report on Spain

Franco has gone — not only in such traditionally “loyal” centers as León and Seville, but even in such hotbeds of opposition sentiment as Bilbao and Barcelona — cheering mobs have gathered to acclaim him as he has calmly walked or driven through the crowded streets.

The divided opposition

The continuing ineffectiveness of the opposition has contributed more to Franco's favorable image than anything else has. The socialists are divided into several factions, both inside and outside the country; the monarchists are split into rival clans; the liberals are still limited to a handful of university professors and intellectuals; and even the Communists, until recently the best disciplined and best financed, have suffered a decline in popularity, partly as a result of the heavy-footed propaganda and grotesque untruths beamed to Spain from Prague by a group of Civil War exiles styling themselves Radio España Independiente.

The result is a vicious circle which the Caudillo thrives on. It is in his interest to keep the opposition divided, so as to continue justifying his own indispensability. The opposition, being denied effective means of public expression, remains effectively crippled, thus providing defenders of the regime with an excuse for maintaining the status quo. But Communist authors and journalists are granted an extraordinary latitude in the publication of their views, since their existence can be used to justify the continuance of censorship. Yet wherever Communist cells, which pose a practical rather than a theoretical threat, are uncovered, they are disposed of with extreme harshness. Apparent concessions made with one hand are quietly removed by the other.

A good example of the technique was displayed in the municipal elections held throughout Spain last November. In anticipation of the event, the state-controlled press unleashed a noisy wave of publicity to make it appear as though an important democratic reform were under way. Photographs were published of the Caudillo going for the first time in person to the polls to



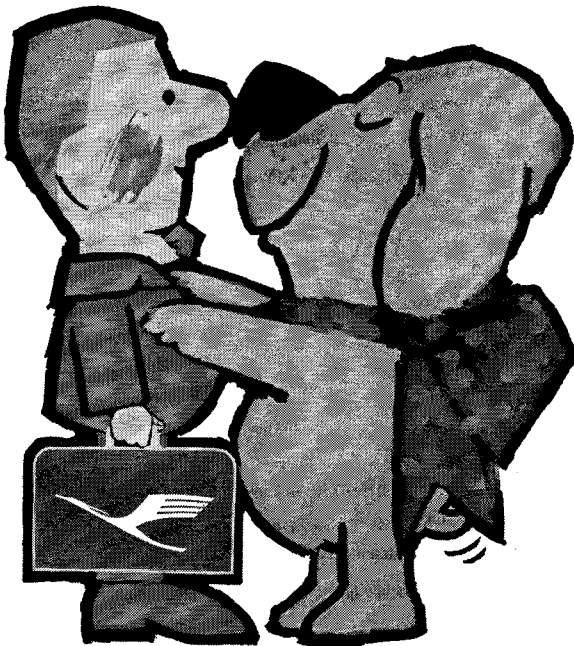
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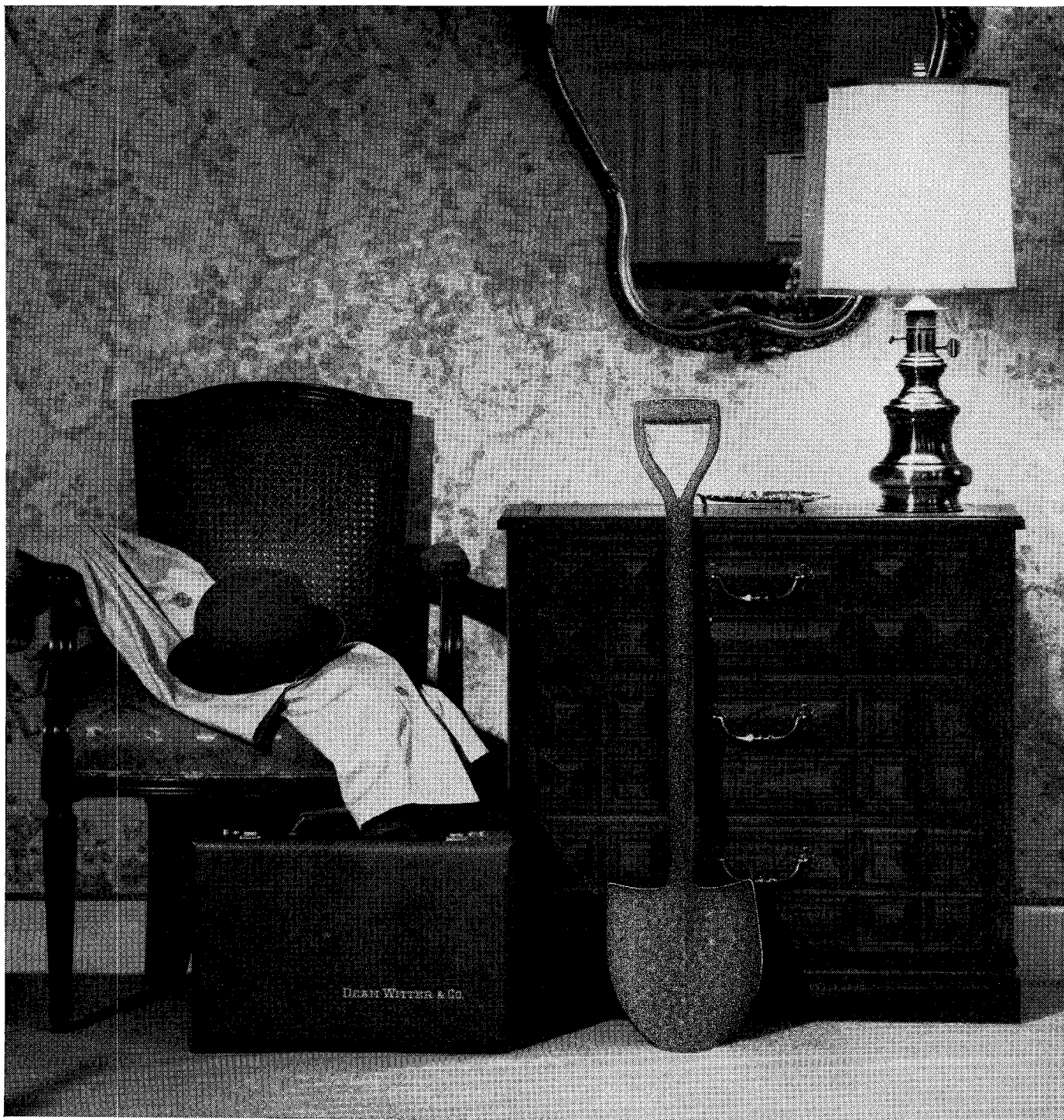


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Report on Spain

vote. This much was propaganda. In fact, only a minority of the offices involved — in Madrid it was twelve out of thirty-six municipal council seats — were opened to election.

The mayors of all the cities in Spain continued to be appointed by the Minister of the Interior. In Madrid when the monarchists sought to be allowed to campaign for monarchical candidates publicly advertising their political affiliations, permission was denied them, and the candidates had to withdraw. The elections, the regime insisted, had to be "nonpolitical."

Much the same thing happened four months later when the Third National Congress of Syndicates met last March in Madrid. Prior to the Congress, there was much talk of the epoch-making changes it was going to inaugurate in separating the unions from Franco's Movimiento (the blanket organization which lumps together all his supporters, including members of the Falange). Unions would be allowed to hold their own meetings and to function independently of management, and a large number of posts would be open to elected rather than appointed officials.

On the second day of the Congress a few hundred demonstrators gathered outside the huge Sindactos building opposite the Prado Museum in Madrid and had to be dispersed by the police, who acted with relative gentleness in view of the embarrassing proximity of curious onlookers and foreign sightseers. But this was the only moment of drama in a five-day meeting which saw six hundred delegates quietly swallow a series of meaningless motions which simply endorsed the existing state of affairs.

Censorship continues

The same technique has characterized the regime's behavior with regard to the written and spoken word. Two years ago, when Franco overhauled his cabinet in July of 1962 and installed a new Minister of Information, one of the purported aims of the change was to introduce a new Press Law legalizing the slipshod methods of a haphazard and capricious censorship.

The Press Law has yet to see the light of day. This spring it was rumored that a tentative draft had actually reached the blueprint stage, only to be rejected by the Minister of Information. To this day all newspaper articles and editorials, as well as television programs, plays, books, and films, have to be submitted for approval by the censor's office, and Spanish newspapers are forced to publish all top priority dispatches issued by EFE, the state-controlled news service. Against the censor's veto no legal recourse is possible.

Critics of the regime admit, nonetheless, that there has been a slight relaxation in the censor's grip. This has been most noticeable in a partial abandonment of the puritanical criteria which previously limited the importation of "sexy" foreign films, a relaxation which the Minister of Information, Manuel de Fraga Iribarne, has made into something of a personal boast. Since the beginning of this year the Ministry of Information has virtually ceased pestering foreign correspondents for filing unfavorable dispatches. But there the concessions have stopped.

Last February, when Fraga Iribarne accidentally peppered Franco's daughter, Carmencita, with a shotgun during a game hunt, not a newspaper in Spain breathed a word about the mishap. Even foreign correspondents on the spot were intimidated into maintaining silence on the subject, until May, when the New York Times correspondent, who had been away at the time of the incident, finally reported it to the outer world.

Economic pressures

Franco is not unhappy when his own ministers make fools of themselves, for this only goes to prove that the Chief of State is absolutely indispensable. Last autumn he blandly sacrificed his old friend and close associate Juan Antonio Suanzes, who for a dozen years headed the Instituto Nacional de Industria, the state-run monopoly which controls a small empire of nationalized enterprises ranging from steelworks to shipyards.

Suanzes was sacrificed before the pressure of the Minister of Industry, Gregorio López Bravo, and López Rodó, director of the National Plan-

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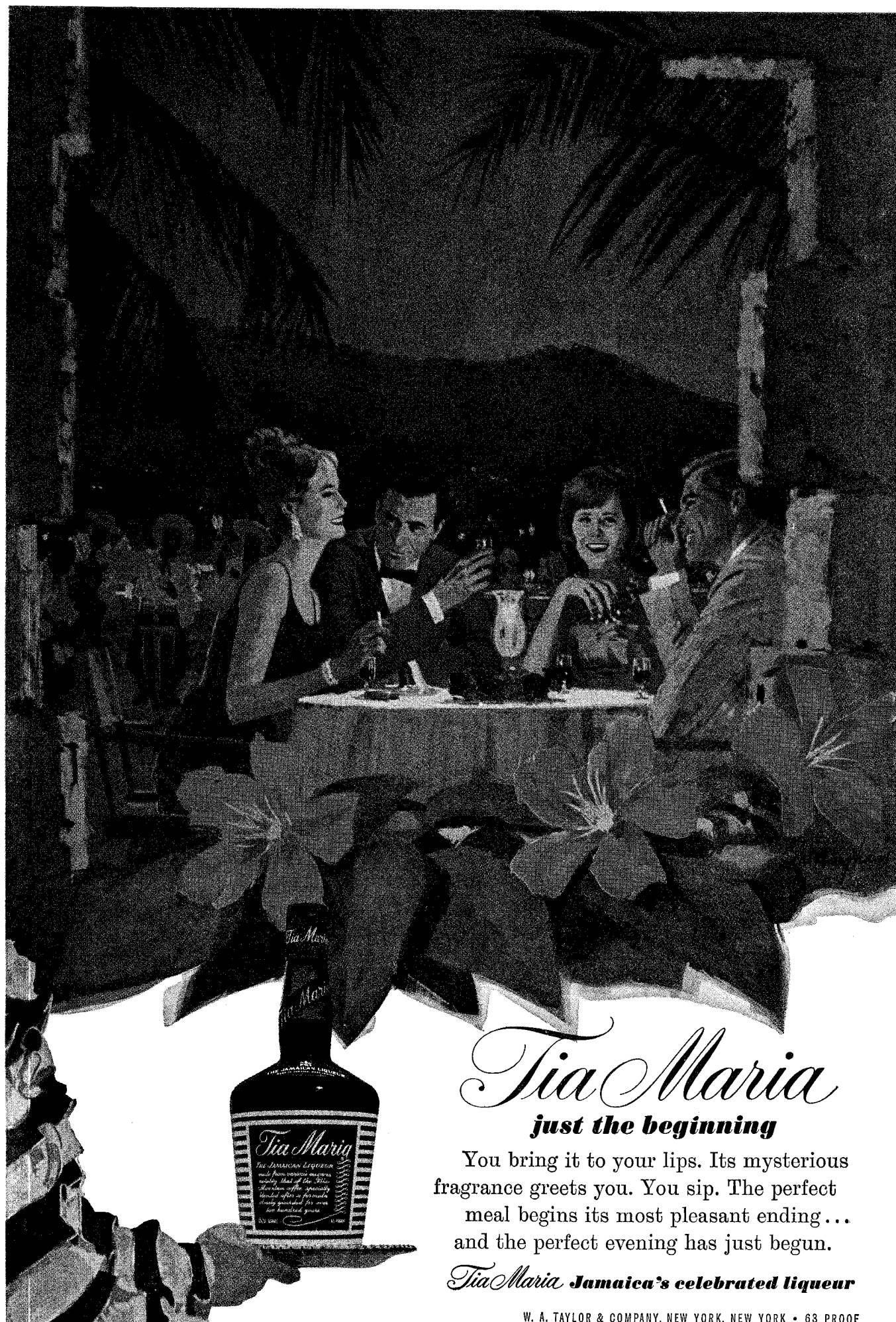
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Report on Spain

ning Board, which issued Spain's first Four-Year Plan last winter. They, like the Minister of Commerce, Alberto Ullastres Calvo, and the Minister of Finance, Mariano Navarro Rubio, belong to the conservative Catholic pressure group, Opus Dei, which has established a powerful hold over the Spanish administration and banking system. For the moment they are riding high and fortune is smiling on them.

There have been reports that fabulous reserves of phosphates have been discovered in the Spanish Sahara, and in early June the news that a drilling company had struck oil in the region of Burgos set off such a wave of speculative buying that the Madrid stock market had to be closed. But it remains to be seen whether these new bonanzas, if they materialize, will solve Spain's long-term economic problem, which is one of exporting enough to pay for a steady increase in imports.

One Spanish economist, Jesus Prados Arrarte, who recently returned, after a two-year exile, to his chair on the law faculty of the University of Madrid, has calculated that Spain's balance-of-payments deficit, if the projected rates of increase in the Four-Year Plan are respected, will by 1974 have risen to \$900 million, or three quarters of Spain's present reserves of \$1200 million.

The question of succession

The crisis is still a long way off, and there are some Spaniards who fear that Franco may still be around when it finally breaks. His policy of forestalling any fundamental changes has undoubtedly helped enhance his popular prestige with the masses. But it has simultaneously aggravated the problem of the succession, making the eventual outcome more unpredictable than ever.

For years Franco has quietly subsidized half a dozen royalist pretenders, all of whom derive their income directly or indirectly from the Spanish state. They include the leading pretender, the fifty-year-old Don Juan, who lives in Portugal; his son Juan Carlos, who now lives in an annex of Franco's own palace of El



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Report on Spain

Pardo on the outskirts of Madrid; the twenty-eight-year-old Don Alfonso, Don Juan's nephew, who works for a Madrid bank and is the only pretender with enough personal allure to be thought capable of making a go of it as King; and, not least of all, Carlos Hugo, who made a monumental error by his high-handed courtship of Princess Irene of Holland, which culminated in their marriage in Rome last May.

Though Carlos Hugo is a French citizen and speaks Spanish with a marked French accent, he has unlimited ambition and has set out to use his wife's considerable fortune to build up his personal following inside Spain. He is supported in his endeavors by three sisters, who are known in Madrid social circles as "white Pasionarias."

Last year Carlos Hugo turned up for the annual Carlist pilgrimage to Montejura in Navarre, greeting the assembled multitude with the words *Aquí he venido como su Rey* ("I have

come here as your King"), a piece of effrontery which Franco is not yet ready to forgive. Just three days after his marriage, he flew into Madrid with his bride, intending to go on from there to attend the ritual "concentration" at Montejura. He was informed by the police that he would be physically impeded, if necessary, from making the trip.

It was the fourth in a series of refusals, Franco having already refused to grant him Spanish citizenship, to name him Duke of Madrid, and to allow him to be married in Spain. This setback did little, however, to dampen the zeal of his Carlist followers, who gathered together in the little town of Estella, once the residence of the Kings of Navarre, to applaud their hero and to denounce Don Juan and other pretenders to the Spanish throne.

Franco's candidate

While such infighting among the royalists inevitably enhances Franco's personal ascendancy, it further debases what limited credit the monarchy in Spain may still enjoy. The Caudillo's official candidate remains

the twenty-six-year-old Juan Carlos, now married to Princess Sophie of Greece. But his discreet efforts to build up the young Prince's image inside Spain have been conspicuous failures. Nothing comparable with the mass turnouts and spontaneous demonstrations staged for Carlos Hugo in Navarre has been forthcoming in the cities and provinces Juan Carlos has toured, where he has been received with little enthusiasm.

Franco's problem is further complicated by the pressure being exerted on him by members of his entourage, especially by army colleagues, to settle the succession question once and for all in a clear and unambiguous fashion. Last May he was obliged to yield to this pressure to the extent of authorizing General Agustín Muñoz Grandes, vice president of the Council of Ministers and next to himself the highest ranking officer in the Spanish Army, to undertake a private poll among senior officers.

All but one of more than five hundred generals consulted declared their support for the prompt restoration of the monarchy, and of these the overwhelming majority were in favor of Don Juan, for whom Franco harbors a deep personal mistrust. Seventy percent of the colonels consulted likewise favored the restoration, though fewer of them came out unequivocally in favor of Don Juan as opposed to his son.

The matter is bound to be under discussion in the next few years. By the terms of the succession laws of 1947 the King of Spain must be at least thirty years old, which Juan Carlos will not be before 1968. This gives Franco another four years in which to temporize and maneuver, as he has done in the past. The succession laws, furthermore, can be modified only by a national referendum. There have been rumors that Franco is planning to spring some kind of plebiscite on the country this winter or early next spring.

In Spain such reports have a way of building up and then quietly evaporating like mirages. This is the way Franco wants it. The only thing sure in this accumulation of uncertainties is that when the time comes to say it, he will want to have the final word.



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The Atlantic Report LONDON



THE recent British Parliament, running its full legal course almost to the very last day, was the longest of modern times. And it was the third Tory-dominated Parliament in succession. The three combined provided Britain with the longest period of uninterrupted rule by the same party for more than 130 years. The thirteen years have used up four Prime Ministers. They have gone through three hundred other ministers. R. A. Butler has been the only cabinet minister to have held office throughout.

To many observers Sir Alec Douglas-Home, formerly the fourteenth Earl of Home, represents, as it were, the final grace notes of the long fanfare of aristocratic rule. "It is the end of the Establishment" is the comment, for instance, of a business leader, Avison Wormald, deputy chairman of Associated Fisheries. He acknowledged that something remains of the Establishment's prestige and power in the law, Lloyd's, the Bank of England, and the great financial houses and brokerage firms. But, he said, "New forces have arisen, such as Warburgs, the foreign banks . . . and American brokers." His comment indicates how the whole context of the times has changed in Britain.

But some things have happened that improve the chances of the Conservatives: the natural narrowing of the gap between the parties as the day of actual choice comes near; the nomination of Senator Goldwater in the United States; the confrontation in Vietnam; the gradual public awareness that Soviet Russia, for all its rapid statistical and technical growth, has not yet solved even the first real puzzles of prosperity.

A Labor victory would inevitably bring profound changes, to Anglo-American relations, to the Atlantic alliance, to nuclear policy, to defense, to relations with Russia, to economic policy, and even to trade.

Yet the British Labor Party itself has also changed. It may still open the most sacred of its meetings by singing the "Red Flag." It may have refused to delete Clause Four — nationalization of

all the means of production, distribution, and exchange — from its constitution. It may still include good old-fashioned rabble-rousing socialists like Ted Hill of the Boilermakers, and good new-fashioned clinical socialists like Frank Cousins of the Transport and General Workers' Union. However, the Labor Party can no longer be considered a socialist party in the Soviet sense. It no longer has much reason to be anti-American.

Socialists on the Swedish pattern

The new leaders — Wilson, Brown, Callaghan, Healey, Crossman, Stewart, Gordon Walker — seem now to have developed into socialists on the Swedish pattern. And with the emergence of the European Free Trade Association as a going concern, Britain and Sweden are constantly being brought closer together. Indeed, Harold Wilson agrees that he got much more out of his visit to Sweden than out of his visit to Moscow, although the public got more out of the latter, for it disclosed Mr. Wilson as a man of some influence even when in opposition.

An attraction of Sweden is that since 1935 there have been only two major labor conflicts. In a normal year fewer than one hundred trade unionists are involved there in strikes. And, while Britain has been a country of almost permanent conservatism, Sweden these many years has been a land of permanent monarchical socialism. The basis of labor peace in Sweden is the accepted sanctity of freely negotiated contracts, guarded by labor courts of three unionists, three employers, two jurists, and a professional judge.

In Britain, with Labor's annual conference canceled because of the timing of the election, the Trades Union Congress had to make much of the early running. And it was noticeable how the September TUC meeting at Blackpool was more workmanlike and less aggressively left-wing than usual. Nationalization figured only in resolutions proposed by minor unions and was confined to their areas of special interest. Only one motion was proposed attacking wage restraint. Several sought instead to deal in a practical fashion

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Report on London

with the question of an "incomes policy," now the accepted euphemism for wage restraint. Even Ted Hill's Boilermakers called only for the establishment of the thirty-five-hour week but otherwise pledged themselves, and the conference, simply to "do everything possible to ensure an electoral victory for the Labour Party at the forthcoming general election."

A sound, modern economy

Basically, both the Conservative Party and the Labor Party are fighting on the same platform—modernization. England now is a country with a car in every garage, and often one under a carport too, and it is first the quality of prosperity that needs to be improved and then its chances of continuous expansion.

The ebb and flow of the market economy meanwhile has brought the Conservative Party very close to the familiar situation where, since expansion may have been going too fast, the monetary brake will have to be applied quite sharply. This knowledge is naturally of great electoral advantage to Labor, whose promise of a planned balance of trade has a sound and simple look.

A Labor victory would certainly add to those forces in the world that are making for the end of the post-war "free trade era." Planned imports mean controlled imports. Controlled imports and free trade cannot easily be reconciled. Already, the Kennedy Round has run into serious trouble. Europe will not give up protectionism in agriculture. De Gaulle will not allow either a merger of the Common Market with EFTA or the development of an Atlantic zone of mutually liberalized trade. And the idea of controlling imports by means other than tariffs—by taxes and by selective credit regulations—gains ground in a number of countries, Italy being one prominent example.

But for Britain, and thus for both parties equally, it is exports, not imports, that are crucial. Expansion in Britain automatically brings in more imports (of raw materials first, then of machine tools, and finally, with prosperity, of consumer goods), but

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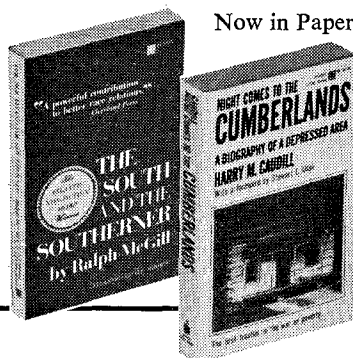
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Report on London

expansion does not automatically sell more exports. With reserves that by a wide margin do not match the external liabilities, Britain, banker to the whole sterling area, must in the long run maintain a substantial pay-ments surplus if it is to attain steady growth.

The export expansion

Britain actually has never been a great exporter. It has been instead always a great importer. And, if Britain acquired a vast empire in a fit of absence of mind, it acquired vast trade overseas in the same way. It ran, and for a long time built, most of the world's shipping. Its engineers built the railroads that "con-nected the coast with the interior" and made Britain's importing possi-ble. Its coal powered half the young industrialized world. Its cloth pro-vided covering for millions of work-ers on hundreds of plantations. And as the world gradually changed, and traditional trades declined, and so-cialists and "rebels" nationalized British railway lines and other capi-tal assets in distant parts, Britain's gold for a long time kept the nation solvent even with a continuing and growing deficit of trade.

So, exporting is a new business for Britain, and one for which its past has not prepared it. It may seem odd to recall now that only ten years ago Britain was all set up to export cars without heaters to cold climates, but it is a fact. In Britain's current situa-tion it is an illustrative fact of quite considerable significance.

For the key to the expansion of ex-ports must lie in a rapid and substan-tial improvement in the competitive efficiency of British industry, and in particular of British private indus-try. Increased and improved pri-vate investment, improved salesman-ship and technology are also crucial. This is by no means a traditional so-cialist recipe for growth. But it is a necessity.

This necessity helps shape the plat-forms of both the major parties. Both will seek trade wherever it is pos-sible; in the Soviet Union, for in-stance, where, in spite of all the publicity for the sale to Russia of whole chemical plants, British trade

has for a long time been virtually static. Both, however, must stress in-vestment, competition, efficiency, technology, education, as the major components of their own "expansive society."

Parties of the Commonwealth

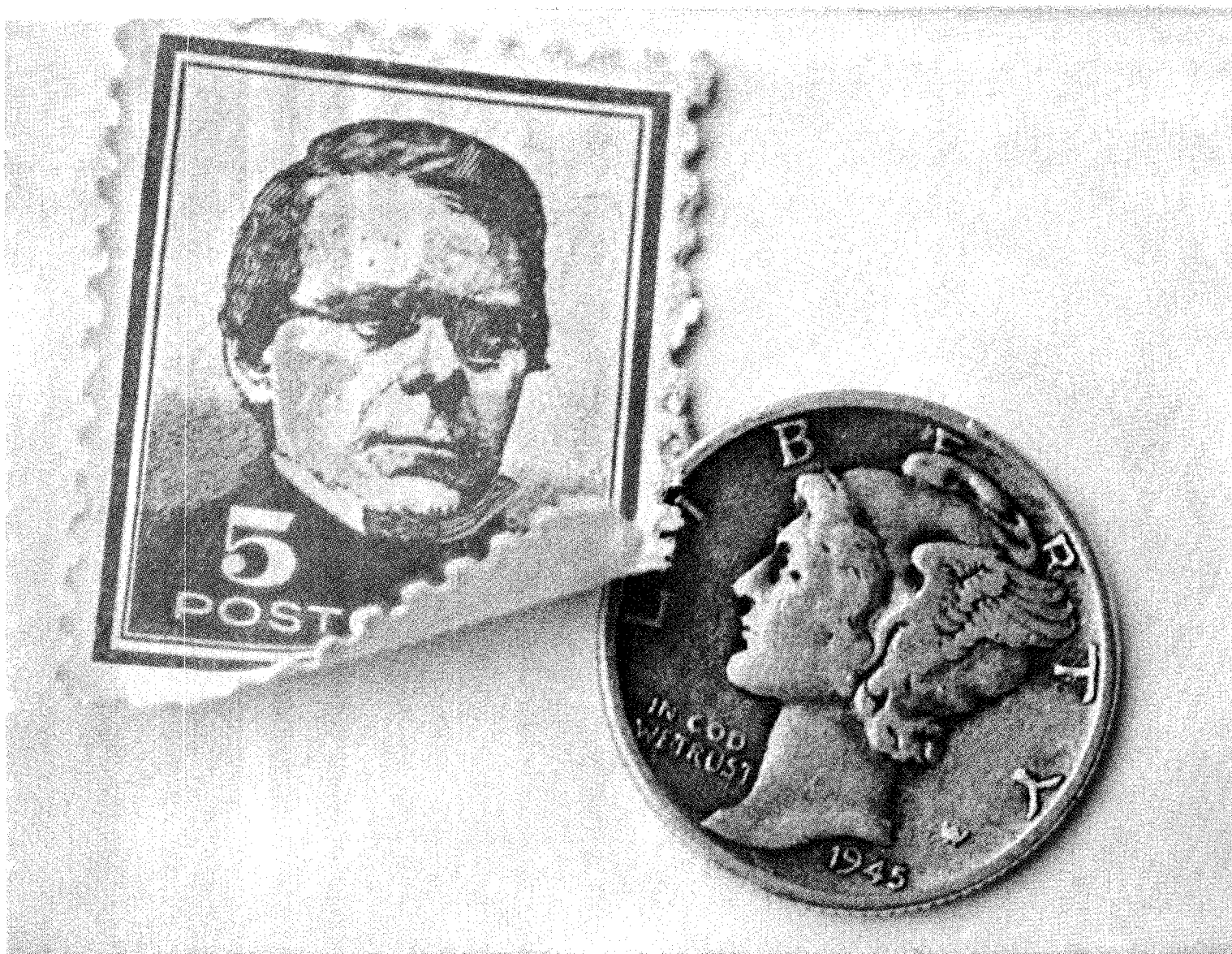
Both parties also have become parties of the Commonwealth. A very different atmosphere prevailed when Sir Alec met the Common-wealth Prime Ministers in London in July to that which existed when Mac-millan met them in September, 1962, to explain the probable effects upon them of Britain's intended entry into the Common Market. Conserva-tives and socialists alike now see the Commonwealth providing Britain with a new role in the world, as first among equals in an effective multi-racial international grouping.

Inevitably, events in the United States have tended to magnify the possibilities that Britons see in the development of this role. President Nkrumah of Ghana shrewdly re-marked recently that "the former colonialists" now begin to need the masses in the underdeveloped world not so much to exploit their labor as to take advantage of their purchas-ing power. Trade, which once fol-lowed the flag, may in future follow the affections, or emotions, and Britain's good multiracial record may even help balance its payments.

The price of land

Both parties are coming close to-gether even on the question of the rising price of land. Sir Alec is one of the great landowners of Britain, but his government has had to admit that the day of the landowner is over, at least in its traditional sense. As Britain becomes more crowded, as towns spread out, industry is dis-persed, and the network of super-highways grows, enormous untaxed fortunes are made by individuals, often purely by chance.

The Labor Party would national-ize what it calls "development land." Some independents call for the aboli-tion of the whole concept of freehold and the substitution everywhere of the very British system of leasehold. Henry George's single tax idea comes back into the news. And the Tories play with the idea of taxing perhaps one half of any increase in land value brought about by town planning



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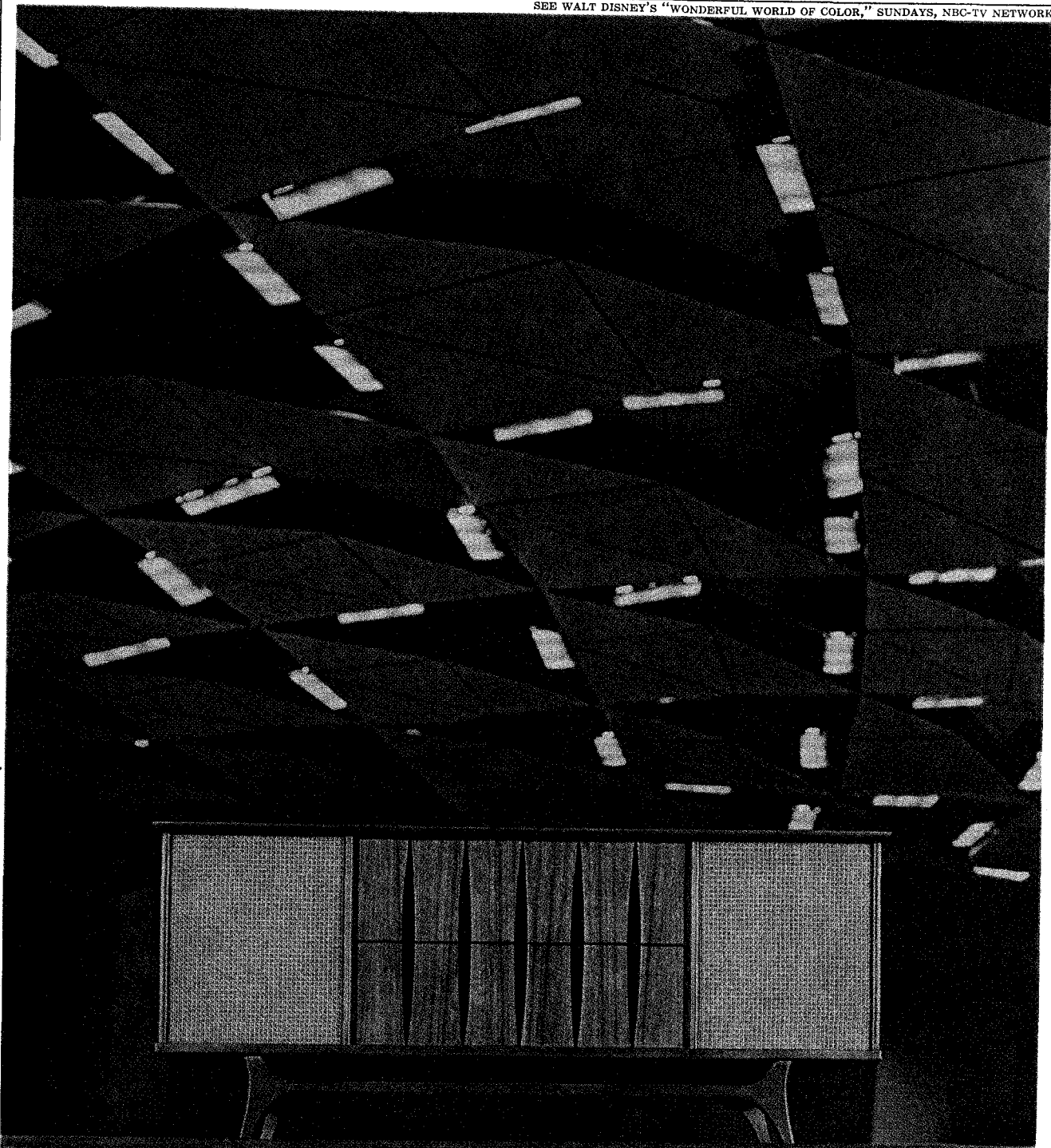
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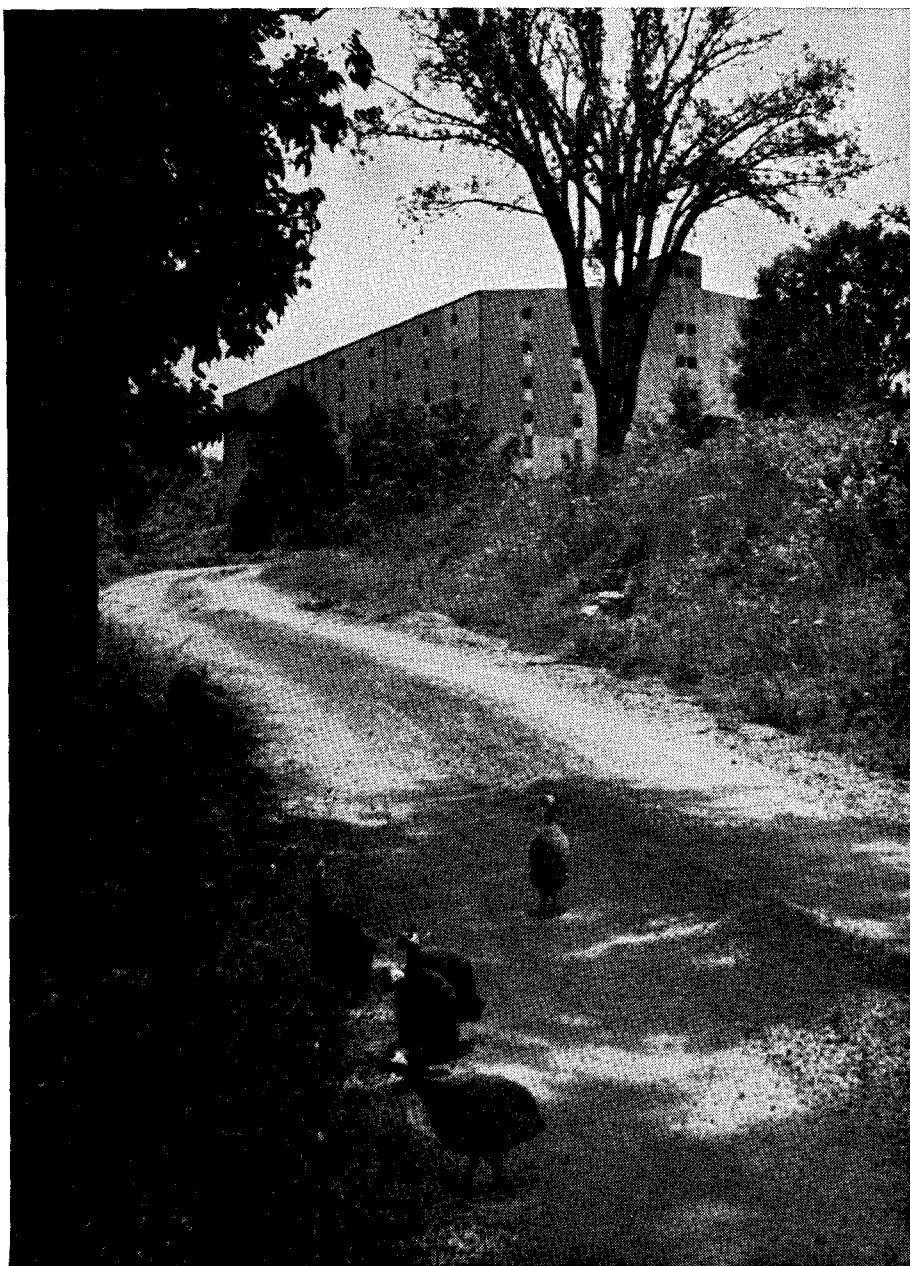
This brings both parties again to a wider and more urgent consideration of reform of the tax system as a whole. Whatever happens, capital gains cannot much longer go untaxed. Taxes on incomes are likely to become proportionately lighter, and those on spending proportionately higher.

For a long time Labor campaigned against the removal by Selwyn Lloyd of the "surtax" on earned incomes above £2000 and below £5000. This brought quite small earners into the upper tax brackets. But at this point, with education and science stressed, penal taxation of earnings can serve only to accelerate the "brain drain" to America and Australia. The familiar and traditional Labor prejudice against large incomes is disappearing fast, provided the incomes are earned.

A new figure in London is "the thousand a year bus driver." Twenty-five years ago "a thousand a year" (then \$4000) was the round sum of affluence, and although the same money is worth only \$2800 today, the phrase still has enough evocative power to underline the wide sweep of the prosperity that Britain is enjoying.

Thus the effective political differences between the major parties are narrowed down to somewhat vague concepts of "planning" and "freedom" and to the pros and cons of an extension of the welfare state.

It used to be said that the majority of Britons are liberals who find themselves forced to vote either Labor or Conservative to form a government. For that little while in 1962, with the Tories excessively Tory in the Establishment sense and Labor aggressively socialist in almost a Soviet sense, it looked as if it were actually at last more practical to vote Liberal. But the day of the Establishment is about over, and that of British Marxism too, and the brief surge of the Liberal Party has ended. The voter again turns to a choice of Labor or Conservative. But this time each is a new party.



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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



George Catlett Marshall

SIR:

Last evening I read that very moving article of General Eisenhower's ("George Catlett Marshall") in the August *Atlantic*. It is a classic, one that reveals that warmth of human interest and understanding which I was privileged to see so often in my association with Eisenhower. No formal biography fully documented by facts and dates could portray the character of General Marshall as vividly as those very human incidents which he related.

CLARENCE B. RANDALL
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

What General Eisenhower said at the dedication of the George C. Marshall research library at VMI did show insight and appreciation of a great man.

Unfortunately, the general was not always so eloquent. In October of the 1952 presidential campaign, he came to Milwaukee to address a political meeting. The prepared text of the speech contained a glowing reference to General Marshall.

Senator Joseph McCarthy in a Senate speech of June 14, 1951, had called Marshall "a mysterious, powerful" figure in "a great conspiracy" to turn the United States over to the Communists. McCarthy somehow heard of the reference Eisenhower meant to make to Marshall in the campaign speech and considered it a personal affront. Walter Kohler, then governor of Wisconsin, told a press conference in 1954 that McCarthy boarded the Eisenhower train on the way to Milwaukee for the 1952 speech and told Sherman

Adams that if Eisenhower praised Marshall it might split the Republican Party in Wisconsin. Kohler said that McCarthy was taken to Eisenhower by Adams and repeated his warning. The Marshall reference was deleted and never given — and Eisenhower was the recipient of a warm McCarthy greeting on the speaker's platform.

General Marshall would have appreciated having Eisenhower's warm praise given in McCarthy's presence much more than at VMI twelve years later.

JOHN N. REDDIN
Milwaukee, Wis.

Andrew Wyeth

SIR:

I want to thank you for the cover of your June issue — *The Drifter* by Andrew Wyeth. I have had it framed, and it is hanging on our living room wall. Recently I borrowed from our public library a book on Philadelphia by Struthers Burt, and read that when Andrew Wyeth was a child and wanted to paint, he read that paintbrushes were made from camel's hair. But he did not have a camel and did not know where to find one; so he picked hairs from the family cat and made a brush. This had to be frequently renewed, and the cat became conspicuous. Mrs. Wyeth asked for an explanation. Andrew, like G. W., told the truth. He got regular brushes!

MARY FLETT
New Brunswick, Canada

SIR:

In regard to the letter to the editor by John W. Beveridge of Fort Worth, Texas, in the August issue,

I would like to make the following comments:

That a modern artist like Andrew Wyeth might make better colors than can be had from the professional manufacturers would seem unlikely. But that such an artist might enjoy making his own colors as well as preparing his own gesso grounds does not seem strange or irrational. The actual time a creative artist consumes in having an idea is small indeed compared with the time at his disposal. Even though he may work quite slowly in executing his ideas, he may very well have time on his hands which must be occupied with some sort of routine. No one can live in the heady atmosphere of original thinking for more than a small percent of his waking hours, and a time-consuming but not too exacting routine occupation is necessary. Since greatness of Wyeth's work is apparent even in reproduction, it is evident that the secret of his art does not lie in the pigments which he uses.

ROGER HAYWARD
Pasadena, Calif.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

I was very grateful for Terence Prittie's article "Bomb Shop in the Nile: Target Israel" (August *Atlantic*) because it has made for a very rude awakening among a number of intelligent American Jews. We have always known that Nasser would do almost anything to destroy Israel, but we didn't quite think that the world would even permit Nasser to think of genocide and the use of fissionable materials. However, it



Aha! I see it now!

Don't tell me you see a ruby-throated nuthatch?



I'm not watching birds.

Oh, you sly devil—that's where they hold the official All-Girls Volleyball Championship.



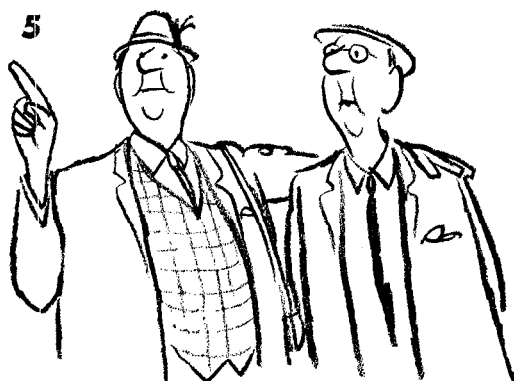
I'm past that stage. I'm spying on a squirrel.

A squirrel?



He's been teaching me a lesson.

You feeling all right?



Great. The reason I'm watching that squirrel is to see what he does with the nuts I leave him. And you know, without fail, he always puts some away for tomorrow.

Squirrels really do that?



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You're not as nutty as I thought.



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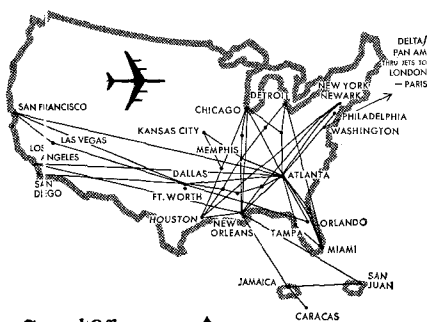
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might be interesting if Mr. Prittie would now do a story on what the Israelis are doing for the defense of Israel. Many American Jewish scientists as well as individual non-Jewish scientists from all over the world have not been visiting Israel for their health. Furthermore, when (not if) it comes to the time that Nasser and Company attack Israel, the Israelis will make it, at best, a Pyrrhic victory for Nasser. Remember that the Jews are hard to defeat when they are cornered, as in the case of the Warsaw Ghetto and the case of the partition in 1948.

GLENN S. HOFFMAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR:

Once again the *Atlantic Monthly* has proved it deserves its reputation as an outstanding periodical. "The Mute Singer" by Stanislaw Szukalski (July issue) is a milestone in the literary world. The *Atlantic* has discovered another Joseph Conrad.

What is it about these Poles that makes them such masters of the English language? Joseph Conrad and Stanislaw Szukalski were both young men of twenty before they even heard the English language, and yet they produced masterpieces of English literature.

The Poles, it seems, can teach us much about the beauty of our language, and I am speechless with admiration.

STEPHANIE COUSENS
Old Orchard, Me.

SIR:

In his admirable article, "Invisible Death," in the July *Atlantic*, Clark C. Van Fleet suggests that Rachel Carson's dire predictions in *Silent Spring* were entirely too modest. But does Mr. Van Fleet himself appreciate the full extent of the danger? Not unless he has lifted his sights above the forty-ninth parallel, for the problem is not American but North American.

Thanks to Miss Carson, the United States is at least becoming aware of the danger to fish, birds, and wildlife from chlorinated hydrocarbons. That awareness has hardly spread to Canada, and our country will bear as great a responsibility for the Silent Spring as the United States. Millions of American birds migrate to Canada every spring to nest and rear their families. If they are destroyed in the Canadian sum-

mer, they cannot appear in the American spring.

I have recently conducted a mail survey of Canadian provincial and municipal governments to find out what is being done as a result of the Carson exposure to control the use of DDT. The answer is, almost nothing. The Manitoba government banned agricultural use of dieldrin and aldrin this year. But in Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, the mosquito controllers are fogging the whole countryside with DDT. New Brunswick has stopped using DDT along salmon streams. British Columbia has the problem in the hands of committees. Elsewhere, little or nothing.

What is required, of course, is cooperative action by the Canadian and the United States governments, and based on present Canadian indifference, that is ten years away.

JAMES H. GRAY
Alberta, Canada

SIR:

Jeremy Larner's article ("What Do They Get From Rock 'n' Roll?") in the August *Atlantic* was interesting and informative. However, Mr. Larner should not get so upset over teen-agers and their records, rock 'n' roll records, that is. Leave them to their own tastes. Adults have different tastes; a more mature mind can grasp classical and jazz music.

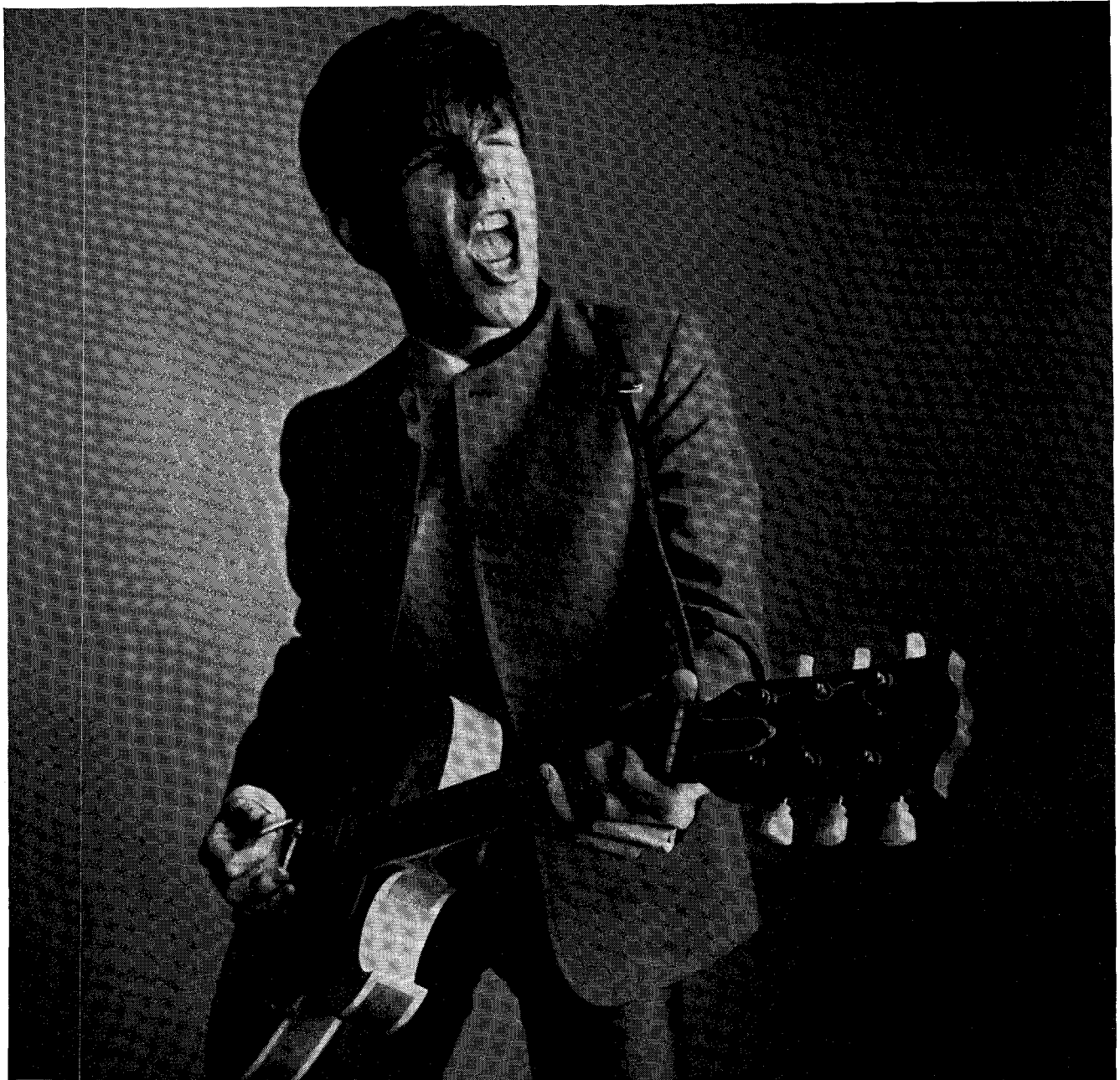
I consider myself a true jazz buff: I have been collecting jazz albums for over ten years, write a jazz column for a local college paper, have attended several jazz concerts, receive five different music periodicals per month.

The point is this: If someone came up to me and told me not to listen to jazz for some specified reason, I would tell this person to forget it! As the saying goes, *I would rather fight than switch.* Let the teen-agers alone with their type of music. After they leave their teen-age period, and as they reach their twenties, they'll probably look back at this period of teen-age taste and ponder: "I used to listen to that noise?"

An interesting and amusing article which Mr. Larner should write in the near future (I'm sure many other adults would agree with me) would be "What Do They Get From the Beatles?" Oh well, just a thought.

DENNIS R. HENDLEY
Milwaukee, Wis.

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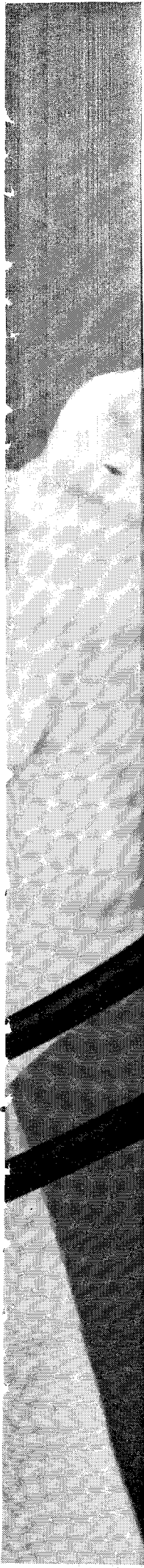
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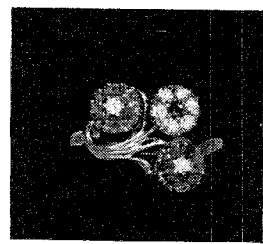
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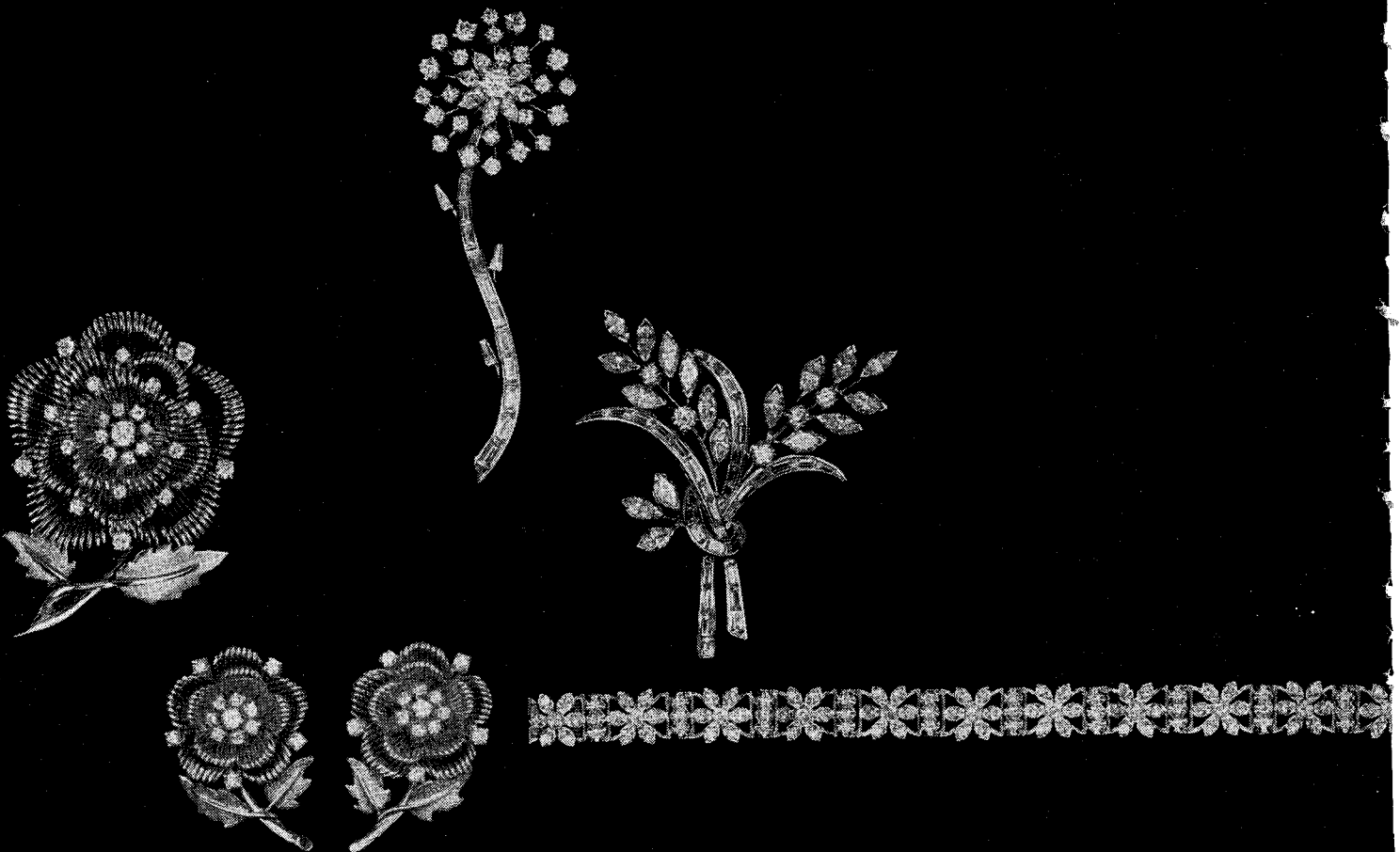
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THE 1964 ELECTION

IN THE *Atlantic* for October, 1860, James Russell Lowell, our first editor, published a strongly worded editorial in which he advocated the election of Abraham Lincoln. It began with these quiet words:

"In a society like ours, where every man may transmute his private thought into history and destiny by dropping it into the ballot-box, a peculiar responsibility rests upon the individual. Nothing can absolve us from doing our best to look at all public questions as citizens, and therefore in some sort as administrators and rulers. For, though during its term of office the government be practically as independent of the popular will as that of Russia, yet every fourth year the people are called upon to pronounce upon the conduct of their affairs. Theoretically, at least, to give democracy any standing-ground for an argument with despotism or oligarchy, a majority of the men composing it should be statesmen and thinkers."

In the election this fall, which will go far to determine the conduct of the United States in the next twenty-five years, we stand for the election of President Lyndon B. Johnson. We admire the President for the continuity with which he has maintained our foreign policy, a policy which became a worldwide responsibility at the time of the Marshall Plan. We respect the quiet confidence which he has engendered among American businessmen and in the unions. We believe that as the first Southerner to occupy the White House since the Civil War, the President will bring to the vexed problem of civil rights a power of conciliation which will prevent us from stumbling down the road taken by South Africa. The firmness and the common sense with which he pressed for the passage of the tax cut and the bill on civil rights recall a remark which the late President Kennedy made to a trusted reporter when he was

stumping California in the primary. "Of us all," said JFK, "Lyndon Johnson is the best qualified for the office."

The methods and strategy by which a politician rises to power are an index of his character. In his drive for the nomination, and ever since, Senator Goldwater has accepted the proposition that a ruthless minority taking over first the Republican Party and then the nation shall break with the past as it chooses. His proposal to let field commanders have their choice of the smaller nuclear weapons would rupture a fundamental belief that has existed from Abraham Lincoln to today: the belief that *in times of crisis the civilian authority must have control over the military*. His preference to let states like Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia enforce civil rights within their own borders has attracted the allegiance of Governor George Wallace, the Ku Klux Klan, and the John Birchers. His threat to walk out of the United Nations if he does not approve of its action is a repudiation of what the best brains, Republican and Democrat, have helped to contribute to that peace-keeping institution. Quick-flash utterances such as these may appeal to malcontents, but not to "statesmen and thinkers."

A President is trusted to make decisions, the most momentous decisions in our lives. In making up his mind he must reckon with those who disagree with him. We think it unfortunate that Barry Goldwater takes criticism as a personal affront; we think it poisonous when his anger betrays him into denouncing what he calls the "radical" press by bracketing the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and *Izvestia*. There speaks not the reason of the Southwest but the voice of Joseph McCarthy. We do not impugn Senator Goldwater's honesty. We sincerely distrust his factionalism and his capacity for judgment.

— EDWARD WEEKS, *Editor*

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THE PRICE WE PAID FOR WAR

BY GEORGE F. KENNAN

Diplomat and historian, GEORGE F. KENNAN entered our Foreign Service in 1926 following his graduation from Princeton. He served as a Russian-speaking aide to Ambassador Bullitt from 1933 to 1935; was in Prague at the time of the Czechoslovakia subjugation, in Berlin until Pearl Harbor; and was our ambassador to Moscow from 1952 to 1953 and to Yugoslavia from 1961 to 1963.

FIFTY years ago there occurred, in the Bosnian capital of Sarajevo, the assassination of the Austrian heir apparent, the Archduke Ferdinand, the event that touched off World War I. It was far from being the war's actual cause. The real causes were of great complexity. They reached back into the past, as the historical roots of great events always do. They have been the subject of exhaustive study and of long controversy among the historians.

If the question were to be posed, What were the broad historical circumstances out of which the war arose? one would probably be safe in naming two: first, the failure to find an acceptable place in the European order for the united Germany which had come into existence in 1870; and, second, the rivalry between Russia and Austria-Hungary over the succession to the disintegrating Turkish empire in the Balkans. The European order emerging from the Napoleonic Wars proved insufficiently flexible, in other words, to stand the subtraction of one great power in the southeast of the continent and the addition of a new one in the northwest.

History, it has often been observed, tends to be written by the victors. Certainly this was to some extent true in the English-speaking countries in the

case of World War I. Many of us were brought up on a view of the war that depicted the Germans as those most responsible for its outbreak. The confession of Germany's primary guilt in this respect was embedded in the Versailles Treaty, over the violent protest of an entire generation of Germans.

There can be no question that the statesmanship of the imperial German government of the post-Bismarckian period was guilty of grievous mistakes which entered importantly into the origins of the world war. Outstanding among these were the insistence on challenging British naval power by the attempt to build a fleet of comparable strength; the uncritical support given at crucial moments to an aggressive Austrian policy in the Balkans; and the fatal decision to inaugurate hostilities against France in 1914 by moving through Belgium, thus assuring Britain's entry into the war.

But it would be an oversimplification to accept these mistakes as proof of Germany's primary guilt. The tragedy of Germany's situation lay in the fact that the establishment of the German Reich was practically coincidental with the conduct of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871, and that this war ended with the incorporation into the new,

Drypoint by Kerr Eby. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

united Germany of two provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, which had previously been part of France. This territorial change was never really accepted by the French. And this meant, in effect, that the French never really reconciled themselves to the presence of a united Germany in the family of the European powers. In the decades just prior to World War I, France was actually more hostile to the existing status quo in Europe than was Germany. Germany was a satiated power in Europe; France was not. Germany had no territorial aspirations anywhere on the continent; France did.

These two situations — the Franco-German tension and the rivalry in the Balkans — were brought together for the first time in the Franco-Russian Alliance, concluded in 1894. This flowed directly from the French unwillingness to accept the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. Had France been willing to accept this loss, no alliance with Russia would have been required for France's protection. Germany, after all, had no further territorial designs on France.

Ostensibly, the Franco-Russian Alliance was a defensive one. Almost every alliance is defensive — on paper. Actually, this one was conceived by the French as a framework within which, eventually, when the time was ripe, they could move toward the recovery of the lost provinces.

In several respects, the Franco-Russian Alliance had unfortunate consequences. It constituted the first link in that encirclement of which the Germans so bitterly complained. It was the first great step toward Germany's isolation. But this isolation increased Germany's dependence on its one faithful ally, Austria-Hungary, and caused Germany to feel that there was no choice but to support that ally faithfully, even when the latter's policies were reckless and aggressive.

For the Russians, on the other hand, the alliance with France was an unnatural commitment. It reflected no real Russian interest. Russia's acceptance of the alliance initially, and adherence to it down through the years, were simply consequences of financial weakness. It represented a political price Russia was obliged to pay for France's financial support in a period of rapid economic development in Russia, a period in which the need of the Russian economy for investment capital was great and indigenous sources of capital were inadequate. And it had the dual effect of causing the Russians to lose much of the independence of their policy vis-à-vis Germany, where an independence of policy might have been helpful in preventing a world war, and yet to gain too much independence of policy in the Balkans, where an active Russian policy could only increase the danger of war.

Originally, the Franco-Russian Alliance was not supposed to be applicable to the contingency of a

war between Russia and Austria. But it led to such extreme political tensions that any Balkan war in which Russia should be involved could no longer be isolated. It was, after all, over just such a Russian-Austrian conflict, not over any German attack on either Russia or France, that the alliance was finally invoked in 1914. There can be no question that Russian policy in the Balkans in the years from 1906 to 1914 was strengthened and made sharper by the knowledge on the part of Russian statesmen that Germany could not come to the aid of Austria in a Balkan conflict without inviting the intervention of France on its western frontier.

As for the conflict between Russian and Austro-Hungarian interests in the Balkans, here again it is not a simple matter to assess the rights and wrongs from a distance of fifty years. It must be recognized that Austrian interests were more vitally affected than were those of Russia by the disintegration of Turkish power and the emergence of the South Slav peoples to independent political activity. This development constituted no threat to Russia, which was itself a Slavic state. To Austria, on the other hand, which already had great Slavic minorities within its borders, the establishment of new, independent Slavic states on the immediate southern periphery of the empire could have dangerous consequences.

The Russian interest in the Balkans was occasioned at that time not by any real defensive interests, but by two sentimental enthusiasms of the Russian educated class: a romantic sympathy for fellow Slavs, and the long-standing desire to control the straits at the entrance to the Black Sea. Neither of these aspirations looks very impressive from a distance of fifty years. Membership in the Slavic branch of the human family is not really, as history has shown, a very important bond. Cultural and religious traditions, varying widely among the Slavic peoples, are more important as determinants of national policy, over the long run. And as for the Russian yearning to control the straits, it is hard to view this as anything more than a matter of prestige. The regime of the straits that existed in the period prior to the war occasioned no difficulties for Russian commerce. And if one looks at the matter from the military standpoint, one can only say that this regime, barring as it did the passage of foreign warships through the straits, was a positive advantage to a country which had lost most of its naval strength at Tsushima.

All these considerations lead to the conclusion that it was indeed the Austrians, not the Russians, whose interests were most vitally concerned in the development of events in the Balkans in the first

years of the century. And one cannot blame the Austrians for wishing to assure that the liberation of the Balkan Slavs from the Turkish hegemony should not occur in a manner likely to endanger the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian empire. But one can and must blame them for the reckless and aggressive measures by which they attempted to assure this: measures which offended the South Slavs themselves, relied on naked force far more than on persuasion, alarmed the international community, and made it much more difficult than it need otherwise have been for Russia to remain aloof without suffering real damage to its prestige. If it be true, as I believe it to be, that in the relations between governments the "how" is, generally at least, as important as the "what," then one must indeed charge the Austro-Hungarian statesmen of that day with a responsibility second to none for the outbreak of the world war in 1914.

SUCH, in the main, were the political origins of the war. They point, as one can readily see, to the conclusion that none of the four greatest continental powers involved was without blame in the complicated process of its origins. But behind these specific political circumstances, there was a deeper deficiency which lay in the spirit and the outlooks of the time and pervaded the diplomacy of all four of these powers. This was the disparity between the real implications and possibilities of major warfare as an instrument of policy in the modern age, and what people supposed these implications and possibilities to be.

The international society of that day was still dominated by romantic concepts of warfare, and these concepts embraced two great errors. First, they exaggerated the role of personal bravery and determination in a war fought with modern weapons. Under the influence of this misimpression, they pictured warfare too much as a test of the personal qualities and spirit of a nation and too little as a test of its manpower and resources and its capacity for social discipline. It was thought that if a nation's people were brave enough, spirited enough, determined enough, a nation won. People failed to realize that in a war where military realities would be governed so extensively by the machine gun and barbed wire, excessive personal valor would be only a wasteful form of foolhardiness; victory or defeat would depend primarily on the grisly mathematics of mutual destruction and, above all, on who was prepared to expend and to sacrifice the greatest quantity of men and matériel. In many of the offensives undertaken in that war, it could be, and was, calculated in advance that so and so many tens of thousands of men, one's own

men as well as those of the enemy, would inevitably perish in the course of the offensive. They would perish from shells and bullets fired by men whom they could not even see. It would make no difference, or very little difference, whether they were brave as lions; they would perish anyway. War was no longer a matter just of valor and enthusiasm.

This lesson could have been learned, one would think, from the Russo-Japanese War. It does not seem to have been. As a result, governments moved lightheartedly into the horror of war in 1914, and millions of young men went singing to their death, encouraged to believe that they were embarking on a great martial adventure, as in the days of chivalry.

Second, the statesmen of the period preceding World War I had no idea of the destructiveness of modern war. They had no idea how long it would last or how many lives and resources it would consume. They deceived themselves in believing that the fruits of victory would easily outweigh the attendant sacrifices. But they grievously misestimated both elements. It did not occur to them that the losses of life — the losses, above all, of young life, of the flower of the male youth — would be so great that no conceivable fruits of victory could possibly justify them. No defeat could have carried with it disasters worse than the sacrifice of young manhood actually incurred in pursuit of victory. And no victory could have been so glorious as to justify this sacrifice. History reveals that every one of the warring powers would have been better off to have concluded peace in the early stages of the war *on the adversary's terms* rather than to accept the loss of life attendant on continuation of the war to 1918. This loss inflicted on each of the belligerents a subjective damage from which it could not recover, even superficially, for at least a generation. In a deeper sense, some may be said to have not fully recovered to the present day.

Any loss of young manhood on the scale that was incurred by the major belligerents in World War I inflicts both genetic and spiritual damage on the nation that incurs it. The age structure of the population is disbalanced. The spirit of the older people is terribly affected. They cannot stand this slaughter of their sons. A portion of themselves — of their taste for life, their capacity for hope — dies with those in whom so much of themselves was invested. Great damage is done to the youth, who are forced to grow up in an unsettled world without the steadying hand of the fathers. On the political scene, the continuity of the tradition is destroyed. The field is left to be contended for by the very old and the very young, among whom there is no intimacy. We shall never know how many of the troubles and failures of European civilization in the 1920s and 1930s,

including the drift into a new world war, were attributable to these conditions.

All these are subjective damages which no victory could have made good, even if it had been as glorious as the statesmen of 1914 pictured it to themselves, and even if it had accorded fully with the objectives they had in mind when they entered the war. But actually, the war ended with results which nobody could have predicted, and which did not correspond at all with the aims for which the victor powers entered the war.

The war, as it turned out, produced the destruction of all three of the great empires so prominently involved in its outbreak: the Austro-Hungarian, the Russian, and the German. This was something which no one — not even the French and British, but least of all the statesmen of those three empires themselves — wished or expected to achieve when they went to war in 1914, and from which no one really profited.

The destruction of the Austro-Hungarian empire led merely to the establishment in Central and Eastern Europe of a new status quo even less stable than the one that had existed prior to the war. It involved the establishment of an entire tier of independent states in Central and Eastern Europe, lying between Germany and Austria, on the one hand, and Russia, on the other. The idea was that these states, in alliance with France, would keep Germany helpless and would serve as a barrier to the spread of Russian Communism into Europe. This was, therefore, a status quo predicated on the weakness of both Germany and Russia. It was bound to break down as soon as that weakness was overcome. And break down it did, in a manner that contributed greatly to the outbreak of World War II. In addition to that political defect, the new status quo represented a deterioration from the standpoint of the integration of the economies of that area. No new form of international unity could be found to replace the unity which the Austro-Hungarian empire had once given to the economic life of the peoples of the Danubian Basin. None has been found to this day.

If we turn to the collapse of the Russian empire, we have to note that the Russian Revolution of 1917 was the direct result of the war. The Revolution would probably never have occurred at all at that juncture had the Czar's government not involved itself in the war. It would certainly not have ended in a seizure of power by the Communists if the Allies had not insisted that the Provisional Government continue the war effort. The Russian Revolution: the estrangement of Russia, the conversion of Russia, with its great resources, from the status of a friend to that of an opponent of the Western nations for a period of at least half a century — all this must be regarded as part of the price paid by

the victors of 1918 for the privilege of smashing Germany. A higher price, surely, it would be difficult to imagine.

And the significance of the Russian Revolution was of course not restricted to Russia's relations with the West. This Revolution represented only the first phase of that great revolt, moral and political, of "non-Europe" against Europe which has been a dominating development of this century and has included other Communist revolutions, notably the Chinese, as well as the worldwide anticolonial movement. All these processes were greatly hastened, if not caused, by the Russian Revolution.

Finally, there was the destruction of the German empire itself. Who gained from this? True, the Germans were thoroughly defeated. For a number of years they could no longer threaten Britain on the seas. They were obliged to return Alsace and Lorraine to France. But these were perhaps the only Allied gains of any importance from the four long years of war. It proved impossible to collect from the Germans anything more than a fraction of the reparations the Allies once thought to collect. Even when the reparations could be collected, the transfer of them turned out to present serious financial difficulties. The restrictions placed on German rearmament were only temporarily effective. So long as they were observed, their principal result was to free the Germans from the financial strain of maintaining armed forces, thus giving them a competitive advantage over the Western Allies in economic recovery. The moral and political effect of the effort to impose a punitive peace on Germany in the 1920s was just enough, together with the economic crisis, to overstrain the resources of moderate, democratic government in Germany, and to render the political life of that country vulnerable to capture by extremist forces.

We all know the result. Within less than two decades after the world war came to an end, the Allies were faced with a revived and rearmed Germany, but this time under a leadership — that of Adolf Hitler — far more hostile and dangerous to the remainder of the West than the Kaiser's Germany they had been so concerned to defeat in the period from 1914 to 1918.

In the damage it did to the structure of international life, and in the even deeper damage it inflicted on the biological and spiritual condition of the European peoples, World War I still looms on the historical horizon as *the* great determining tragedy of our century. There are many lessons to be gained from it for our own generation. But one stands out in importance. It is the lesson of the unsuitability of major war as an instrument of policy in the modern age. In that period of 1914 to 1918, thirty years before the development of the nuclear weapon, it was demonstrated that war, con-

ducted in the grand manner and as a means of achieving major political objectives, was no longer a rational means of procedure. Defensive war might still have a rational purpose, as long as it remained exclusively and truly defensive and as long as one hoped for nothing from it but sheer survival. Limited war — war for limited objectives — might still have a rational purpose, provided the actual military effort could be held to modest dimensions and provided one could be sure of stopping in time. But all-out war, involving the total commitment of a nation's manpower and resources and aimed at the total destruction of an enemy's will to resist and the complete power to order his life and to shape his behavior, had already, in 1914, lost its rationale.

It had lost its rationale because of the terrible destructiveness of modern weapons, because of the

enormous cost of cultivating and employing such weapons, because of the great complexity of modern society, because of the impossibility, the sheer technical impossibility, of one great country holding another great country in subjection for any long period of time and shaping its life in ways contrary to the will of the people.

In the 1930s, this lesson was widely forgotten or ignored. The result was tragedy and great suffering. Today, when the destructiveness of weaponry is many times greater than it was in 1914, one can no longer afford to ignore it. If people today will ponder the meaning of the great conflagration that occurred a half century ago, and will learn to take it into account in the conduct of statesmanship, then, perhaps, the eight and a half million young men who laid down their lives at that time will not have died entirely in vain.

CONVICTION MEANS LOSS OF LICENSE

BY PETER DAVISON

Three brothers lie shaven and splendid,
Their pilgrimage past, their freedom ended.

Beside each bier throughout the rites
Burn seven pairs of costly lights.

Six deaf ears turn toward the eulogy.
Thirty dead fingers have frozen in piety.

Two evenings ago their crossroads car
Lost ground and did not travel far.

Their faith was built upon a rock:
Speed shakes off shackle, chain, and lock.

Behind the wheel in mounting motion
They heard no hint of revolution

For they were faithful to the plan
That nature must make way for man,

And fed their faith in this great cause
By putting speed above the laws
Designed to neither help nor hurt.

Inertia rendered them inert.

Why Suppress

PAY-TV?

The Fight in California

BY SYLVESTER L. WEAVER, JR.

Radio and television executive, a creator of the pungent phrase, and a man of unquestionable enthusiasms, SYLVESTER L. ("PAT") WEAVER, JR., is president of Subscription Television, Inc. In his home country of California he is making a fight for an innovation in television which, if he succeeds, will make available programs that commercial television could not, or would not, provide. STV began broadcasting in Los Angeles on July 17 and in San Francisco in mid-August. It already has over 30,000 subscribers.

WE WHO are professionals in television have known for some time that two major developments are beckoning. One is the use of cable or wire to interconnect homes in order to improve the technical quality of sound and picture, and even more important, to provide virtually unlimited choice of programs to those who are dissatisfied with the commercially supported programs. The second is the development of the cartridge system, which will permit home movies to be handled like phonograph records: the picture and sound on a spool of film or tape will be inserted into the magazine of the television equipment, and with a push of a button the program will begin.

The two developments, to judge from my scrutiny, are interdependent for economic reasons: the cost of tape is so great that it must be reused, and the development of the cartridge and the technical necessities of transmission make it likely that we will deliver new tapes to homes over lines at what we call rewind speed and at night.

To the layman this is a long-awaited breakthrough in programming. Commercial radio and television have been predicated on the sale of advertising, and consequently built their business against a bulwark of criteria dictated by the needs of the sellers, not the needs of the buyers. For, the buyers were the public, and no easy reports on how the habit-viewing mechanism of radio and television became the most important selling and

social force in the nation can overlook what *we did not do*. We did not offer to people with special interests any regular, convenient, in-depth, uninterrupted, full-length presentations. The hope that educational television can complement the commercial networks is unrealistic. Educational TV has tried, but it will never have the money to produce one thousandth of the material we ought to have.

Radio and television were built by those of us who really knew advertising needs and who understood programming appeals and techniques, but I doubt if we expected that television would set up such an apathetic relationship between viewer and program. It was a sound, good kind of service, but it was extremely limited. I believe it was Alistair Cooke who called this service "audible wallpaper," a steady diet of Westerns, old movies, situation comedies, crime shows, and panels. It is there, turned on, hour after hour, observed or not observed, but present. It has values, powerful and good. And it has limitations, severe and built-in. Some have tried, as I did, to build a schedule with heavy accent on coverage of the real world, showing in prime time at night programs rising from our cultural heritage, informational programs, and great theater; but, basically, these commercially supported programs are usually superficial and constantly interrupted. Aesthetically, advertising is difficult to handle in combination with

the more rewarding arts, and interruptions by commercials are at best upsetting and at worst sickening.

Subscription television will offer the variety we must have, the new usefulness we all want. In cable service, there will be no interference with ordinary television, either in the operation of the set (we merely connect our selector to the antenna leads outside the set) or in the commercial programs. The major influence we will have will be to encourage people to buy color sets and to upgrade their equipment. They will insist on decent hi-fidelity sound, which television does not give us with present equipment, but which we can deliver into hi-fi systems over telephone wires as part of our service.

HOW STV STARTED

Subscription Television, Inc., was formed in January, 1963, by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, Lear Siegler, Inc., and William R. Staats & Co. Donnelley is a wholly owned subsidiary of Dun & Bradstreet, and its principal activities include the compilation and publication of classified directories for certain members of the Bell Telephone System, various marketing services, and the publication of business and professional magazines. Lear Siegler is a large, diversified manufacturer of military and commercial electronic equipment. Staats is a leading West Coast investment-banking firm. Each of the founding organizations had been exploring various facets of the subscription-television industry for a period of five to ten years. They became convinced that if the proven abilities of the Donnelley and Lear Siegler organizations could be applied to a satisfactory subscription-television system, an important new industry could be developed. Careful investigation into the various proposed subscription-television systems and techniques seemed to show that the system held by Tolvision of America, Inc., under license from Skiatron Electronics & Television Corporation, held the greatest promise. Acquisition of the rights to the Skiatron system was the first major milestone in the development of STV.

The basic concept of STV (a term used to refer collectively to Subscription Television, Inc., and its subsidiaries) was that a successful commercial venture in the subscription-television field could only be accomplished if it were done on a scale large enough to make adequate financing and programming possible.

The necessity for entering the subscription-television field on a large scale from the inception of the company is derived from the nature of the industry itself. It is obvious that viewers will not

pay to see programs unless they are of a type or presented in a manner not already available on commercial television. On the other hand, owners of programming will not be disposed to offer their product on subscription television unless the potential audience is of a sufficient size to provide an adequate return. This interdependence of programming and consumer acceptance leads inevitably to the conclusion that subscription television can be successful only as a full-scale, profit-oriented venture.

Subscription television has been the subject of much controversy and some experiment since the early 1950s. It appears to be the next logical step forward in the evolution of low-cost mass entertainment and is uniquely equipped to offer programs which appeal to small groups with special interests. It is a supplementary service which presents programs for which the viewer would normally pay an admission charge at the scene of the event, or program material not now available on present television service. Subscription television in no way interferes with the ability of a customer's television set to receive all standard broadcast programs. Programs are presented without commercial interruptions and without the clock discipline of commercial television. They end when they are finished, as the writer or creator intended. In the convenience and comfort of the home, any number of viewers may enjoy an attraction at a cost of no more than one adult admission at the scene of the event.

HOW IT WORKS

Subscription television may be transmitted over the air or through a closed-circuit cable system. Over-the-air systems utilize broadcast methods to transmit programs but must scramble these programs so that only those sets equipped with a complex decoding unit can receive the programs as transmitted. Closed-circuit systems utilize a coaxial-cable distribution grid to transmit programs, providing signal security without scrambling and rendering better picture and sound quality. An over-the-air system is limited to one program at a time transmitted over a channel assigned by the F.C.C. A closed-circuit system may offer as many as three or even more programs simultaneously, thus multiplying program service for the viewers' selection and increasing the potential revenue for the system.

The STV system is a closed-circuit cable system in which three television channels are available for simultaneous programming, in addition to an information channel over which information is offered. The distribution grid to each subscriber's home is installed by local telephone companies,

SAN FRANCISCO PROGRAM SUMMARY

Channel A

AMERICA'S CUP RACES

The classic defense of *Weatherly* against the challenge of Australia's *Gretel* for the America's Cup in 1962.

BRIDGE WITH SHEINWOLD

THIS IS FLAMENCO

"Ole Ole"

José Ferrer hosts a distinguished company of musicians, singers, and dancers.

STV LECTURE HALL

William Laurence:

"The Next 100 Years in Science"

STV OPERA HOUSE

"Tosca," starring Franca Duval and Franco Corelli. The first complete opera to be filmed in color.

FEATURE FILM

"Sundays and Cybele" Academy Award winner — Best Foreign Film

FEATURE FILM

"A Raisin in the Sun"

Academy Award winner Sidney Poitier stars with Claudia McNeil and Ruby Dee in the role he created on the Broadway stage.

THE LANGUAGE OF MUSIC

"Anatomy of an Orchestra"

Henry Lewis, conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic's "Symphonies for Youth" concerts.

BASEBALL

S.F. Giants vs Chicago Cubs

YOUNG PEOPLE'S THEATER

"Treasure Island," with the Peabody Award winning Rufus Rose puppets.

OFF-BROADWAY'S BEST

"Six Characters in Search of an Author"

Channel B

Monday, September 28

STV LECTURE HALL

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.:

"The World We Want — and How to Get It"

STV SUMMER STOCK

"Glad Tidings," starring Tallulah Bankhead.

Tuesday, September 29

THE NEW MATH #13

Revolutionary teaching techniques

FEATURE FILM

"The Prize"

Paul Newman and Elke Sommer in a screen version of Irving Wallace's best-selling novel.

Wednesday, September 30

THE SPORTING WORLD

"Around the World on Skis" with Warren Miller.

OFF-BROADWAY'S BEST

"The Amorous Flea"

Thursday, October 1

THE NEW MATH #14

WORLD OF BALLET

"Lileya," performed by the corps de ballet of the Kiev Opera, narrated in English.

ART INSTRUCTION

"You Can Paint Watercolor"

Eliot O'Hara, noted watercolor artist and teacher.

Friday, October 2

WHERE IN THE WORLD

"The Ancient Egyptian," with Julien Bryan, world traveler and cinematographer.

FOREIGN FILM FESTIVAL

"No Escape"

With Italian star Raf Vallone.

Saturday, October 3

FEATURE FILM

"Hud," starring Paul Newman and Patricia Neal.

FEATURE FILM

"Bye Bye Birdie"

Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke, Ann-Margret, Maureen Stapleton, Bobby Rydell, and Jesse Pearson as Birdie in the musical screen version of the Broadway stage success.

SCUBA DIVING

The Brauer Brothers in 12,000-mile underseas adventure, with actual recordings of marine life in the giant Pacific.

WASHINGTON ROUNDUP

Especially recorded by STV in the nation's Capital with some of the top newsmen in the country.

WHERE IN THE WORLD

"Carrier to Caravan"

A 110,000-mile trip through 83 countries, filmed by Noble Trenham.

STV CONCERT HALL

"An Evening with Carlos Montoya"

BASEBALL

S.F. Giants vs Houston Colts

THE MANY FACES OF ART

"Rembrandt"

CONTROVERSY

Topic for debate: "The Separation of Church and State."

A NIGHT ON THE TOWN

"An Evening at the Upstairs at the Downstairs"

STV LECTURE HALL

"A Woman's Privilege": Ilka Chase

STV CONCERT HALL

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam

DEEP-SEA FISHING OFF NEW ZEALAND

BASEBALL

S.F. Giants vs Chicago Cubs

SURFING

"Gun Ho" with Bud Browne.

THE BROADWAY SCENE

"Show Girl," starring Carol Channing.

ending the drop-off with a jack near the subscriber's set. STV connects the jack to a program selector, which in turn is attached to the antenna leads of the subscriber's set. The program selector is actuated by a simple off-on switch and enables subscribers to select among STV's three simultaneous video channels and its information channel without interference with the subscriber's reception of standard commercial television programs.

An electronic interrogator periodically transmits coded signals back to the sender through the distribution grid. A program selector tuned to any one of the three STV channels automatically replies with a unique coded signal which is received and recorded by the interrogator. The interrogator forms the heart of an automatic data-processing system, which produces monthly customer invoices, computes royalties due the owners of programs, and records customers' program selections. It is also possible for STV to encourage viewing of certain kinds of material by permitting sampling without charge.

The three channels are programmed simultaneously, and the subscriber receives a program guide telling him what is on, how long it lasts, how much it costs, and how long he can look for nothing. There is an installation charge of \$10.00, plus \$1.00 per month for service. Individual programs cost from fifty cents for a bridge lesson to \$1.50 for a Broadway play. Each month the customer gets a bill for what he saw. We know, of course, that if it is too high for his rewards, he will take the service out. If he does not pay his bill, we will take the service out.

THE PROGRAMS

The range of programs is wide and includes much of the world's finest cultural fare: the very latest plays from Broadway; also off-Broadway shows, summer stock, repertory, civic theater, little theater, theater-in-the-round; musicals and revues; classic and modern operas—from Mozart to Bartók, from Puccini to Wagner to Verdi; the world-famous D'Oyly Carte Opera Company; the Bolshoi Ballet, the Royal Ballet, the Leningrad Kirov Ballet, and specialized national dance groups—Antonio and Les Ballets de Madrid, Moiseyev Dance Company, Ballet Folklórico of Mexico.

STV will present pianists of the stature of Artur Schnabel and Van Cliburn; violinists, Isaac Stern and David Oistrakh; singers, Marian Anderson, Jan Peerce, Mary Costa, and Victoria de Los Angeles, along with famous chamber music groups. STV also plans to select from the great festivals of the world: Bayreuth for Wagner, Salzburg and Glyndebourne for Mozart; the great film festivals of Cannes and Venice; Shakespeare

at Stratford-on-Avon; jazz at Monterey; the thrills and spills of the big rodeos; circuses, fairs, galleries, museums, and amphitheaters. Fiestas and spectacles, too: Mardi Gras in Rio or New Orleans, Fastnacht in old Basel, ice shows, aquacades.

In sports STV will cover, season-long, Dodger and Giant baseball. Football fans will find intense interest in special "Monday Quarterback" programs. In addition to basketball, ice hockey, golf, and tennis, STV will bring to the screen major games and matches and informative interviews with players and coaches, and will show many sports less well known in America, such as soccer, rugby, water polo, and jai alai.

THE OPPOSITION

From its inception, the concept of subscription television has met opposition from motion-picture exhibitors and television broadcasters, together with a portion of the public which was led to believe that the advent of subscription television would eventually mean that the public would be required to pay for programs now carried on commercial television.

STV, as the first large-scale, profit-oriented venture in subscription television, has felt the full brunt of this opposition. The motion-picture exhibitors are the principal backers of the Crusade for Free TV, which is attempting, through an initiative referendum, to have subscription television outlawed in the state of California. In other words, the voters are being asked to decide whether this undertaking, which is in the best tradition of free enterprise, should be abolished. It is significant that the exhibitors, who have been the longtime foes of commercial television, should now be so vociferous in trying to "protect free TV." They are obviously aware of the public's desire to have a choice and variety of television programs and of its willingness to pay for that privilege.

The basic charge of the theater owners is that STV will make people pay for what they now see for nothing, that free TV, as they call commercial television, can be saved only by outlawing pay-TV. But this argument does not hold water. No viewer in his right mind would ever pay for series programs, which are being shown for nothing on more and more channels. And our opponents must realize that they can never present what we will use as our main popular fare—the new motion picture which is beyond an advertising budget now or in the future; the Broadway play, which, like other box-office attractions, can use pay television as an extension of the box office; the blacked-out sports event, which will never be seen on commercial television because the box office must be protected. Out of nine baseball teams, five of

which have moved their franchises since television coverage began, all but the New York Mets have instituted various forms of blackout on television to save them from bankruptcy.

Although RCA, NBC, CBS, and virtually all respectable elements in the communications industry have come out opposing the use of the ballot in a matter of free enterprise, the California broadcasters have not repudiated the widely published statements that support the vicious distortions of the theater owners on the main point. And because it is a glib and easy slogan, the idea that we will actually end free television is believed by many people. Even the National Association of Broadcasters, to its everlasting discredit, has taken a self-serving position in opposition to a new competitor and is actively helping the theater owners in California to win the referendum.

Meanwhile, the heat is on at every organization in the state. The *Chronicle* in San Francisco, which has a substantial interest in commercial television and owns the NBC affiliate, has been reluctant to take our advertising, although all other newspapers in the state have run it without question. The *Chronicle* continues to oppose us editorially.

THE IMPACT ON CALIFORNIA

If permitted to function within the framework of the free enterprise system, Subscription Television, Inc., has the capability of exercising a highly beneficial influence on the California economy. Subscription Television, Inc., is expected to have a million subscribers by the early 1970s. At this level of subscription, the STV system has the capability of directly generating new employment opportunities for 38,000 workers, an annual payroll in excess of \$315,000,000, and a cumulative capital investment approximating \$170,000,000.

The most dramatic economic benefits are expected to accrue to the movie-production industry. The catalyst provided by the STV programming requirement to serve a million subscribers will, conservatively, generate a doubling of California feature-film production over the 1963 base. Employment to accommodate increased levels of production is forecast to increase by more than 32,000 jobs, and payrolls will increase by an estimated \$272 million. In addition, increased production of other filmed television shows will produce an estimated \$24 million in new payrolls.

The above estimates of economic impact, while impressive in themselves, do not indicate the full measure of the potential benefits to the California economy. These direct investments in men and capital will start a process of multiplied income and employment change. The multiplier effect is projected to generate a \$1.9 billion impact on the

California economy, which is representative of support for 237,800 new jobs. Based on the current ratio of population to employment in California, these new employment opportunities can support a population gain of 650,000.

While all the Hollywood unions and many others are for us because we obviously mean more jobs, more prosperity, and a better service to the people, the constant presentation of the old positions taken by those opposed to our service for whatever reasons and the new resolutions passed by unions and groups create a fog of uncertainty in which the easy acceptance of keeping television unchanged makes the fear of the unknown the chief ally of the theater owners.

Most astonishing is the opposition of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, whose spokeswoman is Mrs. Fred Teasley. She continually represents the women's clubs as opposed to our service, although no such opposition has ever been voted by the members and its constitution prevents the organization from speaking for its membership. The national federation has never gone further than to say that they favor keeping television free and healthy, which is as controversial as being for the flag and against the shark. Mrs. Teasley's contributions to the debate reach a high in irrationality that cannot be believed unless experienced.

The most disheartening, of course, is the opposition of intelligent broadcasters. Not only their opposition to government regulations in the field of ideas but also their own self-interest in a more vigorous communications system should make them welcome the challenge of a great new competitor. But, alas, too many eyes are fixed too rigidly on yesterday to understand that our service is opportunity as well as competition.

We expect to persuade the voters and to win in November, because we do have a great plan in the interest not only of the public generally, but especially of those who are less privileged economically and educationally and of older people. The greatest value our system has is that families can take the money saved from their entertainment budgets because of STV's single ticket price for any number of viewers, family and friends, and permit those same dollars, no matter how meager, to buy coverage of the wide world, the magic ticket of admission in first-class surroundings to many experiences that are denied to them in today's society. I am thinking of the opera house, the theater of Broadway and London, the concert halls, the festivals, the universities of the world. No longer will privilege be a matter of birth or money or influence, or even of having to be in the right place at the right time. STV lets each person follow his heart and mind to those attractions, services, and events that he wants.

POEMS

BY

ANNA AKHMATOVA

Translated by ROBERT LOWELL

AT SEVENTY-FIVE, Anna Akhmatova is the only surviving member of an exceptionally gifted generation of poets which grew with the Russian revolutionary years, a generation which had included Pasternak, Mandelstam, and Mayakovsky.

Akhmatova is essentially a St. Petersburg poetess: the refined sobriety of her verse is representative of that most orderly, most European of Russian cities. She has been a famous St. Petersburg literary figure since 1912, when her first book of poems was published there. Her early verse was intensely feminine, restrained, uncannily exact in capturing delicate shadings of emotion. Breaking as it did with Victorian conventions, and more specifically with Symbolist mannerisms, it created a fashion in Russian prerevolutionary literary circles and was widely, though unsuccessfully, imitated.

Since that time, Akhmatova has steadily grown as an artist, never ceasing to write, even in times of stress. In more recent years, the universality of her themes, the perfection of her poetic forms, sometimes evoke Pushkin himself, the St. Petersburg poet par excellence.

Despite her age and failing health, Akhmatova is still writing poetry: her new verse is superb. She also finds the energy for occasional visits to Moscow: literary life is far more active in Moscow than in Leningrad.

I called on Akhmatova at the home of the friends with whom she was staying during one of her Moscow visits. This was the balmy early spring of 1962, when destalinization in the U.S.S.R. was at its most uninhibited. Throughout the capital the atmosphere was carefree and relaxed, as the sun grew warmer and Easter and the May Day parade neared; that year the two festivities were taking place in the same week.

At first, Akhmatova's regal presence intimidated me: her movements are slow and noble; her man-

ners have utmost simplicity. She is rather tall and holds her head high. She has a magnificent, somewhat Bourbon profile softened by gray hair: her distinctive profile, her expressive carriage, have been famous since her youth. Modigliani captured them in a beautiful drawing made in Paris in 1912, which is still in Akhmatova's possession. In it, the poetess, her head bowed, looks like a thoughtful slim Muse out of Greek mythology.

Akhmatova received me affably, yet without any display of warmth, as a queen entertains foreign ambassadors, with a kind of benevolent tolerance and the suggestion that homage is due her. I was happy to be able to tell her that outside the U.S.S.R. all those interested in Russian letters knew and admired her work, not only her early verse but some of her later poems, such as the "Poem without hero," dedicated to her friends who died in the Leningrad siege.

I called on Akhmatova several times during that spring. After exchanging rather formal greetings and a few somehow stiff comments on daily topics, our conversation usually turned to literature and became more free-flowing. Akhmatova was interested in French literature, while deploring the sterility of its recent trends. "There is no French poetry any more. . . ." She discussed fine points of Shakespearean translation into Russian, or spoke of the problems of interpreting certain events in Pushkin's life. (She is one of the U.S.S.R.'s most distinguished "Pushkinists" and the author of two books about him.)

Often she would speak about her contemporaries in prerevolutionary St. Petersburg, which was then the center of Russian literary life. Conflicting poetic creeds competed there; Akhmatova explained to me at some length the intricate relationships which existed between various rival groups: Symbolists, Decadents, and Acmeists (the Acmeists, to which she belonged, reacted against

Victorian rhetoric). She touched upon the enmity that she sensed among certain of her elders who were jealous of her fame; she had become a celebrated poetess when she was in her early twenties.

She spoke with intense admiration about another St. Petersburg poet, an Acmeist like herself, the great poet Mandelstam, who was a close friend of hers until his exile and death in 1938.

I was fascinated by Akhmatova, by her outstanding but utterly unpedantic erudition, yet I found her forbidding: she had a kind of heavy, dignified narcissism. This feeling was dispelled when, upon my request, she recited some of her poems to me. Reciting from memory, her eyes half closed, her head slightly bowed, she seemed to listen to the music of her own verse from the very depths of her being. She usually read three or four poems in succession. Her voice was muffled yet melodious, and her reading had the incantatory quality of many Russian poets' reading; it emphasized the sounds rather than the meaning of the poem; it was slightly monotonous — but, paradoxically, the poems took on a new, marvelous life as she said them. Once she recited her "Muse," which expresses so well her own regal simplicity:

Sometimes at night I watch for her coming
And life seems to hang by the frailest strand —
Ah! what are freedom, and youth, and glory
Beside the Fair Guest, a flute in her hand?

A moment: she comes, folding soft her cloak
And waits for my question — attentive, shy:
"Is it you who spoke the Inferno's words
To the poet Dante?" She answers, "I."

Another time she chose poems about the magnificently imperial, park-graced Tsarskoe Selo, where she had lived as a young woman. She urged me to go on a pilgrimage to the famous lycée which Pushkin attended as an adolescent there. "I of course will never return to Tsarskoe," she said. "The place has been rather well restored after the war — but for me, too much has changed, too much of myself has lived and died there. . . ."

Akhmatova spoke willingly of her work: "I have never stopped writing. I wrote my first poem when I was eleven. My poetry is my link with our times, with the new life of my country. When I write, I live with the very pulse of Russian life. . . ."

She spoke of the twenties, of the heroic years of modern Russian poetry. When she mentioned Pasternak, I had the feeling that nothing, not even the admiration now bestowed upon her by her Russian contemporaries, could make up for the elapsing years: "Pasternak was lyricism personified. He would have said: Anna Andreevna in Moscow — a real Akhmatovka! Akhmatovka sounds like the name of a railroad station, and it evokes a great deal

Poem translated by Rose Styron.

of noise and confusion. Pasternak had in mind the stream of friendly and literary visits, of phone calls which I cannot resist when I come to Moscow. Today, the young poet X is calling at five, then a delegation of physicists is coming to record some poems. . . ." And we would come to the subject which interested me particularly, the immense popularity of poetry in the contemporary U.S.S.R. "No, let us not make any hasty comparisons," Akhmatova said, when I inquired whether the present-day poetic atmosphere reminded her of her youth. "The twenties were years of great poetic blossoming, but interest in poetry was limited to a literary milieu. Our printings, even those of Mayakovsky, the most popular among us, were of the order of a couple of thousand copies. Now, since 1940, my books of poems have totaled ninety-five thousand copies in print.

"It seems to me that the passion for poetry which characterizes this era, as well as the variety of voices heard, is altogether a new phenomenon in Russia. This passion is by no means limited to a small group of people. In my experience, scientists are the most sophisticated, sensitive readers of poetry today, but then workers and students form a growing public. Because I had difficulties in Stalinist times, foreign scholars seem unaware that in what is an entirely new, hopeful era, I continue to write. Soviet editors compete for my new verse; I am asked to make records of my readings; people come from all over to see me."

It occurred to me that, in spite of her age, of the lack of physical comforts, Akhmatova's fate might well be envied by many Western poets. A life full of sufferings, dedicated to an esoteric art, suddenly was meeting with an immense human echo reverberating through all of Russia.

The following poems first came to my attention when a slim book entitled *Requiem* appeared in the West without Akhmatova's knowledge. Some of these poems have been printed separately in Soviet publications — notably "The Verdict," which was published in her latest volume of collected poems in 1961.

Robert Lowell has used Akhmatova's stanzas and her imagery as a point of departure for his poetic adaptations of what is without question one of her very important cycles of poems. *Requiem* is dedicated to the victims of the Stalinist repression in the late thirties. These poems contain many historical references. The "Ejevtshina" is the wave of repression led by the head of the police, Ejev, in the thirties. The Strelnikis were the Royal Musketeers whom Peter the Great suspected of treason and had executed at the gates of the Kremlin in the presence of their families, with all sorts of refinements in cruelty.

— OLGA ANDREYEV CARLISLE

REQUIEM

I

I wasn't under a new sky,
its birds were old familiar birds.
They still spoke Russian. Misery
spoke the familiar Russian words.

II

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

In the terrible years of the "Ejevtshina," I spent
seventeen months in the prison lines at Leningrad.
Once, someone somehow recognized me. Then a
woman standing behind me, her lips blue with cold;
who had of course never heard of me, woke up from
the stupor that enveloped us, and asked me, whispering
in my ear (for we only spoke in whispers):

"Could you describe this?"

I said, "I can."

Then something like a smile glided over what was
once her face.

April 1, 1957
Leningrad

III

DEDICATION

Grief turns the Neva to green glass,
soon the abiding hills are dust,
and yet the prison locks stand fast,
the convict, kicking in his lair,
breathes the consuming air.

For someone somewhere, a fresh wind;
for someone the low sun is a live coal,
but we know nothing. Blurred and small,
we hear keys scrape the swollen wards,
the sleepwalk of the guards.

Up, out, as if for early Mass —
when we prowled through wild Leningrad,
we were more breathless than the dead,
and lower than the sun. Low fog,
soon leveled out to fog,

we hoped! The verdict! . . . only tears,
each one cut off from everyone,
rudely cut off, tripped up, thrown down,
blood siphoned from the heart. Dead stone,
she walks still, sways . . . alone.

Oh two years' hell-black, lined-up night,
cry, cry, for your imprisoned friend,
clothe him from the Siberian wind,
shine in the haloed moon's snow eye . . .
I say good-bye, good-bye.

IV

Then only the hollow, smiling dead
dared to draw breath and sing;
by blocks and prisons, Leningrad
throbbed like a useless wing.

There convict regiments, miles long,
and mad with suffering,
heard engines hiss their marching song,
the cattle cars' wheel-ring.

The star of death stood over us;
Russia convulsed, as ominous
removal trucks and black
police boots broke her back.

V

They led you off at dawn. I followed,
as if I walked behind your bier.
In the dark rooms, the children bellowed,
wax melted in the icon's glare.

Cold the small icon's final kiss,
cold the lined forehead's greenish sweat —
like the wives of the Strelnikis,
I'll howl beneath the Kremlin's gate.

VI

The dragging Don, flows slow, so slow,
the orange moon climbs through a window.

Its hat is slanted on its brow,
the yellow moon has met a shadow.

This woman is alone,
no one will give the dog a bone.

Her husband's killed, her son's in prison;
Kyrie eleison!

VII

Myself! No, she is someone else,
I couldn't take it. Light
no lanterns in these death-cells —
black cloths for windows . . . night!

VIII

Think back on Tsarskoe's play world, soon
outgrown, soon dated, show-off Child —
the tree house built to catch the moon . . .
Oh what has happened to that child?

Number 300 in the queues
of women lugging food and news
for felons. . . . Will your scalding tear
burn an ice hole in the new year?

No sound. A prison poplar waves
over the deadly closeness, waves
of dead leaves whiten in the wind —
what innocent lives have reached the end!

IX

For one month, five months, seventeen,
I called you back. I screamed
at the foot of the executioner:
"You are my son, my fear."

Thoughts rush in circles through my head;
I can't distinguish white from red,
who is a man, and who a beast,
or when your firing squad will rest.

Here there are only musty flowers,
old clock hands tramping out the hours,
old incense drifting from a censer,
and somewhere, boot steps leading nowhere.

See, see, it pins us down from far;
now looking straight into my eye,
"Move quickly, be prepared to die,"
says the huge star.

X

These weeks are lightweight runners. Light
of foot, they skin the oblivious snow.
Son, tell me how the white-capped night
looks through your prison window.

"It watches with the hawk's hot eye,
or clouds the air with its white breath.
It speaks of my high Calvary,
it speaks of death.

XI

THE VERDICT

At last the secret judge spoke out,
and struck us with his stony word —
but never mind, I will make out,
I was prepared.

Stones, chores . . . I'll manage. Splitting rock
stops the split mind from looking back.
I can forget you now and then,
turn stone, and learn to live again —
or else? The woods' hot rustle, boughs
bursting, a window flying open . . .
I had long had a premonition
of this clear day and empty house.

XII

TO DEATH

You will come anyway, so why not now?
I wait for you. Now truly miserable,
I've turned my lights off and unlocked the door.
You are so simple and so wonderful.

Come to me in whatever shape you will:
a poison-bomb shell, or the typhus mist —
housebreaker, coming from behind to kill,
lifting a clubbed revolver in your fist.

Come to me as your own invention, Fate,
familiar to the point of nausea here —
I want to see the top of the blue hat,
the cringing stupor of the janitor.

All's one now. In Siberia,
rivers are ice, the pole star shines from far,
and the blue rays of my beloved's eye
screen out the daily torture. Let me die.

August 19, 1939
at the Fountain House
Leningrad

XIII

MADNESS

Already madness — on my breast,
are three black moles. I see a fox:
two ears, black muzzle. Let me rest,
this bed I lie on is my box.

So simple and so wonderful!
Careful to catch each syllable
my allegoric voices hiss,
I lie decoding images.

I've breathed in red wine from the air!
Now sickness gathers up its gains,
and kicks me as I kneel in prayer,
and nothing of my own remains —

no, not my son's shy smile of wonder
that turned the bars to lines of shadow,
the woods' hot rustle, summer thunder,
our whispers at the prison window —

no, not the roughhouse of young boys,
our birch boughs filled with the new birds,
light noises changing to a voice,
the ache of the last words.

May 4, 1939
at the Fountain House

XIV

THE CRUCIFIXION

"Mother, do not cry for me . . ."
(Quoted in old church Russian)

When angel choirs proclaimed his agony,
and fire destroyed the April sky,
Christ murmured, "Why have you forsaken me?"
and told his Mother not to cry.

Magdalen fought and struck the officer,
the loved disciple turned to stone —
all this, God, but your Mother stood alone;
none dared or cared to look at her.

1940–1941

XV

FIRST EPILOGUE

An Assyrian sculptor carved your spear
and skewered flanks, Oh lioness —
I've seen their faces die like grass,
the lowered eyelid's tick of fear.

I've seen the ash-blond curls grow rough,
snow rot the brown, smiles disappear
from soft, obedient mouths, as fear
suppressed its dry, embarrassed cough.

I pray for you, companions, all
who stood in lines with heavy feet,
come winter's cold or summer heat,
under the red and blinding wall.

XVI

SECOND EPILOGUE

And now the requiem hour has come,
I see you, hear you, feel you. Some
marched to their deaths in cheering ranks,
others have faded into blanks.

Some, coming to Siberia, said,
"Why worry, this is home at last."
Some lived. I'd write their names in red
forever, but the list is lost.

I've made a sort of elegy
drawn from the scattered words they spoke.
Braced for the terror's second stroke,
now and always, I hear their cry.

Tomorrow's the memorial day,
a hundred million people pray
through my tired mouth and lethargy:
"Remember me, remember me."

Friends, if you want some monument
gravestone or cross to stand for me,
you have my blessing and consent,
but do not place it by the sea.

I was the sea's child, hardened by
the polar Baltic's grinding dark;
that tie is gone. I will not lie,
a Tsar's child in the Tsarist park.

Far from your ocean, Leningrad,
I leave my body where I stood
three hundred hours in lines with those
who watched unlifted prison windows.

Safe in death's arms, I lie awake,
and hear the mother's animal roar,
the black truck slamming on its brake,
the senseless slamming of the door.

Ah, the Bronze Horseman wipes his eye
and melts, a prison pigeon coos,
the ice goes out, the Neva goes
with its slow barges to the sea.

March, 1940

THE BUOY

by H. L. MOUNTZOURES

"I was graduated from Wesleyan in 1956 in English," writes H. L. MOUNTZOURES. "even though I spent three and a half years living out a myth as a premedical student." In 1961 he spent six months in Greece, the scene of the following story. Mr. Mountzoures lives in New London, Connecticut, where he is at work on a novel.

Nikos and I sat at the café on the edge of the beach at Previsa, under a pavilion of softly moving eucalypti. We were drinking FIX, the national beer of Greece. Talking in Greek, we argued, as usual, about Communism versus capitalism, but not really. We both had gone through too much for that. We were hanging the life of the heart on a quasi-political skeleton, and I think he knew it as well as I, even though he had more reason for being political than I.

"Your *freedom*," Nikos said, his normally red face even redder. "Bah. You would have an empty stomach and freedom?"

"Yes," I said, "exactly."

Nikos' teeth flashed, and so did his black hair and eyes, as he moved his head in mock laughter. He was handsome, intelligent, and, aside from political prepossessions, to me he was like a brother.

"You have never been hungry and had your so-called freedom, too, so you do not know. I do."

"I don't?" I said. "Are you so sure? Did you ever hear of the Depression? When I was a little boy, oh, about five years old, the same age as you were, in the late thirties, I ate bread with mustard on it, if I was lucky, but in the streets of our town I ran to my heart's content. Life was undernourished, but it was free."

"And in Athens the people were eating cats during the war," he said. "The people were falling in the streets from starvation by the thousands, trying to preserve their freedom while the Germans held siege."

With a starving whisper, the long skinny leaves of the eucalypti seemed to intensify what he said.

"Why do we compare and compare?" I said, tiring. We had been talking for a couple of hours, since noon. "It's all the same fabric of suffering; we're just looking at different parts of the cloth. And it's all absurd and meaningless anyway. You said so yourself not an hour ago. Come on. Let's go for a swim."

Nikos jumped up, glad at the suggestion, and headed toward the beach.

The beach at Previsa is something like one I once visited in the Florida Keys — a long, murderously hot strip of white sand with thick vegetation springing up suddenly on one side and the water sucking at the other, stretching away in a miraculous aquamarine reverie. But the comparison ends there, for the land of Greece is burdened with hills and mountains that are ironic with age and agelessness, old hags stooping and at the same time young brown nubile bodies lying very still.

We stood on the edge of the shore with our feet in the tepid water. Children

were plopping out sand castles, fat women were panting under umbrellas, adolescents were horsing around and necking when they could — just as they did at our town beach in Connecticut five thousand miles away. In fact, the lapping water and beach shouts and transistor radios interlacing the Greek romantic ballads with American rock 'n' roll music made me nostalgic.

We advanced, looking down. Whereas at home the water is frigid and green and opaque, this water was therapeutically warm and transparent: we could see the gray and green and purple weeds among spongy rocks swaying as in a rock garden fantasy.

"Don't go over *there*," said Nikos, pointing to our right, where there was a sign in Greek I could not make out nailed up on a tall stick. "There are huge holes there where the Nazis bombed ships and supply movements."

At our own beach, I thought, no holes except by nature: innocent treachery, not by man's premeditations of hate and victory. I am hungry, bread and mustard, bodies curling in the horrible ecstasy of starvation in Omonoia Square. My body. My mother's — Come off it, too many novels.

We slid easily into the water, without the shock of the dash and flip necessary to enter the Atlantic. And then we were children. Cavorting. Spitting water in a fountain overhead into the stone blood yellow of the Mediterranean sun. Water dripped salt into my eyes and mouth: same salt, same water, same origin. I shouted to Nikos in English, "You old sonofabitch, you, I love Greece and America and life!" Nikos looked puzzled, made a little fast circle next to his temple with an index finger: one is universally crazy, no doubt. He spit a good gush of water into my eyes, and I tackled him. We were a tangle of wiry muscle and hair and limbs, and we came up gasping and laughing, splashing like two dolphins. We walked toward shore until the water was only up to our knees. We were not talking, each in his own world. Nikos grew serious a little, and stood apart, dripping. He was looking at the sign above the bomb holes. I knew what he was thinking. And I thought, too, of the night a month before at Ioannina when he had told me about it.

IOANNINA is perhaps sixty winding mountain-road miles north of Previsa, thirty miles inland, and is the capital of the state of Epirus, where my parents were born. It is a town at the same time beautiful and ugly, situated by a giant green lake, mountains, crude farms. You can see the Turkish influence in life and architecture: minarets and painted

yellow stone houses with red tile roofs, poverty, donkeys with loads of twigs, people drinking ponies of ouzo and tiny cups of strong, sweet Turkish coffee under the pines at the open tavernas on the square. You walk up and down the square in the early evening, with all of the townsfolk lolling, taking their evening *voltes*; there is no television, little money, contentment, laziness, the mountains tenaciously cupping all of the town in a valley of ancient malaise and peace.

Such was a large portion of my heritage. And as Nikos and I strolled up and down the square arm in arm (there is no awkward American shame, but a warm feeling of friendship and humanity), he said, "Why are you here? All right, as a tourist, but you stay so long, living with your cousin. You are content to stay here and live as we do and give up your American luxuries?"

"I give up those for these other, more natural luxuries. And I am here to see what I came from, my origin; I want to go back to what was the beginning of me before New England and Pilgrims and the Revolution and the Civil War and Monroe Doctrine and war bonds — no, I am not clear to you. I mean before my American history; what about the mystery, the icon in our dining room with the Virgin staring at me with huge dolorous eyes, telling me all the times I stared at her since I was a little boy that kick-the-can and Franklin Roosevelt and central heating and 'Oh Beautiful For Spacious Skies' are not entirely mine, nor I theirs. You frown. I don't blame you, with my awkward mixture of Greek and English. I want to see my other ethos, the other ethnic part of me. You do understand."

And so we walked and talked, originally intending to go to one of the outdoor-chair movies and watch a foreign film (Greeks generally loathe Greek movies for their dullness and contrivance) under the stars, with the cool night air moving through the poplars against the bordering fences. But we continued to talk and gesture, and the people thinned out.

He said, "I bet I have a past more tragic than yours."

"I bet you don't. Tell me about it."

We had come to that point where he was losing the reticence that is behind the beginning of many relationships in the Mediterranean. He was opening up because he knew that I was not making fun of him, or being an American Braggart slumming. We were gradually trusting each other.

He spoke straight and simply. "When I was eight years old, my father was killed by the Germans in our public square along with five others as an example for someone's sabotage. I saw him brought home dead, ripped and bleeding. He was a wonderful, strong man, handsome, powerful,

omnipotent, and I was his sun, he often said. I have had dreams of him, so many times, helping me, holding me, rubbing my head as I fall asleep in his lap. And he goes away: I wake up reaching for him, reaching out, calling, Father, come back! — and they killed him. They said his last word was freedom. Ha.

"My mother suffered and sacrificed bringing up my sister and brother and me all through the war. I am actually from Arta, and there we had a farm and a big orange grove. Both were taken away from us, first by the Germans, then by the Greek government, and now we own only a small piece of each. But it was mine, all of it. It was my father's, and it is my birthright, goddamnit."

"Where is your communal farm code?" I said. We both laughed, he more slyly than I.

"Anyway, that is my life," he said, too coldly, "no father, hunger, and dispossession. Can you beat that?"

I said, nearly blurted, "My parents came to New England before I was born. My father has worked hard seven days a week all his life. My mother has been dead since I was three years old, and my brothers and sisters, five of us, have always lived home."

"Oh," he said, not wanting me to continue, holding his hand up to stop me. His soft black eyes looked deeply into mine and then at the cobblestones in a kind of embarrassment. "The mother. You win then, yes. You win."

For, in Greece a boy loves his mother very much without the necessity of proclaiming a Mother's Day. She is an integral part of his life always, even after he marries.

I wanted to go on, to tell him about the torment and emptiness. I wanted to flood the square with sad tidings of no joy, of the paradox and irony in the freedom of no discipline and no mother love forever, ineradicable, a constant which is in itself a painfully negative abstraction. But I knew that Nikos understood. Instead of wallowing, I laughed — but what a false, pathetic laugh!

WE WALKED, sat at a little iron table painted blue, and ate bits of fried pepper, feta and olives and bread as hors d'oeuvres, and drank the exquisite bittersweet, anise-tasting ouzo. We got up dizzy and meandered up and down the *plateia* some more, talking in a vague, unreal, and, I suppose, shallow way about Dostoevsky and comparing our army experiences. I said, finally, "If you are an orange grower and still have your farm in Arta, then why are *you* in Ioannina?"

It was hard for him, but now we had a bond of mutual sorrow and self-pity, we believed in each

other, and he said: "Two years ago, in Arta, a dumb girl who was not so dumb seduced me and then told her father that I had deflowered her against her will, and I was forced to marry her. I hated her. I still do hate her. Everyone in the village knew that she was an easy mark from way back, but none of my friends who had had her could or would go against the word of her father, who is a petty government official. And I had no father to stand up for me.

"After we were married, she tormented me. She wanted me to love her, to accept her as my wife with a real place in our home. My mother put her out in the barn, and she slept with the goats. She still does. She tried continually to seduce me again, because if she became pregnant, it would be all over for me. But I wouldn't. I told her to keep away from me, and I threatened her. She continued to bother me, and one day I bought a gun. I don't think I really would have killed her, but I'm not sure. I felt like a madman, or like someone who is about to crack up.

"One blinding hot afternoon, she came to me and said I want you, and started to undress before me right there under the trees. She is a beautiful girl and has a body that curiously makes me melt now with passion even as it fills me with utter hate. I don't know now whether it was the heat or desire or hate, but I took out the pistol and said I'm going to kill you. I fired twice above my head. She ran away screaming.

"The police arrested me, and I was sentenced to jail here in Ioannina for two years for shooting a weapon with intent to kill. I have been out for five months, working as a plasterer, living with my cousins, who are, you know, friends of your cousin's."

He stopped and put his hands over his eyes. "I don't know," he said, "whether I wanted to kill her or not. I may be evil. That's what haunts me, whether or not I'm evil, and what I'm living for."

"No, you're good, or you would have done it," I said, putting my hand on his shoulder. But what could I tell him? He really wanted to hear no judgment. He had made up his mind about his afflictions.

I asked him why he didn't go back and divorce her. She wouldn't give him a divorce. He was staying here purposely. He had a couple of friends spying on her for him, and she would break down soon, she was that sexual, and he would have proof of adultery, go back, divorce her, and live his life on his bit of farm.

We finished the night sitting in the deserted new upper *plateia*, where a small fountain has been built that has colored lights flashing on the dancing spray of water at night: a rather discordant and absurd bit of modernia. Now we sat on the cold stone benches, I shivering, for I am considerably

thinner than Nikos, and the water had long since stopped in the fountain. The petunias and zinnias were lurid under the weak lamppost lights, and the nocturnal dampness had fallen down from the mountains.

Looking at the new tiles on the square, I said, "You mean to tell me that a man who lays these squares should get as much money as a skilled surgeon?"

"To each his share as he labors," said Nikos.

"Then a popular whore should make millions." We laughed.

The cold stars were falling thick in clusters around us. I said, "Why do we argue anyway, when all of it, the whole thing, is pointless?" And the stars fell, cracked like quartz, sprinkled all over the man-made, Marxist-capitalist tiles.

I stood staring down at the water, at the ferns and polyps, weeds and rocks, and I saw fragmented stars on the tiles of the square at Ioannina stretching out into oblivion. I felt again the cold of the night and shivered violently under the sun of the Previsa afternoon.

"Are you chilled?" asked Nikos, flipping his head.

"No, not at all," I said, and surely, I was sweating.

"Do you feel very strong?"

"Why?"

"What do you say we swim out to that bell buoy?" He pointed out into the bay.

It did not seem far away. My thoughts had left me torpid, introspective. But Nikos was eager, full of energy.

"But I'm a little hungry," I said.

"Eat when we come in. Otherwise, you'll get cramps. Besides, you can be hungry, you have your freedom." He poked me.

"*Touché*. OK then. *Páme*."

"*Páme*," he said, laughing. These are the initials of the Communist Party in Greece, and a kind of slogan-pun, since *páme* means Let's go.

We swam strongly at first, then more leisurely, and as we got further out, we kept changing our pace: crawl, backstroke, sidestroke. The sun was benevolent to us in water that was becoming cooler as we progressed.

Miles to go before I sleep. Casual. Lolling swim. No pressure. Nikos and I alternated the lead, and we stopped now and then to exchange a few comments, and I told him, the last one to the bell buoy is a rotten egg, and explained that to him, and he spoke of a donkey's tail.

Nikos said, more seriously, "Have you ever been afraid of drowning?"

"No, never."

"Nor have I."

"I grew up on the shore. The water is the dominant force of my life. Even my zodiac says so."

"Do you believe that garbage?"

"No, but the stars. I look at them, at their distance, their mystery and beauty, and I believe in them. I even long for them."

"You should become an astronaut, or a saint, then."

At one point we tested the water for depth: neither of us could touch bottom no matter how hard we tried. As I plunged downward, the water became a block of impenetrable ice, and with bursting lungs, I pumped to the surface. I had swallowed water, and gagged at its salinity.

Relaxing, we continued, flipped along as two fishes might on a wooden dock.

At last the bell buoy was looming up, huge, painted red and yellow metal, conical, ponderous, bobbing in a friendly way, not really a bell buoy at all, but something like a nun buoy with a light at the top of its cone. We kept moving toward it, intending to hang on to it for a while, rest, then head back into shore.

It would not be long now. It certainly would be a relief. I was tired, felt a stitch in my side develop and subside. It seemed hours since we had sat drinking beer and arguing. Was that this very day? Nikos had guts. But so did I. If he was willing to swim out here, then so was I. And what was there to lose?

While thinking in rhythmic sections of sentences as I stroked, I struggled ahead. I kept looking at the buoy intensely. I swam, stopped, looked at it. I swam some more, mechanically, mesmerized, watching it as it swelled, rolled, barely moved, rolled again, glistened, and then dulled. I knew its thick bottom, slender rise, all of its cutout squares, niches, graceful narrowing at the top like a wimple. And in this constant staring, my neck was stiffening from being in a continuous arch, from looking at the buoy, from not being able to take my eyes off it.

Something insidious began, illusory, slow, and almost with a frightening majesty. Abstractly, rhythmically, pointing like a magnet to the core of my soul, the buoy was drawing me, luring me, possessing me. All other elements were ebbing, and reaching the buoy seemed the only goal of my life. Incredibly, even to myself in the moments it was happening, the buoy became the only reason I was alive. And it seemed, in a hypnotic way, perfectly logical, rational. I forgot my family, home, my friends, my trip, or where I was; I forgot even how not long before, playing with Nikos near the shore, I had thought myself madly in love with life. And as I stared at the buoy, I was thinking how it would

be when I reached it, what it would feel like: rough and hard and chipped, and it might even scrape my skin, bruise me. As I embraced it, I would not mind the hurt. I would be so grateful for having got to it.

To get to it faster and with the most power, I swam the crawl until my arms ached, always trying to keep the buoy directly before me, and ending up forty or fifty feet to the east of it, drifting strongly toward the bay's mouth far away. And in this frustration, my logic returned and said to me, You will never reach that buoy.

"The current," said Nikos. "It's too strong."

"We can make it," I said, slightly braggadocio, slightly delirious. "It's not too far now."

It was then that I looked back to land for the first time with any real comprehension. What I saw alarmed me: the shore was at least two miles away. The people on the beach were a mass of tiny colored dots, the trees a thick and menacing jungle closing out the world of land, fencing in the whole shore and sea. My sympathetic nervous system tried to set up a condition of panic in me, panic about the distance and being out of earshot, about drowning and cramps and sharks and death. But by waiting cautiously in a kind of desperation for it to pass, I did not let the panic eat me alive. I waited, treaded water, then shouted to Nikos, who was even farther out toward the hungry mouth of the bay, "We can do it, still, I think."

Nikos shook his head, with a serious look clouding his face, a particularly Greek look of uncertainty akin to impossibility. I struggled with all I had, flailing, kicking, feeling the heat of sweat flush in my face, and in my mind I was swearing, god-damn it, I will do it.

The water, once so romantic and caressing and warm, was a monster, a cold harpy with amorphous hands clutching at me. I kept my eyes fixed on the buoy as on a miracle about to occur — the friendly buoy nodding and bowing to me, a priest saying, Why, yes, my son, come right into the basilica. Suddenly it became a hideous priest smirking at me, an evil old priest with gaps in his teeth where the open metal ribbing was, and he took me into the church. And then, where two large bolts had been on the face of the buoy, right there were the tragic eyes of the Virgin in the icon, yes, that was she, I *saw* her — the gold Virgin with her red veil, bowing her head regally, tears in her heart, withholding always a lament, a sorrowful mystery from me, Love, keeping love inside her, love from my long-gone past, unable to give me that love and the answer to her mystery. I was ineffably hypnotized, treading water, wondering at the death of her, of her coaxing me toward her, knowing always that I ought never to reach her, that she must never take me, yet trying desperately to get to her.

"No," I shouted in English, "I don't want you!" "What, what is it?" said Nikos. "What's wrong with you?"

"It is the *Panaghía*," I said in Greek.

"No," he said laughing. "It looks like a stupid cop." Then he looked bemused. "But no, no. Wait. I know." His face brightened. "Look. It's God himself!"

Neither of us believed in God, and the relief of his comment at once had us laughing hysterically in the water two or three miles from land, not far from the brown reclining mountains, two lost children floundering and not lost, united in aloneness, love, and the unspoken possibility of death.

We must have laughed at God the Buoy for a full two minutes, gushing up out of the water, two tan strong boys laughing at God, at themselves, the water, the universe, I pointing my finger and saying in English, "Go on home, ya dirty old man, g'wan home —"

Sometimes the buoy tried to become again for me the Virgin and for him the policeman; but no, Nikos was right, first through humor and then through delirium and horror, it *was* God, it was the Unknown and Uncaring God in His Unknown and Uncaring holy water, with the priestesses lying around brown and splendid, and far away His ant people crawling and sunning on the white strip.

We were drifting out fast. "Come on," said Nikos, "let's go. He doesn't want me, that bastard, and I don't want Him either. I tried, but He doesn't care. Let's go."

We began sidestroking, backstroking, dogpaddling back. The shore was perhaps two hundred and fifty thousand miles away. We swam for at least five hundred hours.

"We won't make it," I said to Nikos. He did not answer.

We will, we won't, I thought, what difference does it make. "Good-bye, God," I shouted.

After more swimming that was becoming more and more pointless, Nikos said, "I feel a cramp starting in my leg." His teeth were clenched, blue lips pulled, stretched apart.

"I'll help you," I said. But I couldn't have done a thing.

"No, it will go away."

We swam as relaxed as we could, flopping our water-wrinkled hands before us methodically.

We are not going to make it. Surely, we're drifting into the ultimate, I thought. I won't shout for help. Perhaps someone on the shore has seen us and sent a boat out to save us. Perhaps not. So what.

I did not fully believe in my insouciance, and I felt somehow guilty about it. Nevertheless, it was within this guilt that I felt peacefully isolated: the people on shore were such a long way off that my mind shut them out. They're so far away, I thought

osmotically, my thoughts moving freely between me and the water as though we were one organic thing. They're so far away that they won't help me if I shout. They can't help. And even if they can, I don't care. I don't want to shout for help. I don't have the urge to shout for help, to shout, to help.

Then there was no one, nothing: no Nikos, not even a bird, nor the possibility of a boat, nor a mountain, nor ocean, nor sun — only a peaceful state of limbo, a feeling of floating on my back, floating nowhere within nothing.

There was no time nor noise nor reality until the sun came back to me. It had moved down through the tremulous sky what seemed a half foot, and then I knew that something called time had passed and acted on me.

I heard the water slopping around me. I looked: Nikos was fifteen feet away, floating on his back. He glanced at me, and his face was like a statue's — passionless, with blue lips, full of the sun.

Something of the nature of an agreement passed between us. Brave Nikos, I thought. He hasn't panicked, even in pain.

WE DRIFTED rapidly and felt the current getting stronger, pulling us greedily, the sun beating down like a long yellow stick clubbing at our heads. The land was five or six miles away, hazy, a mirage.

Go ahead and panic, I said to myself, see if I care. "Are you all right, Nikos?" I said, somewhat the whistler in the dark.

"Yes."

He was wincing. His leg must have been killing him.

And then, rather foolishly, I asked, "Do you care?"

He looked at me for a long time, and then said, "Of course I care, or I wouldn't be doing it." It was as though he were delivering the punch line of a shaggy-dog story. "But why are you so grim, so dramatic?" He broke into a childish, sly smirk.

"Because I don't believe in this," I said. "But I don't believe in the other, either."

"Believe and believe," said Nikos. "Have fun. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord!" And with that he let out a cry that had more agony, more loneliness and pain and anguish in it than any other human noise I ever heard, before or since. It made me animal-frightened, it made me want to weep, it made me crave and detest humanity.

Then there was a long eerie silence, broken by Nikos chuckling grotesquely, saying, "Listen. I hear them — the seraphim and the devils coming for us."

The noise was a hum, as of a beating of wings,

and I believed him. It became a fierce buzz, then a bursting whine.

I squinted and shielded my eyes: a small crimson and gold caique with her sails drawn and with a big outboard motor seemed phantasmagorically on top of us. I did not shout for joy. Perhaps I had always known that this boat was going to come. Perhaps not. I really didn't give a damn, or so it seemed then, once the boat was already there.

"We are saved," said Nikos, with absolutely no emotion in his voice, his eyes, his face.

The boat suddenly slowed down its motor.

"Please, into shore will you take us?" I shouted in broken Greek syntax that made me laugh.

There were two men, and the one in the stern cut the motor even more. Neither offered a hand. I climbed up, then struggled to get Nikos aboard. He could hardly move his right leg.

The boat contained a big net of dripping, glistening fishes; the great stink of life, of the life of the sea, made me shudder convulsively.

The skinny man on the outboard said, "What the hell were you doing way out here?" I turned to Nikos, who shrugged his shoulders.

"We were looking for girls," I said in English.

The man frowned. "Foreigner?" he said to Nikos, who nodded, said, "From Lapland."

The man raised his eyebrows, gawked for a second, then revved it up. The boat moved slowly under its cargo. In about ten minutes we were gliding by our tall buoy twenty feet away.

Neither of us spoke. Shivering, we watched it as we passed.

I tried to see it genuflecting, bowing, sloughing off its outer robes of blue water, sighing. But no, the *Panaghía* was gone, and I was glad of it. The buoy was now merely that — a buoy, painted red and yellow, indifferent, marking the current, moving rhythmically with the water's indifferent movement.

As we churned through thicker and thicker weeds, the man standing before me in the bow, tall and tanned oily black, with fat handlebar mustaches, wearing a sticky cap and torn trousers, in bare feet, looked first at Nikos, then at me, and muttered, "Foolish, stupid brats." He spat on the deck and said no more. He was heroic in stature, beautiful, superhumanly serene with his gargantuan muscles and authoritarian mustaches.

Exhausted, trailing a hand in the fast-warming water, I looked at Nikos. His face was blazing. His head was a mass of shining clusters of wet curls. His eyes were immense and utterly black and on fire. He was smiling at me with the thin, sad smile of the saints in Byzantine icons.

I turned to the shore, watched the people come up out of a variegated blur as though someone had focused them under a huge microscope.

What Makes a School Good

by EUGENE YOUNGERT

At a time when our schools and colleges are crowded as never before, we think it may be stimulating to look into the performance of outstanding American high schools. Here we turn the spotlight on Newton, Massachusetts, and thereafter we shall publish articles about the East High School in Denver, the William Allen High School of Allentown, Pennsylvania, the nongraded high school in Melbourne, Florida, and the Dunbar School in Chicago. To introduce the series we call upon DR. EUGENE YOUNGERT, who served for sixteen years as superintendent of the Oak Park and River Forest High School in Illinois before joining the research team of James Bryant Conant.

FOR many years, high schools were attended primarily by students interested in general and higher education. As a consequence, the curriculum was overwhelmingly academic, and the drop-out rate was very high. Under the circumstances, it is understandable that high schools came to be judged on the basis of academic excellence and of the success of their graduates in college, and not at all on the basis of their ability to serve the needs of all girls and boys.

Dr. James B. Conant in *The American High School Today* measured the worth of the school by its ability to provide a good general education for all students as future citizens of a democracy, as well as effective elective programs for the development of useful skills, and sound academic education for those who will go on to college. In short, his criterion of excellence is the ability of the high school to serve its entire potential student group.

In the months ahead the *Atlantic* will be speaking affirmatively about individual high schools that are doing a good job educationally with the wholehearted support of their communities. These schools will vary markedly from highly academic to largely vocational, but they will be united in their devotion to the ideal of service to the young.

One question that flows naturally from such an educational series is, Why is it that some communities seem consistently to have good school systems? I think, for instance, of a school system in the southern portion of one of our central states. A few years ago, when it became necessary to build new schools for new crops of children, the city decided to take on the added burden of completely remodeling all its school buildings so that no child would have to go to a school inadequate by modern standards. On the other hand, I know of a reasonably well-to-do community that still uses an 1881 school building which no child should be asked to attend. What makes the difference?

There are three factors that are significant:

1. Consistently good schools tend to be in communities that know the value of good education, that want good education positively, and that are willing to pay for good education whether or not they are well off financially.

A certain prominent community recently had to close its schools before the end of the school year because it ran out of money to pay bills, including salaries. Only then did it vote the tax increase needed to support its schools. Through the years, that community has failed to produce the high quality school system that its ample resources should permit. There has been conflict between the political power and the schools and bickering within the staff. Public education has never been important enough to justify rallying the whole community to its support.

Another community of far less financial worth but known as "a good school city" has never defeated a proposal to increase taxes for teachers' salaries and has had the wisdom to modernize its entire school plant in order to improve educational opportunity for its children.

Where we have educational wastelands, it is because of communities that do not believe enough in education to make it a matter of first importance.

2. Communities that have consistently had good schools have consistently elected able citizens to their boards of education. I know of one good school system that for as long as fifty years has elected no poor board member. Such communities take time to understand the function of board members, a practice which has kept them out of much school trouble.

The board of education makes policy; the superintendent of schools is the board's chief executive officer, charged with the initiation of policy for board consideration and with responsibility to the board for successful operation of the schools.

When there is trouble at the top level, it may well be either that board members have attempted to share in the administration of the schools, which is the superintendent's business, or that the superintendent has attempted to be too influential in the field of policy, which is the board's business. But when a good board and a good superintendent work properly together, the result is likely to be a good school system.

How does a community go about getting a good board of education?

The first requisite is that membership on the board of education be held in high esteem. In many cities and towns, school-board members are representative of the highest order of citizenship in the community. Is this true of yours?

The second requisite is a respected procedure for getting good people to run for election to the board. What is needed is a caucus-type nominating committee, devoted to its duty. This caucus committee should be widely representative of community organizations interested in public education, although I know of one very successful caucus committee that is set up by the Parent-Teacher Association on the ground that the community considers the PTA closer to the needs of the schools than any other public body. The caucus committee ascertains the school board's current needs, seeks out persons who could add strength to the board, persuades them to run for election, supports them vigorously before the public and at the polls. If the caucus committee is wanted and respected by the community, its recommendations are likely to be accepted by the electorate.

3. Communities that have had consistently good school systems have consistently provided able executive and administrative leadership of their schools. In the appointment of the administrative staff it is easy to make a mistake that has often been made; for instance, to promote a teacher to principal because "he'd make a good administrator." What is meant is that the man or woman seems to be the kind of individual who could run the place, organize and administer a school, generate good staff morale, maintain discipline, promote good public relations, all of which must be done if the principal wants to keep on being principal. But are these the activities that should command the attention of the principal at his highest level of competence?

It seems reasonable to expect that the head of an organization should be responsible for the acceleration of the major purpose of the organization, which in a school is the improvement of teaching and learning. If that is true, then it is reasonable that the principal's appointment to and retention in office should depend primarily upon his ability to improve teaching and learning. Isn't it better to ask

a principal to delegate his housekeeping duties rather than his responsibility for teaching and learning? He should know what constitutes good teaching, what the teaching potentials of the teachers he works with are, where to learn about and see good teaching, how to integrate the explosion of knowledge and ideas into the teaching in his school. If he does not have a scholarly interest and competence in everything that constitutes good teaching, he may find satisfaction as a principal's assistant in the performance of the many housekeeping duties, but he should not aspire to the front office.

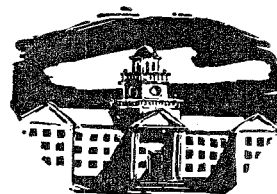
Boards of education and superintendents who accept their responsibility to advance the major purpose of the schools through their administrative personnel usually make better appointments than do their counterparts who appoint politically.

The essential, and scarce, element obviously is the teacher. Even mediocre schools may have some good teachers on their staffs — good teachers without whom mediocre schools would be poor schools. What makes a strong school is an exceptional faculty with a leader capable of exercising the professional leadership for which busy classroom teachers seldom have the time.

One thing, especially, seems to me as a school administrator to characterize the communities that want good public education so much that they will go all out to get and pay for it. That is a central core of respected persons who give general community leadership unselfishly. These Citizens Number One are not do-gooders. They seek no rewards, and they seem to know what fundamental issues are. They are not necessarily well educated, well off, or glitteringly cultured. One of the best that I have known was the president of his town's labor council, a well-educated man of little formal education, who was a staunch advocate of good schools.

The growing horde of new cities, many of them offshoots of huge metropolises, seem critically vulnerable to trouble because of a lack of citizen interest. One such city, whose well-housed school system failed to develop, invited several superintendents to a conference upon the arrival of a new superintendent. The new man has proved to be a good superintendent and a superb community leader, and he has taken advice to heart. With himself at the center, a core of Citizens Number One have emerged so unobtrusively that it seems as though they had always been there.

In the high school, where it had been considered square to be smart, it is now smart to be smart. One bit of advice the new superintendent accepted was this: "You have no good school traditions. Get your student council to develop some." For there can be Citizens Number One in the school community as well as in the adult community.



OUR BEST HIGH SCHOOLS

The Schools in Newton

Experiment in Flexibility

by CHARLES E. BROWN

The superintendent of the Newton public schools, CHARLES E. BROWN, now approaching his fortieth birthday, was educated at Springfield College and took his master's degree and doctorate in education at Harvard. From 1954 to 1957 he taught mathematics, science, and social sciences at the Day Junior High School in Newton; he then moved up to be an administrative assistant, and since 1960 has been superintendent of all the city schools.

THE city of Newton, Massachusetts, is an amalgamation of fourteen residential villages, held together by a first-rate government, a considerable amount of civic pride, and an active public school system. A city of over 93,000 people, with a growth that has been steady rather than spectacular, it is a mature city in every sense of the word. Above average in wealth, it nevertheless has a diversified population when measured in ethnic, religious, social, or economic terms. There is, however, uniformity in one respect — the support for and interest in its public schools.

Though it is only the ninth largest city in Massachusetts, Newton has the fourth largest public school enrollment, consisting of over 18,000 pupils housed in 25 elementary schools, 5 junior high schools, 2 high schools, a technical high school, and a fully accredited public junior college. While a good many of the pupils aspire to further education beyond high school (about 75 percent actually go on), their needs, interests, and abilities are many and varied, and our schools are organized on the philosophy of a comprehensive program of education which attempts to meet these variations.

The manner in which a school is organized has a great deal to do with how youngsters learn. Not all children, for example, learn at the same rate;

indeed, even in a single child there are differences in the rate of learning at different times. We are seeking an organizational pattern which permits pupils to move continuously at their optimum rates rather than in fixed yearly increments, which may be too large for some, too small for others.

In one elementary school, for example, we have discontinued the use of age-grade groupings and think of the youngsters as members of a primary or intermediate unit. A child may be with one set of classmates for reading, a different set for mathematics, and so on. Some classmates may be a year or more older than he, others may be that much younger. These groups are subject to change as the pupils' needs change, and pupils may move from group to group whenever it becomes necessary.

A similar pattern is being used in one of our junior high schools, where the problems of grouping and scheduling are even more complex. Grade designations have been eliminated, and pupils are grouped according to the work they are capable of doing rather than by age. This is a relatively large school, and in order to provide closer communication among teacher and pupils, the school has been divided into houses, each with about 125 pupils. The five or so faculty members assigned to each house are able to work closely with one another and with the students, and can gear the program

to the individual to a more significant degree than was possible in the conventional class-and-grade-oriented pattern. In addition, the house plan has given the individual student considerably more responsibility for his own learning through a system of "contracts" between the teacher and the student that allows the student a voice in shaping his intellectual life. The result of all of this is a school where a student's life is controlled not by the periodic ringing of bells (indeed, there are no bells) but, rather, by his degree of commitment and ability.

In the high school we are also turning to a school-within-a-school solution. Still on an experimental basis, this plan brings together about one hundred students and five teachers to form an "intellectual community" representative of the total student body but committed to a different kind of intellectual relationship from that which has been possible in the past. Students go to lectures involving the entire group, attend regular classes and small seminar groups, and carry on independent study.

The five faculty members, each representing a different discipline and each serving as a teacher-tutor-adviser to a group of twenty students, work together to develop relationships and understandings between and among their disciplines. Thus, a piece of literature becomes more alive and meaningful when the opportunity is available to set it in historical perspective; a painting takes on new meaning when properly related to the language and setting of its time; a language becomes something more than conjugations and vocabulary lists when it can be shown in its full literary, cultural, and historical perspective. Any good teacher, of course, attempts to do all of this under any form of school organization; we are seeking to make it easier for him to do so.

In addition, we believe that in the creation of the small community of teachers, scholars, students, we can counteract the mistaken notions that the major purpose in attending high school is the attainment of acceptable grades rather than learning, that the various subject-matter fields exist apart from each other with little or no common intellectual ground, that the primary relationship of teacher to student is that of judge rather than guide, and that the best and perhaps safest place for the student to be, intellectually, is in the crowd, rather than seeking his own new horizons.

As suggested by the preceding paragraph, each individual school has a great deal of autonomy in making decisions, and yet there is great strength and direction flowing from the city-wide divisions of Instruction, Pupil Personnel, Business Services, and Personnel. This seemingly contradictory situation can exist without strain because of a feeling of trust and respect among the people concerned and a lack of concern about the pro-

cedure of "proper channels." I must confess that this is not the easiest way to run a school system, but it is, in my opinion, the most productive. Freedom — with responsibility — is valued by almost anyone who is worth having on a staff.

There is a tradition of outstanding school committees in this city, committees of unusual insight and depth of commitment to public education. Among many important contributions made by these committees, one of the most important has been their practice of outlining broad policy and then allowing their superintendent and his staff to run the schools within this policy. While it might be said that such a relationship between a board and its executive officer is obvious and should be expected, it is sufficiently rare in American education to merit attention.

FLEXIBILITY IN MATH

We have never had a rigidly prescribed curriculum in our schools. Through the development of curriculum guides, we have established a sense of direction on a city-wide basis, but these guides have always left considerable room for adaptation and change by the individual teacher or school working in a particular situation with a particular group of children. For example, we introduced the so-called modern mathematics courses in the upper grades when they were developed about 1957, even though the new courses for the lower grades were not yet ready for classroom use.

The basic philosophy underlying Newton's program of studies is a recognition that students are not all alike. Therefore, in order to have a mathematics course appropriate for each student in our senior high schools, the sequence of courses varies in content and in degree of difficulty. Under the label of Curriculum I, we offer the University of Illinois Committee on School Mathematics program in both an honors and a regular section. Entrance into the honors section of U-I Math is restricted to students who are recommended by their junior high school teachers, are high in intelligence, are highly motivated in mathematics, and have the ability and inclination to study independently. Over a three-year period, these students use the UICSM materials in such areas as geometry, mathematical induction, sequences, exponents and logarithms, circular functions, polynomial functions and complex numbers, as well as additional topics in preparation for calculus. In the regular U-I Math division, the pace is a little slower, and the level of achievement and independent study is somewhat less exacting.

In Curriculum I is another sequence of courses, likewise with an honors and a regular track, in which School Mathematics Study Group materials

are used. As in U-I Math, enrollment in the honors section is limited to pupils recommended by their junior high school teachers. The course content for both the honors section and the regular section includes the MSG plane and solid geometry, introduction to coordinate geometry, topics from intermediate and college algebra, trigonometry; and for the honors groups, the study of calculus and analytical geometry.

In both of these top college preparatory courses, a modern approach is made to the teaching of mathematics, and work in the honors section leads either to study of Advanced Placement calculus or to a fifth year of study that includes probability and statistics, matrix algebra, and other pre-calculus topics.

Still another course in mathematics, called Curriculum II, provides a good, solid preparation for college mathematics, though not all topics are dealt with in the same depth as in Curriculum I. Curriculum II is intended for students who need more time in which to learn the concepts. We feel that all students capable of taking a college preparatory course should do so, whether or not they plan to go to college. Also, we encourage all students to enter the strongest course or track in which they can succeed with a grade of C or higher.

If a student has not developed his mathematical background to the point where he can take the college preparatory course, he enrolls in basic mathematics. That two-year program includes arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and consumer applications. Thus, in senior high schools the mathematics curriculum is sufficiently varied to provide appropriate instruction for every student, according to his needs and ability.

In addition to the basic courses just described, special programs and projects are also available to students. Two examples give some indication of the range of these activities.

Advanced Placement mathematics has been taught in Newton since 1953. Prepared for students with unusual power in the subject, the course takes them, in grades ten, eleven, and twelve, through at least the first year of college mathematics, including the study of calculus. If students can qualify on a special examination given in May of each year, they need not take first-year math in college.

Beginning in 1962, a special course in computers has been offered in our senior high schools. Because of the increasing use of computers in all fields, the instruction is both practical and theoretical in nature, and students have an opportunity to work with machines in our own data-processing center.

Essentially the same pattern is followed in our junior high schools, where every student is required to study mathematics and is allowed to change his course of study according to his degree of success.

PRACTICAL ECONOMICS

We have been unhappy for some time with the traditional high school social studies sequence of World History, American History, and Problems of Democracy. Even in the hands of good teachers, these courses seemed to us to be lacking in the intellectual stuff that produces thoughtful men. Further, we felt that they did little to get the student to care about society and the role he plays in it. Feeling, as well as reasoning, should be involved in the study of mankind.

Consequently, we set out, under the direction of Wayne Altree, head of the social studies department, to develop a three-year sequence centered around Western man and his development. In these courses we wanted to do many things, two of which are central. First, we hoped to give the student a sense of identity — a sense of who he is, where he comes from, and where he is heading. To understand history, it seems to us, the student must first understand contemporary man and his culture.

Second, we sought to lead the student closer to an understanding of reality. There has been something superficial about the teaching of history in the past, with its emphasis on a descriptive narrative of events presented chronologically. To use the words of Dr. Reginald Arragon, retired professor of history at Reed College, who spent the better part of last year in Newton as a scholar-in-residence,

Learning about history is learning to interpret human behavior, individual and collective, in past and present, through the examination of particular events and situations according to the available evidence and a frame of reference or pattern of meaning that broadens and deepens the student's experience. Teaching history is not essentially the teaching of "bare facts" and of chronological sequences, not even, indeed, of specific interpretations, though the latter will be necessary as models, but rather the fostering of the capacity to interpret and to understand with sensitive and critical judgment.

We needed the sustained assistance of scholars, not only to serve as a source of ideas but to react to ideas presented by our faculty. We have found this assistance in several places, the most important being in the person of Dr. Richard Douglas, chairman of the department of humanities at M.I.T. Professor Douglas has provided our teachers with first-rate ideas, plus a kind of "spiritual and intellectual lift" that has carried them over many rough spots. We have also called on Professor Arragon, several professors at Amherst College, and Professor Marvin Meyers of Brandeis, as well as innumerable others across the country on a "free-advice" basis.

Another example of our use of outside resources is the Harvard-Newton Project in Business History and Economic Concepts. The goal of this project was to broaden and enrich the social studies

curriculum through material which would illustrate the role of economics in our country, especially the concept of the individual in our private enterprise system. Working with Professors Henrietta Larsen, Ralph Hidy, and Arthur Johnson of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration and Professor Donald Oliver of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, one of our junior high school teachers, Paul Cawein, has directed the development of twelve case studies demonstrating the function and process of decision-making in American economic life. Through studying these cases, a student develops both historical and economic understanding. These cases have been used both in Newton and in selected school systems throughout the country, an undertaking made possible by substantial financial support from various business and industrial concerns. The results have been so successful that the cases will be published next year by one of the nation's leading publishing firms.

THE NONCOLLEGE GROUP

One of the continuing concerns of the public schools is the education and status of the student not planning to go to college. As the percentage of pupils in the noncollege group becomes smaller, the problem of their training and employment becomes greater. The Newton schools are attempting to provide for them in several ways. First, in addition to the technical-vocational courses already offered in our secondary schools, we are instituting a variety of other terminal programs. Some of these involve our junior college, such as the already existing courses in nursing, electronics, and data processing, and planned courses in medical technology, dental technology, and landscape architecture. Others, such as medical-laboratory-assistant and retailing, will terminate at the twelfth grade to prepare the student who wants to get a job. In addition, a variety of other opportunities, such as a business course or a work-study program, exist for students in this category.

However, vocational preparation is only part of the problem; these students must be generally educated as well. An example of our efforts in this direction is found in the most fundamental of subjects, English. There are five aspects to this program: a survey of recent studies that describe the learning patterns and attitudes of terminal students and their school and family backgrounds; a program of assemblies to complement the course of study and to foster student participation in school activities; a tenth-grade course in language as a tool which leads the student to look at language in the light of current linguistic studies; an eleventh-grade course which gives large-group instruction on reading techniques,

word study, weekly classroom reading exercises, and regular clinic sessions; and a twelfth-grade program in the humanities designed to develop awareness of the arts and link the study of history and geography to the study of literature. Through this course we hope to make the terminal student aware of the cultural facilities available to him after his formal education is completed.

Such a sequence of learning involves many things — the training of teachers, the development of learning materials, the accumulation of even more knowledge than we already possess about these students, the plain, hard work of developing fundamental understandings and skills, and the delicate task of leading a sometimes reluctant student to an appreciation of the power of an idea, or the beauty of words, or the complexity of thought. We think, however, that working with this group of students is one of our most fundamental responsibilities, and the results to date are encouraging.

There is much more that I could say about our curriculum and our efforts to improve it. I could talk about our foreign-language program, which includes the possibility of a student taking six years of four languages (French, German, Spanish, Latin) and three years of a fifth (Russian). I could describe our work in science, in programmed instruction, in industrial economics, in social studies at the elementary and junior high school levels, in music, and in art. I could discuss our efforts to identify the creative student and to provide opportunities for all of our students to diverge in their thinking. But space does not allow. We have tried to provide a rich and varied curriculum which contains something of worth to all students, but we work continuously toward improvement.

PEOPLE WHO CARE

Not very much that is worthwhile happens to a child except through a teacher who cares. Of all the things in which Newton school personnel are involved, nothing has a higher priority than our continual search for exceptional teachers. We work hard at this task on a nationwide basis — last year the new teachers appointed in Newton came from 32 different states and represented 133 different colleges and universities. We try to be imaginative and flexible in our search and are willing to appoint promising people whose backgrounds are not cast in the usual mold. A former automobile agency owner is now one of our very best English teachers, and a former business executive is a highly valued elementary school principal.

On the other hand, we are aware that the great majority of our teachers will continue to come from more typical sources, and, therefore, we spend a great deal of time and effort in trying to meet our

responsibilities in teacher education. We have established a close relationship with a number of colleges and universities, and in a typical year we will have over 400 student teachers in our schools. We are becoming more deeply involved in a number of other ways: through working with teaching interns; through participating in supervision of students; through joint appointments of teacher-supervisors with colleges and universities; through the concentration of student teachers with a group of regular teachers, thus providing an opportunity for interchange among teachers and students; through the instigation with Harvard of a special program for mature women who want a second career; through allowing — indeed, encouraging — our faculty members to teach at various colleges in this area and elsewhere; through the appointment of a coordinator of student teaching in the high school; through our refusal to accept student teachers from colleges whose program of student teaching was unrealistic or who were not prepared, as individuals, to meet the requirements of our classrooms; through the housing of Harvard's summer program for A.M.T. candidates in our schools and the participation of many of our people in this program; through a willingness to cooperate with Brandeis University in taking the first step toward a joint Brandeis-Newton graduate program for teachers.

All of this, we feel, is good for us, in that it allows those on our faculty who wish to do so to become a part of a teacher-education program without leaving the classroom. Also, it gives us a stake in preparing people who may someday teach for us, and it opens up possibilities for collaboration with universities in a variety of ways.

NEW MONEY, FRESH PERSPECTIVES

In the past, the public schools have been pretty much a closed corporation, with a great deal of "inbreeding" in the development of teachers, with little contact with colleges and universities, and with a rather great dependence upon members of their own group for criticism and fresh ideas. As I see it, collaboration between school people and other groups and individuals is a very good thing, and I am happy that Newton is a part of it.

As more emphasis is being placed on research and development in education, it has become apparent that the local school budget for this purpose must be increased. This the Newton School Committee has done, but the need for this kind of money has grown much faster than can be accommodated by our budget. Therefore, we have sought outside support with some success. During the past three years we have received over \$600,000 from such varied sources as the Ford Foundation, Harvard-Carnegie Project, United Community Services,

School and University Program for Research and Development at Harvard, Association of American Geographers, National Association of Secondary School Principals, Esso Education Foundation, International Business Machines Corporation, Merck Company Foundation, Pittsburgh Plate Glass Foundation, Sears Foundation, Union Carbide Corporation, Young Presidents Foundation, Bay State Milling Company, Cabot Foundation, New England Merchants National Bank, Sheraton Foundation, and the State Street Bank and Trust Company of Boston.

This does not include money we receive from the federal government, or money that has come to organizations of which we are members for work in which we are involved. Nor does it include a grant of \$1,392,000 from the National Institute of Mental Health given in support of a project, sponsored jointly by the Newton schools and the Judge Baker Guidance Center, which will examine methods of identifying and treating children with serious antisocial tendencies and learning disabilities.

Surely this money has allowed us to move more rapidly toward at least partial solutions to some pressing problems; just as surely, we have been able to seek and receive this money and proceed with our work without violating our own integrity or the integrity of the ideas to be developed.

Another source of outside support has been the various colleges and universities in the area plus curriculum groups and academic societies. At the present time, we are working with, among others, the American Anthropological Association, Association of American Geographers, Educational Services, Inc., Princeton Science Project, Harvard Graduate School of Education, Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, Boston University, Brandeis University, and Amherst College. As an example of the kind of affiliation we seek, the history departments at Amherst College and the Newton high schools have developed a collaborative arrangement which includes regular visitations to Newton by Amherst professors, opportunities during the year for extended discussion of the preparation of teaching materials, and a week-long conference at Amherst at which specific intellectual and instructional matters are discussed in depth.

We try to develop self-criticism in our faculty and staff, and no one is more aware than I of things in the Newton schools that need to be improved. But we need other people looking over our shoulder too, people with different perspectives. And as areas needing improvement are noted and ideas for meeting these needs begin to emerge, these ideas must stand the test not only of our criticism but the criticism of other minds as well.

H. E. F. DONOHUE *is an editor and short story writer whose first novel, HIGHER ANIMALS, will soon be published. Two years ago, Mr. Donohue began a series of interviews with NELSON ALGREN, author of the prize novel THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM. From their many discussions has emerged CONVERSATIONS WITH NELSON ALGREN, to be published this month by Hill and Wang. This is good talk from one of America's ablest writers.*

NELSON ALGREN AT FIFTY-FIVE

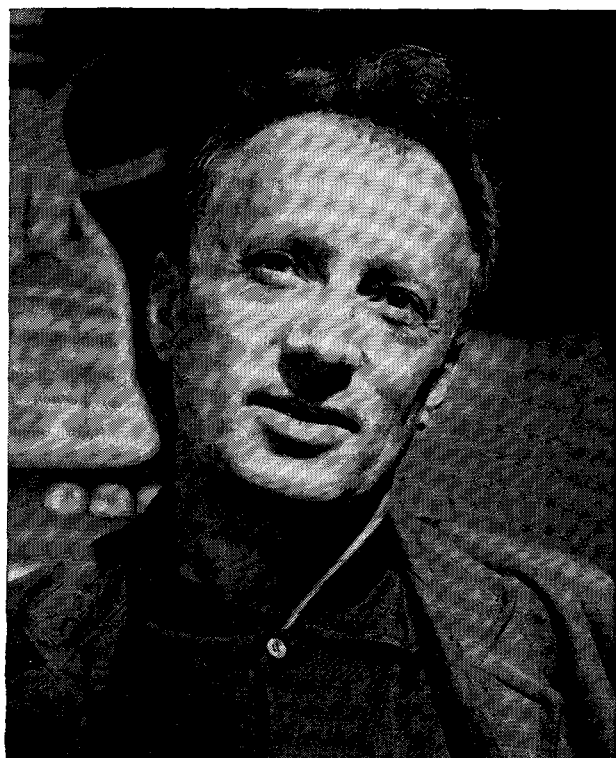
THE strong, set expression on his face — an alert, angular concordance of total acceptance and bemused surprise — has caused some spectators to tell Nelson Algren he looks like a dishonest Art Carney. This always pleases him. He is even more pleased when someone tells him he looks like a healthy Baudelaire.

It is his shock of hair that does it. He has the highest widow's peak in the world, and he keeps brushing his hair with one hand the wrong way, from nape of neck to forehead, so that the whole thatch rises torturously, crowning him with the cheerful aspect of a noble Mohawk gone berserk. When, at some woman's insistence, he combs it back, he can exude what Mark Twain has called "the calm confidence of a Christian with four aces." Even without his glasses, which he usually does not wear, his eyes miss nothing. He seems constantly ready to observe everything, particularly something that is about to go crazy or wrong.

Often he will sport a cigar. He drinks when he pleases and enjoys food. Just under six feet tall, Algren has the slightly rounded but tough stomach of the mature man who takes good care of the rest of his body. He swims. He walks. With men he strides slightly ahead; with women he stays quite close, paying strict attention.

Q: How about love? Does love interest you?

ALGREN: I don't think an unshared experience is an experience. To experience anything you have to experience it through somebody else. Sometimes you have a love feeling and it isn't concentrated anywhere. Sometimes it's very easy. You can look at somebody in the streetcar, and you can say, "Well, she'd do." You don't do anything about it. And there have been long stretches of time when I wouldn't say I was not in love, but I was not committed. But I don't think it's a real life without it, without the shared experience which becomes love. Like what's the good of going to the circus and seeing people do tremendous things if you have no reaction to consult with? There's no



point. My point in going to the circus is to take somebody who's never seen that. You share her wonder. High-wire artists don't particularly interest me, but if they interest her, then I get something out of it. You get something through the other person.

Q: Do you call your writing a shared experience, then?

ALGREN: No. I don't share that. I don't know how you share writing.

Q: I mean, do other people share what you have written?

ALGREN: Oh, yeah, yeah. I often get that. I often get that. That's always gratifying, of course, if somebody says, "That story really hit me." Budd Schulberg told me about one of my fight stories. He said, "This is the way a fighter really feels,"

Copyright © 1964, by H. E. F. Donohue and Nelson Algren. Photograph by Stephen Deutch.

and since I think Schulberg knows how a fighter feels, that's an achievement — when you get it from people who know what it's like. This drug addict told me, he said, "You know how it really feels." That's about as much, that's about as good as somebody telling an actor that that's how it really is. You've got to be something more than just yourself. It's many things, of course. I suppose outwardly the chief thing is it's a way of earning a living. I don't know if I could earn a living another way. The other way I'd earn a living would be as a porter somewhere. I wouldn't be able to work in an office.

Q: If writing is the sharing of your experience, then isn't your writing an act of love?

ALGREN: Oh, yeah, yeah. It gives some dignity to your life. Even if nobody ever read it, you're doing something. You're working on the most important thing. You're not giving yourself to adding a column of figures that you know doesn't matter whether it comes out right or not. You're not writing phony advertisements. You're not doing anything meaningless. You have a chance to reach people who are not even born yet.

Q: Do you think everybody can write?

ALGREN: Oh, no.

Q: What about those people who add up the columns of figures?

ALGREN: They usually like it, I guess.

Q: Should they be mocked for not doing what they cannot do?

ALGREN: I'm not mocking them. I just say I can't do what they do.

Q: How important is sex to you?

ALGREN: Well, I think sex is part of everything. I don't think of sex as just something that happens now and then. I can't imagine writing without the feel of sex. I mean sex is a diffuse feeling. It diffuses everything, and only once in a while would it be called sex. Sex is diffused with love and affection, and I don't think you can make things like that happen. It has to start the other way. Otherwise, it's pretty meaningless. Once in Paris I was driving around with a pretty attractive girl who was a little on the loose, a good-looking girl about twenty-eight; she took me out to a swimming pool and drove me home. She talked very frankly about sex. She had the afternoon free, and I would have liked to have gone to bed with her, but I said, "The trouble with it is I'm leaving Paris. How you going to start something and then finish it?" I just didn't have the heart, you know. It wasn't hard to do, but the feeling went out. I thought, Oh, what the hell, and I said, "Drop me off here." I didn't feel any regret about that. I think I was right. It's got to be the other way around. It's got to be the big thing first, and then this other thing is just incidental. When you start

planning it and being deliberate about it, it goes wrong. It's usually just when you're both thinking about something else, or rather you're just preoccupied with one another as people, and *being!* That's when it's all right. But you can't make that happen. You can't say, "Now let's have a big sex deal." That spoils it right away. At first I couldn't figure something out, but it's really very simple, that women who come around looking very persistently for sex, usually married women looking for sex, I thought that this meant that they're sexy. But it means that they are sexless. I think the people who like sex stay home. I mean, I don't think they make a big thing out of it.

Q: How about you and marriage?

ALGREN: I wouldn't say I plan to be married again, but I would like to be. It's not such an easy thing to do. . . .

Q: As a heterosexual man, do you feel that the homosexual world is growing or that simply more of it is being discussed more honestly?

ALGREN: I think if it isn't growing, at least they've got uniforms now. I think that's an improvement. That is interesting in New York. I never saw that before — about the narrow pants and this very obvious thing, which shows it now has prestige. It always had a terrible stigma. In fact, it was unheard of, you know. There were secret rumors when I was a kid that something's wrong there with someone, but nobody spoke of it.

Q: But now it is a new status symbol?

ALGREN: Yeah, it seems so. In my own neighborhood it's not a new, strange thing now, as it was.

Q: But you don't feel threatened by any kind of homosexual onslaught? You don't think our culture is going to be taken over by homosexuals?

ALGREN: Well, it's becoming an effeminate culture. Look in the ads. Look at the dress of men. Listen to their voices. It's a very common complaint.

Q: How do you feel about this? Do you mind?

ALGREN: Yes, I mind. I would prefer to live in a masculine culture. I don't mean that everybody has to knock somebody's head off to prove he's a man. But I prefer masculinity in writing, simply because it's stronger. And I like a country to be masculine. It's a weakening thing. I'm not talking about morality. I'm talking about the kind of *thinking* that goes with homosexuality — it is a very inferior kind of thinking because it's a very cold way of thinking. I'm fully capable of admiring the homosexual writers. But all the same, there is a coldness that comes along with it that we didn't have when the great writing was being done by men like Mark Twain. Homosexuals can't write like this. They don't have the warmth. They have a humor, but it's a cold humor. It's a dehumanized thing. What a homosexual is, he's an inferior woman. I think that sort of culture is an inferior

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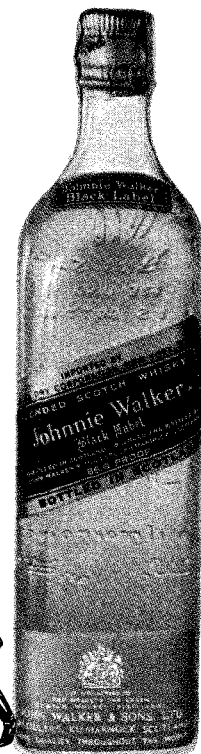
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culture. So far as good masculine writing goes and good feminine writing goes, the masculine writing I believe is better. Just like a good male horse will always beat a female horse. It's stronger. It makes a better animal, and it makes a better thinker. The people who have hit the high points in this country were very well balanced sexually I think. Anyway, I think of — Oh, boy, I really got into it that time. (*Laughter*) I just ran into Walt Whitman. Well, I wouldn't do without Whitman, but the big voices of America, I think, from Jefferson to Lincoln and Jackson have been masculine voices.

Q: Tell me about the kind of woman you might like to marry. How old should she be?

ALGREN: Well, she can't be too young.

Q: How young? What if I were to introduce you to a sixteen-year-old?

ALGREN: I'd tell her to come back in three years.

Q: Say she was a beauty, very bright, very mature, very nice, and looked good. You'd tell her to come back in three years?

ALGREN: Well, I certainly wouldn't stick my neck out on that.

Q: Oh, because of the law.

ALGREN: Oh, no, not because of the law.

Q: And if she expressed an interest in you?

ALGREN: Oh, if she expressed interest, I'd encourage her, I'd encourage her. I certainly wouldn't turn her down, but I'd go very, very easy because any girl like that I wouldn't feel able to deal with her.

Q: Why not?

ALGREN: Because she's too smart, too intuitive. She could make an ass out of me almost momentarily. I wish she would.

Q: So a wife should be a little older than that?

ALGREN: I think if I met a very attractive woman, say about thirty-six, still at the childbearing age, who didn't have a great repugnance for raising kids — I wouldn't even care if she had a kid or two by somebody else, although I wouldn't want to just raise somebody else's kids — a woman of thirty-two or so, thirty-three, thirty-four, maybe. She's got to be sort of joyous and she's got to be good-looking and she's got to know how to wear clothes. She's got to be presentable. She's got to know how to cook.

Q: Any preference about blondes or brunettes?

ALGREN: Oh no, no. It just depends on the woman.

Q: Long? Tall? Skinny? Pleasingly plump?

ALGREN: Well, I've never gone for fat six-foot heavy-set blondes, but I wouldn't rule them out. It just so happens I've always gone for smaller women. Maybe they make me feel taller, I don't know. I just like darkness in a woman, I don't know why.

Q: Do you think you *are* going to get married?

ALGREN: There's probably a fifty-fifty chance, probably a pretty fair chance within a couple of years. Not before that, I don't think.

Q: By the time you are fifty-seven?

ALGREN: That's a fair, reasonable, fifty-fifty bet.

Q: Where will you live?

ALGREN: I'll leave that up to her. See, I don't know her yet.

Q: Tell me about your writing plans. What other novels do you want to write?

ALGREN: I'd still like to write about a prostitute in an American city — just the comings and goings of a woman practicing her trade, without giving it any morality, just explain the trade as a trade.

Q: Do you think you'll ever write about the affluent society?

ALGREN: No, no. I never will. I don't see any chance of doing that. I don't feel any impulse to do it.

Q: Will you ever write a political novel?

ALGREN: No. Never. Never.

Q: How about a boxing novel?

ALGREN: That would be too hard to do. I don't know enough about it. The only way I'd do that would be if I could buy a fighter and live with him. If I could buy a welterweight's contract for fifteen hundred dollars and have a place where he could train and bring him along; go down to New York and talk to fight managers and do as though I were in the fight game, really get *in* the fight game.

Q: Do you think you *will* do that?

ALGREN: If I had the money, I'd like to do it. I wouldn't rule it out. I'd like to do that kind of book because it would be about more than just boxing. This guy would come into it only incidentally — it would just be a way of writing about New York actually, and it would just be a reporting job. I wouldn't try to do more than discover details and get the speech down, at the same time try to create enough interest in the main character.

Q: When you've finished, as you come toward the end of a book, do you have a feeling that you've been with it too long, and, at the same time, you hate to finish it, to give it up?

ALGREN: Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. I do have that deep reluctance to let it go, yeah, just hanging on and hanging on and hanging on until it almost has to be pried away from you. I've had that.

Q: As you've been writing a book, have you found that it revealed to you the profound feelings about a number of disturbing things?

ALGREN: No, I wouldn't say so. I do know that when you have a book under way and are working well you feel much better about your own relationship to the world, and the way to feel good all the time is to always have a good book going. But I'm not conscious of any particular strain about it.

Q: Well, do you end up exhausted toward the end of each book you do?

ALGREN: No, no, I don't recall ending up exhausted. Just impatient, that's all, just feel impatient with the feeling of a lot of tag ends. While I'm finishing a book it's a little bit like tying a lot of knots that keep slipping, and you're just impatient to get it done. And then you have to go all the way back in, in order to tie it up, and you find you just can't tie it up at the end. You have to go all the way back and tie it up. And once I've done that I don't feel any sense of exhaustion about it. I just feel a sense of completion.

Q: Are you pleased with what you've completed?

ALGREN: Well, not entirely. I always have the feeling that why didn't I put this in there or that in there. There's always the misgivings and — that you have to brush aside and the stuff that you didn't get in —

Q: How do you brush it aside?

ALGREN: Oh, you don't, you pay the misgivings no heed. First they bark just like little dogs inside you; they keep barking and you just keep walking away. You can't do anything about it anymore. The book is out of your hands. After a while they quit barking, and a new set come in and take over and start barking.

Q: Have you ever felt on any of your books that you were really doing something good and that it made things easier for you?

ALGREN: Oh, yeah, yeah. When you have a good story you know it's good, and then you feel better for it. It's about the only thing that makes you feel really good.

Q: What kind of writing do you think is coming up? I mean, your books have beginnings, middles, and ends. You don't write the anti-novel. You deal with people's emotions. You care about what happens to them. You care about telling a story. Do you think this kind of writing is becoming less and less the fashion?

ALGREN: Yes, it seems so.

Q: What's taking its place?

ALGREN: Well, I think maybe we're coming into a time where the writing is much more detached and much less compassionate, much less concerned with the individual. I mean, we're living so much in a world where personalities count for so little. Society's become so depersonalized that it'd be pretty difficult now to write a book that would depend simply on strength of character, in which the people are attractive simply by force of their personality. We don't seem to be writing about individuals now. We're writing about society. Writing is likely to become more documentary, in the way that Sinclair Lewis wrote. His people were just one-dimensional people. I mean, you could tell what kind of people they were just by the names he

stuck on them. I have an idea that we're going to get more of this thing and less of the kind of personalized American: the man or woman with many dimensions and human complexity. I'm just guessing. I don't know, but I don't see anybody writing any —

Q: How about the style of writing? Do you think there'll be less naturalism, that there is less and less naturalism?

ALGREN: Most people are writing from other writers. They're not writing first person directly from life as Hemingway did. This is the sort of novelist we're going to have: the no-novelist.

Q: When you're working on a book, do you schedule the day or does it fall into any kind of pattern?

ALGREN: Oh, a general overall pattern, I guess. I don't make a schedule. I just have a general feeling that I ought to be typing.

Q: Do you enjoy writing?

ALGREN: It's pleasant in a tedious sort of way.

Q: Are you much of a rewriter?

ALGREN: I rewrite all the time. I never stop rewriting.

Q: Tell me something. Do you think there's any purpose to life?

ALGREN: Well, no ultimate purpose. The purpose is to live it. It has its own purpose. Its only purpose is part of itself. You're alive. That's its only purpose. The only meaning that life has is to have it while you've got it, to use it while you've got it. Life's meaning simply comes in within your senses. That's your only justification — just sight and smell and sound. And you keep those as sharp as you can for as long as you can, and then you go out as fast as you can. You've lived successfully or not depending on how much you got out of life in terms of living, not in what you acquired. Although, of course, if you acquire something, you probably get more out of life.

Q: What do you mean, "go out as fast as you can"?

ALGREN: Well, it's a terrible drag to go out one toe at a time, and I think Hemingway must have felt this. When he started dropping off, I think he lost sixty pounds, something like that, when he started being reduced to a vegetable, he went, which makes sense because he was just going to be reduced to a heap of garbage in another six months and he'd always respected himself as a man. As a physical being I guess he just couldn't take that, ah, humiliation.

Q: Your health is good now?

ALGREN: Yes, it is.

Q: Although you don't sleep properly, you don't eat properly?

ALGREN: That's true. I don't, I don't.

Q: How come your health is good?

ALGREN: Well, I don't know. I'm fortunate that way, and I have just not been afflicted with the

common afflictions, the countless multitude of afflictions you can have, beginning with A, arthritis, and ending with Z, zilicosis of the veins or varicose veins. I haven't been struck. I had a backache a few years ago which simply terrified me.

Q: What was it?

ALGREN: It was just a little backache. It was one of these things that double you over a little bit, not at all an uncommon thing. I was immediately terrified — what if I can't straighten up again? And I guess some people can't. So I never let myself get complacent about it, because I feel I may wake up someday with a splitting headache, a sore jaw, sinus, a hacking cough, rheumatism — all at once. All of these things are going to hit me at once. But I've really had good health, and I would like to have more of it if I may. And I did it without prayer. I don't pray. I smoke too much. I drink too much. I eat too much. I don't exercise.

Q: You swim, don't you?

ALGREN: I swim a little bit, and I don't say my prayers.

Q: Tell me once again about the last time you saw your mother.

ALGREN: Well, the last time I saw her she'd been dying for six months. She was supposed to be dead in January, and in July she was still sitting there just too strong to go. She wanted to go, and it was time to go, so I came in and I lit a cigarette. She was reduced at this time to just simply a little mess of shaking bones.

Q: How old was she?

ALGREN: Eighty-six. And she would just sit there and shake, just that prolonged, perpetual discomfort, and I lit a cigarette, and she said, "Give me one." I thought at first she was kidding. I said, "No, you don't want to smoke, Ma, do you?" She said, "Well, I have to do *something*." So I gave her the cigarette, and she smoked it. The nurses came around and watched.

Q: Had she ever had a cigarette before?

ALGREN: Once or twice. But she simply wanted to do something, so she smoked the cigarette. The attendants watched, really quite amazed. She died the next day.

Q: That's about all the questions I have.

ALGREN: She added one thing. That morning she said — there was sort of a murmur of steam or something from the radiator, some sound in the radiator — and she said, "Voices are coming up from below." But she said it in this rhythm, with a certain rhythm to it that surprised me very much. I was surprised that she should put her last strength into trying to make a poem.

Q: One more question: Are you glad that you are alive?

ALGREN: Yeah.

Q: When are you *not* glad you're alive?

ALGREN: Oh, I've never been not glad. I've always been glad to be alive.

Q: Even when things go badly?

ALGREN: Oh yeah, yeah. They couldn't go *that* badly. I just can't imagine anything going *that* badly.

Q: Have you ever contemplated suicide?

ALGREN: No. I've thought about it in a very abstract way, but I couldn't do that. I couldn't even chop off the end of my little finger, and I'm sure I would never have the nerve to put a gun in my mouth as the Great White Hunter did in Idaho. In fact, I'm afraid if I found out what he found out — that he had cancer, that it made no sense to go on — I'd pin myself on some abstract hope that somebody was going to come up with some magic penicillin. I don't think I'd give up. I don't think so.

Q: At fifty-five, does the world look like an interesting place to you?

ALGREN: It's getting more and more diverse, more and more wild. More and more people are around who don't know what they're doing, and there are more and more things to see.

Q: Is it more fun?

ALGREN: Oh, there's more fun to be had. It's getting harder and harder to get at it. I keep having to go home and work. But there are certainly more things to do.

Q: Would you rather be the age you are now, or is there some other time of your life you'd like to get back to again?

ALGREN: Oh, thirty-nine is the time.

Q: Thirty-nine?

ALGREN: Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. The time between the time I got out of the army in 1946 and 1950. That was a very good time.

Q: The time you got out of the army and wrote *The Man With the Golden Arm*?

ALGREN: Uh-huh. A very fresh time.

Q: You are the first man I've ever met who thinks the 1940s were the good old days. Is there anything you want to add about yourself, or about the interview?

ALGREN: Well, just put in that I'm well dressed, attractive, and single.

Q: What's your address?

ALGREN: 1958 West Evergreen. Third floor. Just walk in.

Q: And the zone?

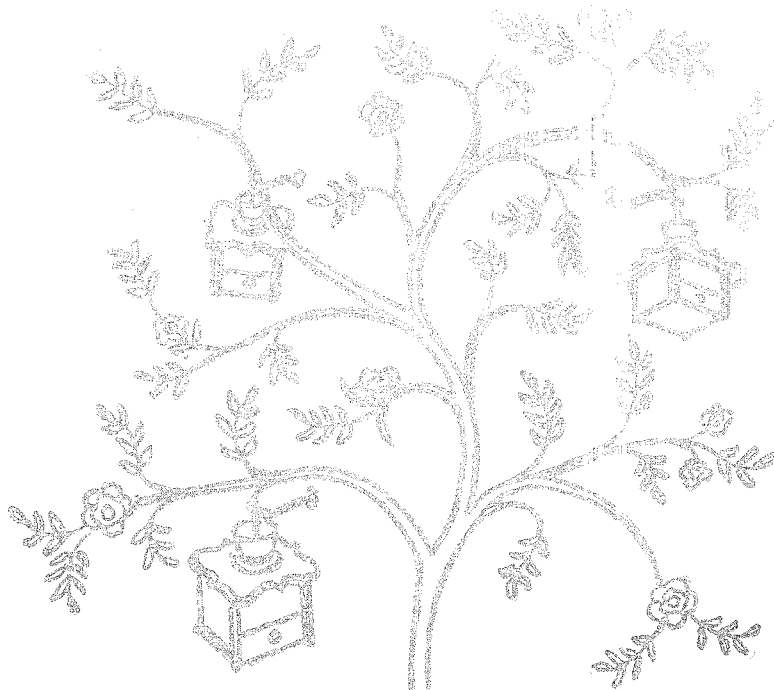
ALGREN: Zone twenty-two.

Q: What's your name?

ALGREN: Nelson Algren. A-l-g-r-e-n. Army serial number 36679611.

Q: Right.

ALGREN: 125th Evacuation Hospital. That's all I have to say. That's all I have to tell. *And I may be a spy!* Nobody'll ever know, *for sure!*



THE WISHING BOX

BY SYLVIA PLATH

SYLVIA PLATH, who died last year, grew up in Wellesley, Massachusetts, and graduated from Smith College in 1955, where she studied under Alfred Kazin. She won a fellowship to Cambridge, and there she met and married the poet Ted Hughes. This story was written during her Cambridge years and originally appeared in GRANTA.

AGNES HIGGINS realized only too well the cause of her husband Harold's beatific, absentminded expression over his morning orange juice and scrambled eggs.

"Well," Agnes sniffed, smearing beach plum jelly on her toast with vindictive strokes of the butter knife, "what did you dream *last night*?"

"I was just remembering," Harold said, still staring, with a blissful, blurred look, right through the very attractive and tangible form of his wife (pink-cheeked and fluffily blond as always that early September morning, in her rose-sprigged peignoir), "those manuscripts I was discussing with William Blake."

"But," Agnes objected, trying with difficulty to conceal her irritation, "how did you *know* it was William Blake?"

Harold seemed surprised. "Why, from his pictures, of course."

And what could Agnes say to that? She smoldered in silence over her coffee, wrestling with the strange jealousy which had been growing on her like some dark, malignant cancer ever since their wedding night only three months before when she had discovered about Harold's dreams. On that first night of their honeymoon, in the small hours of the morn-

ing, Harold startled Agnes out of a sound, dreamless sleep by a violent, convulsive twitch of his whole right arm. Momentarily frightened, Agnes had shaken Harold awake to ask in tender, maternal tones what the matter was; she thought he might be struggling in the throes of a nightmare. Not Harold.

"I was just beginning to play the *Emperor Concerto*," he explained sleepily. "I must have been lifting my arm for the first chord when you woke me up."

Now at the outset of their marriage, Harold's vivid dreams amused Agnes. Every morning she asked Harold what he had dreamed during the night, and he told her in as rich detail as if he were describing some significant, actual event.

"I was being introduced to a gathering of American poets in the Library of Congress," he would report with relish. "William Carlos Williams was there in a great, rough coat, and that one who writes about Nantucket, and Robinson Jeffers looking like an American Indian, the way he does in the anthology photograph; and then Robert Frost came driving up in a saloon car and said something witty that made me laugh." Or, "I saw a beautiful desert, all reds and purples, with each grain of sand like a ruby or sapphire shooting light. A white leopard

with gold spots was standing over this bright blue stream, its hind legs on one bank, its forelegs on the other, and a little trail of red ants was crossing the stream over the leopard, up its tail, along its back, between its eyes, and down the other side."

Harold's dreams were nothing if not meticulous works of art. Undeniably, for a certified accountant with pronounced literary leanings (he read E. T. A. Hoffmann, Kafka, and the astrological monthlies instead of the daily paper on the commuter's special), Harold possessed an astonishingly quick, colorful imagination. But, gradually, Harold's peculiar habit of accepting his dreams as if they were an integral part of his waking experience began to infuriate Agnes. She felt left out. It was as if Harold were spending one third of his life among celebrities and fabulous legendary creatures in an exhilarating world from which Agnes found herself perpetually exiled, except by hearsay.

As the weeks passed, Agnes began to brood. Although she refused to mention it to Harold, her own dreams, when she had them (and that, alas, was infrequently enough), appalled her: dark, glowering landscapes peopled with ominous unrecognizable figures. She never could remember these nightmares in detail, but lost their shapes even as she struggled to awaken, retaining only the keen sense of their stifling, storm-charged atmosphere, which, oppressive, would haunt her throughout the following day. Agnes felt ashamed to mention these fragmentary scenes of horror to Harold for fear they reflected too unflatteringly upon her own powers of imagination. Her dreams — few and far between as they were — sounded so prosaic, so tedious, in comparison with the royal baroque splendor of Harold's. How could she tell him simply, for example, "I was falling"; or, "Mother died and I was so sad"; or, "Something was chasing me and I couldn't run"? The plain truth was, Agnes realized, with a pang of envy, that her dream life would cause the most assiduous psychoanalyst to repress a yawn.

Where, Agnes mused wistfully, were those fertile childhood days when she believed in fairies? Then, at least, her sleep had never been dreamless or her dreams dull and ugly. She had in her seventh year, she recalled wistfully, dreamed of a wishing-box land above the clouds where wishing boxes grew on trees, looking very much like coffee grinders; you picked a box, turned the handle around nine times while whispering your wish in this little hole in the side, and the wish came true. Another time, she had dreamed of finding three magic grass-blades growing by the mailbox at the end of her street: the grass-blades shone like tinsel Christmas ribbon, one red, one blue, and one silver. In yet another dream, she and her younger brother, Michael, stood in front of Dody Nelson's white-

shingled house in snowsuits; knotty maple-tree roots snaked across the hard brown ground; she was wearing red-and-white-striped wool mittens; all at once, as she held out one cupped hand, it began to snow turquoise-blue sulfa gum. But that was just about the extent of the dreams Agnes remembered from her infinitely more creative childhood days. At what age had those benevolent painted dream-worlds ousted her? And for what cause?

MEANWHILE, indefatigably, Harold continued to recount his dreams over breakfast. Once, at a depressing and badly aspected time of Harold's life before he met Agnes, Harold dreamed that a red fox ran through his kitchen, grievously burnt, its fur charred black, bleeding from several wounds. Later, Harold confided, at a more auspicious time shortly after his marriage to Agnes, the red fox had appeared again, miraculously healed, with flourishing fur, to present Harold with a bottle of permanent black Quink. Harold was particularly fond of his fox dreams; they recurred often. So, notably, did his dream of the giant pike.

"There was this pond," Harold informed Agnes one sultry August morning, "where my cousin Albert and I used to fish; it was chock-full of pike. Well, last night I was fishing there, and I caught the most enormous pike you could imagine — it must have been the great-great-grandfather of all the rest; I pulled and pulled and pulled, and still he kept coming out of that pond."

"Once," Agnes countered, morosely stirring sugar into her black coffee, "when I was little, I had a dream about Superman, all in technicolor. He was dressed in blue, with a red cape and black hair, handsome as a prince, and I went flying right along with him through the air — I could feel the wind whistling and the tears blowing out of my eyes. We flew over Alabama; I could tell it was Alabama because the land looked like a map, with 'Alabama' lettered in script across these big green mountains."

Harold was visibly impressed. "What," he asked Agnes then, "did you dream last night?" Harold's tone was almost contrite; to tell the truth, his own dream life preoccupied him so much that he had honestly never thought of playing listener and investigating his wife's. He looked at her pretty, troubled countenance with new interest; Agnes was, Harold paused to observe for perhaps the first time since their early married days, an extraordinarily attractive sight across the breakfast table.

For the moment, Agnes was confounded by Harold's well-meant question; she had long ago passed the stage where she seriously considered hiding a copy of Freud's writings on dreams in her closet and

fortifying herself with a vicarious dream tale by which to hold Harold's interest each morning. Now, throwing reticence to the wind, she decided in desperation to confess her problem.

"I don't dream anything," Agnes admitted in low, tragic tones. "Not anymore."

Harold was obviously concerned. "Perhaps," he consoled her, "you just don't use your powers of imagination enough. You should practice. Try shutting your eyes."

Agnes shut her eyes.

"Now," Harold asked hopefully, "what do you see?"

Agnes panicked. She saw nothing. "Nothing," she quavered. "Nothing except a sort of blur."

"Well," said Harold briskly, adopting the manner of a doctor dealing with a malady that was, although distressing, not necessarily fatal, "imagine a goblet."

"What *kind* of a goblet?" Agnes pleaded.

"That's up to *you*," Harold said. "*You* describe it to *me*."

Eyes still shut, Agnes dragged wildly in the depths of her head. She managed with great effort to conjure up a vague, shimmery silver goblet that hovered somewhere in the nebulous regions of the back of her mind, flickering as if at any moment it might black out like a candle.

"It's silver," she said, almost defiantly. "And it's got two handles."

"Fine. Now imagine a scene engraved on it."

Agnes forced a reindeer on the goblet, scrolled about by grape leaves scratched in bare outlines on the silver. "It's a reindeer in a wreath of grape leaves."

"What color is the scene?" Harold was, Agnes thought, merciless.

"Green," Agnes lied, as she hastily enameled the grape leaves. "The grape leaves are green. And the sky is black" — she was almost proud of this original stroke — "and the reindeer's russet flecked with white."

"All right. Now polish the goblet all over into a high gloss."

Agnes polished the imaginary goblet, feeling like a fraud. "But it's in the *back* of my head," she said dubiously, opening her eyes. "I see everything somewhere way in the back of my head. Is that where you see your dreams?"

"Why, no," Harold said, puzzled. "I see my dreams on the front of my eyelids, like on a movie screen. They just come; I don't have anything to do with them. Like right now," he closed his eyes, "I can see these shiny crowns coming and going, hung in this big willow tree."

Agnes fell grimly silent.

"You'll be all right," Harold tried, jocosely, to buck her up. "Every day, just practice imagining different things like I've taught you."

Agnes let the subject drop. While Harold was away at work, she began, suddenly, to read a great deal; reading kept her mind full of pictures. Seized by a kind of ravenous hysteria, she raced through novels, women's magazines, newspapers, and even the anecdotes in her *Joy of Cooking*; she read travel brochures, home appliance circulars, the Sears Roebuck catalogue, the instructions on soap-flakes boxes, the blurbs on the backs of record jackets — anything to keep from facing the gaping void in her own head of which Harold had made her so painfully conscious. But as soon as she lifted her eyes from the printed matter at hand, it was as if a protecting world had been extinguished.

The utterly self-sufficient, unchanging reality of the *things* surrounding her began to depress Agnes. With a jealous awe, her frightened, almost paralyzed stare took in the Oriental rug, the Williamsburg-blue wallpaper, the gilded dragons on the Chinese vase on the mantel, the blue-and-gold medallion design of the upholstered sofa on which she was sitting. She felt choked, smothered by these objects whose bulky pragmatic existence somehow threatened the deepest, most secret roots of her own ephemeral being. Harold, she knew only too well, would tolerate no such vainglorious nonsense from tables and chairs; if he didn't like the scene at hand, if it bored him, he would change it to suit his fancy. If, Agnes mourned, in some sweet hallucination an octopus came slithering toward her across the floor, paisley-patterned in purple and orange, she would bless it. Anything to prove that her shaping imaginative powers were not irretrievably lost; that her eye was not merely an open camera lens which recorded surrounding phenomena and left it at that. "A rose," she found herself repeating hollowly, like a funeral dirge, "is a rose —"

One morning when Agnes was reading a novel, she suddenly realized to her terror that her eyes had scanned five pages without taking in the meaning of a single word. She tried again, but the letters separated, writhing like malevolent little black snakes across the page in a kind of hissing, untranslatable jargon. It was then that Agnes began attending the movies around the corner regularly each afternoon. It did not matter if she had seen the feature several times previously; the fluid kaleidoscope of forms before her eyes lulled her into a rhythmic trance; the voices, speaking some soothing, unintelligible code, exorcised the dead silence in her head. Eventually, by dint of much cajolery, Agnes persuaded Harold to buy a television set on the installment plan. That was much better than the movies; she could drink sherry while watching TV during the long afternoons. These latter days, when Agnes greeted Harold on his return home each evening, she found, with a certain

malicious satisfaction, that his face blurred before her gaze, so that she could change his features at will. Sometimes she gave him a pea-green complexion, sometimes lavender; sometimes a Grecian nose, sometimes an eagle beak.

"But I *like* sherry," Agnes told Harold stubbornly when, her afternoons of private drinking becoming apparent even to his indulgent eyes, he begged her to cut down. "It relaxes me."

The sherry, however, didn't relax Agnes enough to put her to sleep. Cruelly sober, the visionary sherry-haze worn off, she would lie stiff, twisting her fingers like nervous talons in the sheets, long after Harold was breathing peacefully, evenly, in the midst of some rare, wonderful adventure. With an icy, increasing panic, Agnes lay stark awake night after night. Worse, she didn't get tired anymore. Finally, a bleak, clear awareness of what was happening broke upon her: the curtains of sleep, of refreshing, forgetful darkness dividing each day from the day before it and the day after it, were lifted for Agnes eternally, irrevocably. She saw an intolerable prospect of wakeful, visionless days and nights stretching unbroken ahead of her, her mind condemned to perfect vacancy, without a single image of its own to ward off the crushing assault of smug, autonomous tables and chairs. She might, Agnes

reflected sickly, live to be a hundred: the women in her family were all long-lived.

Dr. Marcus, the Higgins' family physician, attempted, in his jovial way, to reassure Agnes about her complaints of insomnia: "Just a bit of nervous strain, that's all. Take one of these capsules at night for a while and see how you sleep."

Agnes did not ask Dr. Marcus if the pills would give her dreams; she put the box of fifty pills in her handbag and took the bus home.

Two days later, on the last Friday of September, when Harold returned from work (he had shut his eyes all during the hour's train trip home, counterfeiting sleep but in reality voyaging on a cerise-sailed dhow up a luminous river where white elephants bulked and rambled across the crystal surface of the water in the shadow of Moorish turrets fabricated completely of multicolored glass), he found Agnes lying on the sofa in the living room, dressed in her favorite princess-style emerald taffeta evening gown, pale and lovely as a blown lily, eyes shut, an empty pillbox and an overturned water tumbler on the rug at her side. Her tranquil features were set in a slight, secret smile of triumph, as if, in some far country unattainable to mortal men, she were, at last, waltzing with the dark, red-caped prince of her early dreams.

WHAT PRUDENT STEWARDSHIP?

BY THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

She could toss a dishpan of popcorn higher than
The gaslight mantle and catch it coming down
Like a waterfall of laughter buttered and salted.
Where has she gone?

Her wintry kitchen windows were meadows
of summer
And there were never happy children there
Until she was,
And then they were,
But now
She isn't anywhere.

What prudent stewardship of chaos holds
Her hollyhocks half long enough to blur
A hint of hollyhocks to bloom again
And none of her?



DISTURBED AMERICANS

Criticisms and Comments

In July, 1961, the ATLANTIC published a Special Supplement, Psychiatry in American Life, (now available in book form) in which the majority of the contributors were psychoanalytically oriented. In July of this year we returned to the subject of mental illness with the deliberate intent of discussing other forms of treatment and of inquiring into the present care and needs of the community. Those analysts who have angrily resisted the criticism we brought to bear should remember that our approach has not been one-sided and that medical procedure, now as at the time of the famous Flexner Report, must be open to the public inspection both by the professional and the layman. Our issue on Disturbed Americans has been more widely read than any other this year, and the responses to it, only a fraction of which we can publish, manifest the deep concern of a conscientious public. — The Editor

SIR:

The Supplement on Disturbed Americans in your July issue struck me as an unusual public service. It is full of interest. One article, however, impressed me as outstanding in its force and originality: "Psychiatric Treatment: Here and in England," by William Sargant. Dr. Sargant has written of some things that badly need to be known and discussed. It may cause heavy criticism from some sources, but I for one am grateful to you for publishing it. I have seen nothing quite like it in years of following developments in mental health.

BARRY BINGHAM
Editor, The Courier-Journal
Louisville, Kentucky

I have read with great interest your Supplement on Mental Illness and am immensely gratified that a journal of such stature as the *Atlantic* should give us this much attention at a time when we are striving to bring about fundamental changes in the national approach to mental illness. I can only congratulate you on a most stimulating series. It will, I hope, sharpen the interest of a broad spectrum of intellectual leaders in America in the nature of the problems we face.

You, however, would be the last, I am sure, to expect us to be uniformly pleased with the presentations, and I fear that some of them, if taken too

Woodcut by Edward Munch.

seriously, can only enhance the doubts of the doubters that it is possible to put the care of the mentally ill on a truly civilized and scientific footing in our country.

It is unfortunate, for example, that you selected the British psychiatrist Dr. William Sargant to present the picture of psychiatric treatment in the United States today. His biases are well known on both sides of the Atlantic. It is simply not true, as he suggests, that one must be a psychoanalyst to hold high position in American psychiatry. To be sure, substantial numbers of American psychiatrists have undergone psychoanalytic training and utilize psychoanalytic knowledge and insights in their psychotherapeutic work, as do psychiatrists in most, if not all, countries. But only about 10 percent of American psychiatrists — about the same as in England — confine their practice exclusively to "classical" psychoanalysis. Moreover, leaders in American psychiatry, psychoanalytically trained or not, consider themselves physicians first, psychiatrists second, and subspecialists third (that is, psychoanalysts, biological psychiatrists, child psychiatrists, industrial psychiatrists, and so on).

It was distressing to me that Greer Williams, to whom psychiatry is in such great debt for his superb work with the Joint Commission on Mental Illness and Health, attempted to pinpoint responsibility for what was a *collective* failure to secure the

staffing provision in what became Public Law 88-164. I happen to know, for example, that the National Association for Mental Health worked very hard to rally public support for the bill, and so did many leaders in the AMA, not to mention my own American Psychiatric Association. But if one is to rely on the same agencies for a successful future effort, it is well to credit them with honest and "almost successful performance" in the past.

Dr. Bartlett's thesis about the benefits to be expected from paying mental-hospital patients for nontherapeutic labor has obvious merit. But it is not a new idea, or a panacea. Some mental hospitals, as a matter of fact, do conduct vocational rehabilitation programs in which patients receive some compensation. All of this is constructive. But how much more enticing is the image of a mental hospital as part of a continuum of services in a community wherein the treatment is so prompt, so intensive, and of such short duration that there will be precious little time for elaborate work-for-pay programs!

All in all, the Special Supplement fails to convey the exciting dynamics of the national mental health program, in which psychiatry and the other mental health disciplines are now so deeply involved. It is surprising, for example, that there is no article on the concept and meaning of the "community mental health center." No one has captured the spirit behind our favorite slogan of the moment — "let's bring the mentally ill back into the main stream of American medicine" (President Kennedy's phrase). A number of leading child psychiatrists might have contributed a stimulating piece on the promise of that subspecialty for prevention of mental illness.

DANIEL BLAIN, M.D.

President, American Psychiatric Association

Your issue on mental illness was great. The article by Wilder Penfield, even though I knew most of the facts he recites, was thrilling. Sargent's assault on the psychoanalysts was needed, and convincing. He did not use the American word "racket," but he certainly implied it. A good job all around!

But one thing was missing. The most important work by far, in the chemotherapeutic approach to problems of mental illness, is being carried on in the laboratories of the pharmaceutical industry. I know something about this, for when I retired from Washington, I went into the pill-making business, convinced that it was one of the most exciting and rewarding activities an old chap could engage in, and so it turned out. There have, for example, been two attacks on schizophrenia that looked very promising for a time, and faded out. There was an attack on alcoholism which promised much, and

failed. The real advances, on tranquilizers and energizers, have come from this source. The methods used to explore are fascinating.

While I have been disappointed by recent lack of real progress, for I thought we were on the threshold of great things, I believe it is a pause only and that we will again see chemotherapeutic advance.

VANNEVAR BUSH

Your series of articles on mental illness in the July *Atlantic* is particularly appreciated by those physicians who have been promoting the transfer of psychiatry to a scientific medical framework as opposed to the predominantly speculative approach which has usurped the field of psychiatry for so many years — to the great misfortune of many patients.

The more patients know what they should be protected from in medicine — and this particularly applies to psychiatry — the more patients are likely to obtain such protection from their own personal physicians. The public should be repeatedly told that some patients have their mental depression as a result of chronic exposures to small doses of toxic fumes, that "psychosomatic" symptoms causing patients to wander all over the nation from one psychiatrist to another have been dramatically cured when a diagnosis of kidney infection was made and adequately treated, and that an occasional psychotic hospitalized for years has been promptly returned to normal by the administration of thyroid hormone. The public should know that the same mental symptoms can be caused by a number of underlying diseases and, conversely, that diverse kinds of mental symptoms may be the result of different expressions of the same disease, varying from one patient to another. There is no excuse for not screening patients with mental symptoms just as a patient is screened for digestive or circulatory symptoms. When the public realizes the real score, they will insist that real and alleged mental patients be given a proper diagnostic work-up by highly qualified physicians, and patients themselves will refuse both diagnostic and therapeutic management unless such a regimen is handled in the same systematic manner as is the rest of medical practice.

MARSEILLE SPETZ, M.D.

Eastern representative

Mind: Psychiatry in General Practice

The articles on Disturbed Americans in your July issue are of particular interest to me, having experienced, at different times, both intensive psychoanalysis and shock therapy. I believe I am qualified to make the observation that Dr. Coles's statement that electric shock therapy is less humane than individual psychotherapy is not just

an exaggeration, it is entirely untrue. Quite the opposite is the case. There is no discomfort whatever in properly administered shock therapy, while unaided psychoanalysis involves prolonged suffering while the patient endures needlessly exaggerated anxiety as he gradually faces his inner conflicts, striving to find a way out that carries no assurance of success.

By this I do not mean to imply that shock therapy promises an easy way out. For the treatment of long-standing, incapacitating neurotic difficulties, my personal experience indicates that this is not so. To me, the ideal is a combination of therapies, for a mind freed of anxiety and compulsive behavior can be much more amenable to insight therapy. Psychoanalysts would surely enjoy a much higher rate of cure if they could be induced to overcome their prejudices and gain sufficient understanding of other therapies to be able to make proper use of them supportively. Clinical psychiatrists, on the other hand, cannot feel assured that they have achieved a permanent cure of a chronic disorder unless the patient has the insight into his illness that could be provided by properly administered psychotherapy, so that he can avoid behavior patterns that would encourage relapses or substitute symptoms.

The articles in your July issue confirm the unfortunate hostility between the psychoanalytically oriented and the clinical psychiatrists. Many unfortunate patients are being denied proper treatment so long as this emotional immaturity in the ranks of the doctors results in misconceptions, the hurling of timeworn clichés, and lack of proper understanding of one another's techniques. For example, it is popular for many clinical men to misquote statements of Freud which they do not understand and which are made to sound absurd by being taken out of context, and to refer constantly to the errors made in the early days when his technique was new. Similarly, and more important, analytic men cry "brain damage" and "cure of symptoms only" as reasons for avoiding present-day shock therapy, of which they, in turn, do not have any understanding. I can testify that my own brain never functioned as well in my entire life as it does now. It is a sad commentary that only luck enabled me to have the advantages of both therapies.

A FORMER PATIENT
Wellesley, Massachusetts

The Special Supplement on Mental Illness reflects the high standards of public service which discriminating readers have come to expect from the *Atlantic*.

Without endorsing all of the conclusions enunciated by the authors of the various articles, I know

that the total impact of the stimulating views expressed cannot but have a salutary effect in major areas of mental health concern and practice.

I was particularly interested in two points made by Dr. Bartlett in his article, "Institutional Peonage." They are (1) the author's criticism of the widespread practice of using unpaid patient labor as a cost-saving device, without adequate regard to the therapeutic needs of the patients involved, and (2) his implied view that the Federal Mental Health Act, in focusing exclusively on community psychiatry — excellent in itself — failed to meet the federal government's responsibility to assist more directly in raising standards of care and treatment for the approximately half million patients in our state mental institutions.

The Supplement deserves widespread dissemination.

IRVING BLUMBERG
Legislation Chairman
New York State Association for Mental Health, Inc.

I wish to let you know how refreshing and absolutely accurate I found William Sargant's article in the July *Atlantic*; it should be reprinted in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Congratulations!

ROBERT FLEMING, M.D.
Boston, Massachusetts

A loud hosanna for Disturbed Americans; a hearty and grateful amen for William Sargant's illuminating and provocative words on psychiatric treatment. Our debt to Freud is great, but is it not time for us to see him in proper perspective, our guide and not our God?

This reader wishes that Donald Fleming ("The Meaning of Mental Illness") had concentrated on historical objectivity; that he had not assumed a considerably less than scholarly stance in pontificating with the sweeping, unexamined, and undefended generality: "meaninglessness is another name for the inscrutable will of God." He is guilty of a theologically "obscene perversion"!

THE REVEREND EARLE C. HOCHWALD
Middleton, Wisconsin

Having read most of Donald Fleming's article, "The Meaning of Mental Illness" with interest and approval, I was disappointed to find him capable of such a crass oversimplification as "the confrontation between Jaspers and Freud is the great contemporary re-enactment of the old conflict between religion and science, for meaninglessness is another name for the inscrutable will of God."

As a Roman Catholic, hence probably somewhat prejudiced, I would like to plead for the preservation of the distinction between the word "meaning-

less" and the word "inscrutable." God's will, not being bound by temporal considerations, is unknowable for precisely the same reason that the future is unknowable. But since the Catholic view of life is teleological, the will of God, far from being meaningless, promises an ultimately discoverable reason or end for even the most apparently unreasonable of events. As a corollary, Catholicism demands that each man seek to discover what God's will is for him, which is another way of saying that it not only presumes life to be meaningful but demands that each individual find out, specifically, how it is meaningful for himself.

When the situation is considered in this way, the conflict between religion and science with which Mr. Fleming is concerned does not, essentially, exist; both religion and science have as their object the discovery of order in a world which is, at first glance, rather chaotic.

MARGARET WOOD
Washington, D.C.

It was a great public service to have published that Supplement on Mental Illness.

WALTER LIPPMANN

Dr. William Sargant's critique of American psychiatry in the July Supplement aroused thoroughly mixed feelings in this psychiatrist, for like so many critics of the field, Dr. Sargant is devastatingly right but for deplorably wrong reasons.

He succeeds brilliantly in his sociological analysis of the American psychoanalytic scene and perceives correctly the grip of this institution on the mind and heart of the American psychiatric community. His mistake is his failure to distinguish the institution of psychoanalysis as a political entity from the discipline of psychoanalysis as a technique and theory, condemning the latter for its misuses by the former. One might as well blame Christianity for the Inquisition.

Furthermore, he fails to see the differences between analytic psychiatry as a method of investigation of human reality and meaning, and psychiatry as a technique for controlling human behavior, as with the use, or threat of use, of drugs, electroshock, psychosurgery, and incarceration. In this light, the recent achievements of biological psychiatry are open to the same criticism which Dr. Sargant levels at psychoanalytic "brainwashers." The author is quick to see how tranquilizers are used in American hospitals "merely to mute the cries for help," but he overlooks the fact that this practice need not be restricted within hospital walls. I am surprised that he does not mention the recent American mental health movement, with which I am sure he would be quite pleased.

Unfortunately, as long as Dr. Sargant persists in

his search only for "causes" of mental illness, he will fail to discover and to understand the *meaning* of "sick" behavior; for behavior, like language, always has meaning, whereas it rarely has "cause."

I reciprocate the doctor's horror of the washed brain with my own horror for the leucotomized, shocked, and drugged one. Evidently, if one can convince the recipient of such treatment that it is for his own good, then one can convince oneself that one is rendering humanitarian service. One brain washes the other.

JOSEPH DUBEY, M.D.
Syracuse, New York

Congratulations on your symposium *Disturbed Americans*. Special congratulations for Dr. William Sargant's article, of which I would like to buy a score of reprints if they are available. As president of the Manfred Sakel Psychiatric Foundation, I waged a futile battle with the psychoanalysts who controlled the American Psychiatric Association, and finally resigned in disgust. Dr. Sakel, discoverer of insulin shock treatment, was a close friend. Through the late Governor Herbert Lehman I obtained for him a license to practice here after he fled from Berlin. Sakel and other eminent physicians declared that many patients were given psychoanalytic treatment when they were suffering from physical diseases which deranged their minds. Another who said the same was Dr. Samuel Seidlin, medical consultant of the Atomic Energy Commission. As pathologist of Johns Hopkins in his younger years, Seidlin performed autopsies on patients who died under psychoanalytic treatment, and he often found pathological conditions which accounted for mental disorder.

The Sakel Foundation attempted to persuade the APA to adopt a clause in its code of ethics that a thorough physical checkup must precede psychoanalytic treatment, but they got nowhere. As Sakel explained it, "When a patient walks into his office it is too much to expect the psychoanalyst to send twenty-five thousand dollars back to his general practitioner for a thorough physical."

J. DAVID STERN
New York, New York

Dr. Sargant's article provided most welcome reading, especially to a groping resident in the midst of his psychiatric training. Dr. Sargant's plea for a more eclectic approach will be well received in many training centers today.

It is therefore regrettable to have to apply the same criticism to Dr. Sargant that he levels at American psychiatry. Dr. Sargant weakens many of his very cogent arguments by his unjustified anti-psychoanalytic prejudice. Psychoanalytic theory has not prevented psychiatrists from employing

physical and chemical methods of treatment where indicated. Even a cursory glance at admission and discharge statistics in any mental hospital since the advent of psychopharmacological agents proves the wide use of these drugs. Nor should Dr. Sargant be allowed to go unchallenged when he depicts American psychiatry as being ruled by Freudian analysts. The roster of distinguished and respected leaders of American psychiatry ranges from sociologists to brain physiologists — both of the analyzed and the nonanalyzed variety.

The idea which I found most disturbing is the one in which Dr. Sargant implies that lying down on the couch leads to the loss of rational powers. He carries this thought to the point of suggesting that two of every three professorial appointments be given specifically to nonanalyzed psychiatrists. My own experience with people who have been analyzed has shown that those who were intellectually endowed prior to analysis did not become idiots, and the schnooks remained schnooks. Psychoanalysis seems, in many cases, to have helped people to act more effectively without having made them into mental cripples.

Many of us in training are openly puzzled. We are quite impatient with extremist viewpoints which claim to be on the side of God. I for one have not yet found God, and I suspect the same is true for many of my colleagues. I feel that progress in psychiatry depends on maintaining a flexible and open viewpoint firmly rooted in empiricism. I feel that Dr. Sargant started out in such a manner, but unfortunately, he allowed prejudice to creep in.

SAMUEL C. KLAGSBRUN, M.D.

*Resident in Psychiatry
Grace-New Haven Hospital
New Haven, Connecticut*

I must tell you my reaction to Dr. Sargant's article on American psychiatry. I have known for years that psychoanalysts have no place in mental hospitals and that they never should treat psychotics. Never. I had to stand by, a helpless parent, and watch an analyst send my maniacally excited son back into unimaginable hell because she thought she could cure him by joining together his ego and his superego which had somehow been separated. She took his medicine away so she could doctor him more easily, and it was weeks before he could be made comfortable and manageable again.

The first time I saw an analyst at work was in 1955 when my son begged to be sent to a hospital. He could feel the excitement rising in his mind, and he knew where it could be handled best.

The misguided doctor brushed his request aside. "You just want the hospital as a refuge from life," he said.

Six weeks later, another Freudian-oriented psychiatrist took away the medication which had quieted John's wildness. He could not believe that a drug could stop hallucinations and the sound of voices.

I was indignant and very outspoken about that removal. It was shocking to find John racing wildly in a seclusion room when he had been so calm and sensible just three days before. So he was returned to the drug, and the same wonderful calm came back. He improved unbelievably, and in a few weeks he was able to leave the hospital for a period of twelve months. Skeptics could say "coincidental remission" until they were black in the face, but the improvement was too dramatically connected with Thorazine for me ever to believe them.

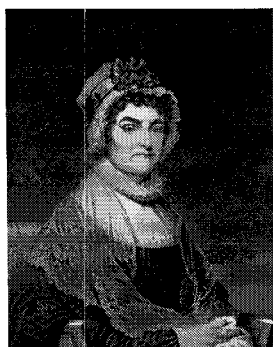
It was seven years later when the next analyst appeared. John's own doctor went on a month's vacation, and his place was taken by one of these misplaced experts. John has periods of complete rationality, and this doctor had observed him through one of these. She had never watched John in one of his periods of wildness, but the story was all in his records. She decided as soon as she was responsible for his treatment that she would remove him from all medication so that she could use her skilled therapy to better advantage. The result was dreadful.

When I went to visit John in the hospital, a wild creature was led out from his ward to start kneeling at my feet. Later that day I watched two attendants trying to hold him down in his chair so that a nurse could feed him. The day John's own doctor returned he found my son tied in a chair which was tied to a post in the dayroom. John had to be restrained, and there were no seclusion rooms anymore for patients as wild as he. This manic excitement was an old story to me. It was common enough in the days before tranquilizers, but utterly wrong and unnecessary today.

Now John is comfortable, sensible, and easy to manage. I know the drugs have not cured his illness, but neither does insulin cure diabetes. And how my heart has been lifted up by Doctor Sargant's article. Everything he writes is so sadly true.

This miserable, analytical nonsense has spread everywhere, but one place it should never be is in a locked ward. It may be that analysts can help the neurotic, but finding a confidant and pouring out the soul can do just as well in my opinion. A good marriage can also do as well as any analysis. Humans need other humans but not with a panoply of poppycock.

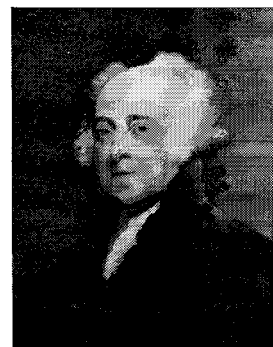
MARA E. MULLIGAN
Sheepscott, Maine



THE ADAMS PAPERS

BY

THOMAS B. ADAMS



The Adams family of Massachusetts has produced more Presidents and more books than any other family in American history. In the essay that follows, THOMAS BOYLSTON ADAMS, an alumnus of Harvard and president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, takes a familial look at the volumes of the Adams Papers which have thus far been published by Harvard University Press. Two more volumes will appear this fall.

IN MASSACHUSETTS, in New England, in the eighteenth century, there came into being by the union of a farmer's son with the daughter of a country parson a family that would be remarkable, if for nothing else, for its accumulation of written records. Some hundred and fifty years of these records of the Adams family have been put on microfilm since 1954 and made available to students in libraries over the world. The originals, row on row on row, are to be found on the shelves of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In 1961 the first four volumes of a letterpress edition were published by the Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. In 1963 came two more volumes. Perhaps a hundred will follow, containing much, but not all, that is recorded on the microfilm.

In the volumes of the *Adams Papers* published so far, the domestic relations of Americans are fully detailed. No passage has been changed, no word expunged. Diaries, letters, and documents are printed as written.

We begin with the diary entry of John Adams for November 18, 1755, "We had a severe shock of an earthquake," and two and one half volumes later come to the final diary scrap, "The last week in August [1804] we ploughed a ditch and brought the earth into the yard and 32 loads of mud from the cove." In the meanwhile the writer has helped make the Revolution, the Peace, and has been second President of the United States. The diary is somewhat of a patchwork, vivid and greatly detailed in some parts, entirely blank in others. Fortunately, John Adams wrote some parts of an autobiography, which fill the rest of the third and all of the fourth

volume. The series will continue until the year 1889 and will contain the entire diaries of John Quincy Adams and Charles Francis Adams, with some additions from diaries of their wives and children.

The two volumes published in 1963 begin a new series, which will include family correspondence, that will throw much light on our country's history from just before the Revolution until a generation after the Civil War. These first two volumes cover only the period from 1761 to 1778. The one exception is found in the introduction: a charming love letter, written in haste in 1678, from John Norton to the future great-grandmother of Abigail Adams, which very appropriately begins the story of a family. The greatest number of letters are from and to John and Abigail Adams, but many correspondents are included: brothers, sisters, other relations, and friends.

Each letter breathes, is alive, for it appears as written. Great scenes — the Continental Congress, the Court of Versailles, the Court of St. James's — are recorded, and on the same page, with vivid detail, scenes of travel in Europe and America, of domestic life, not omitting the death of the gray horse and the theory and production of manure.

Editor Lyman H. Butterfield has not imposed himself on the text. Only his remarkable notes, identifying persons, explaining references, betray his presence.

The record will go on and on, through the long lives of John Quincy Adams and his son Charles Francis. There are thousands and thousands of pages of unpublished and unexplored material yet to come. Historians will revel in it. Wise men and

men less wise, statesmen and political men will comment on it, will use it for purposes of enlightenment or their own purposes. But the great legacy belongs first of all to the American people; not to the professional but to the general reader.

THE Adams family traveled widely, thought a good deal, was active in politics and government. In its records, as in a mirror, the reader can discover his own image, the image of man struggling for a more tolerable world. If he is curious, he can discover the history of the United States.

When John Adams, the farmer's son, died in 1826, he had proved, in company with a very great majority of his countrymen, that Americans were different. The cruel penal laws of England were left far behind, the institution of monarchy was extinct, the individual was the final repository of power in the state, and the state had no other business than to work for his benefit. The Declaration of Independence was the creed of the young nation, and the Constitution its directions for following that creed.

John Adams had spent his whole life proving that Americans were different, and his son and his grandson and his great-grandsons were to go on with the work and with trying to improve on it, often desperately and seldom with satisfaction. There can be little doubt (despite his shouts to the contrary) that John got the most fun out of the job and enjoyed the greatest triumphs. His moment in history was extraordinary when he, a rebel said to to have been recorded by the Privy Council as expressly excepted from pardon, made his bow before George the Third as the first Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States.

The difference between America and the Old World dramatically emphasized by the Revolution was bound to diminish. Either the rest of the world would become more like America, or America more like the world. The likeness to the world, thought John and his descendants, seemed continually and deplorably to increase. Mark Howe, reading *The Education of Henry Adams* for the first time in 1918, penciled on the flyleaf an improvement on the Pilgrims' Primer: "In Adam's fall we sinned all, and since that maladroitness beginning against the Adamases we've still been sinning."

Whether the pure stream of Pilgrim aspiration would be lost in the universal sewer or, rising to a great flood, would carry away the wastes of the Old World to an all-purifying ocean was ever the preoccupation of New Englanders. Once, very soon after their arrival, it looked as if right would triumph, and some of the best of them went back to their native country to help. But the new Jerusalem

was not so easily obtained, and the method of obtaining it was too precipitous, perhaps even questionable. Charles the Second and sin came back, and their enemies got away to America as soon as they could. There, some of the more dogmatic among them rather got the upper hand, the Bay Colony of Boston swallowed up the Old Colony of Plymouth, and at times it looked as if New World theocracy were going to be as bad as Old World monarchy.

But the ideas of John Robinson and William Brewster, and others like Roger Williams, had taken root. Perhaps some seed had fallen sooner, and the roots struck even deeper. There was something in the air and soil of America that inspired independence, that nourished dissent. The fishermen who, long before the Pilgrims, came to Monhegan and Damarascove were "rough, unruly fellows" (according to Sir Ferdinando Gorges' deputy) who had no respect at all for either Norman blood or the notion that any gentleman in England had the right to tax their right to fish. From Maine to Virginia the settlers moved upstream and westward, toward the new country, away from authority.

Authority was never very popular in New England. The King's ministers were avoided as much as possible, and the royal governors were always happiest in the largest houses in the largest towns. They did not feel comfortable with the people or the people with them. The only authority truly respected was the Bible, and the great advantage of the Bible was the variety of points of view it upheld. Theological disputation was the business of the ministry and the delight of the congregation. Litigation and field sports were the amusements; drinking, conversation, and conjugal felicity were the solace of a life full of hard work and troubled by the horrors of medical ignorance.

Into this world John Adams was born in 1735. The American reader will discover that it bears a remarkable resemblance to his own world. The life of an American boy today is a lot more like the life of an American boy of two hundred years ago than it is, or was, even then, like that of a European boy. "I spent my time as idle children do in making and sailing boats and ships upon the ponds and brooks, in making and flying kites, in driving hoops, playing marbles, playing quoits, wrestling, swimming, skating and above all in shooting, to which diversion I was addicted to a degree of ardor which I know not that I ever felt for any other business, study or amusement."

The relationship between parents and children was free and pleasant. What it became in later generations, future volumes of the *Adams Papers* will no doubt reveal. Queen Victoria's reign often seems more remote and unsympathetic than the age of Pitt and Fox and the founders of the American

Commonwealth. Certain it is that the education of John and Abigail Adams, in their respective families, as well as the education they gave their children, was singularly modern in its methods; one is tempted to say "progressive" in its approach to ways of learning. John Adams, after graduating from Harvard, briefly kept school while fitting himself for the law, and wrote, "I find by repeated experiment and observation, in my school, that human nature is more easily wrought upon and governed by promises and encouragement and praise than by punishment, threatening and blame."

John's own father had rather a time persuading John to get educated at all. He even tried the expedient of letting the boy quit school and go to work, and found, as parents frequently do, that work, no matter how dirty, perhaps because it is delightfully dirty, often has more appeal to a boy than a bad school. But the experiment discovered the root of the trouble. The boy was discouraged, utterly discouraged, by his idle, unsympathetic schoolmaster. If only he could make a change! "Next morning the first I heard was 'John, I have persuaded Mr. Marsh to take you, and you must go to school there today.'"

It seems apparent that the arbitrary use of authority was not popular in this family; probably not in New England. Children were very precious. The schoolmaster-god image was a much later importation from the English public school and never, even when new and at its most disagreeable, captured the imagination of more than a very small fraction of the population. The father-god may have reached England with Prince Albert and been smuggled into America with a load of anti-macassars. Certainly, it did not come over in the *Mayflower*. Certainly, neither image has stuck. American children have never quite been able to take their parents seriously. Parents, like religion, have been subjects for discussion and have suffered the consequences.

John Adams was intended for the ministry but soon realized it was not for him. "My father was of so thoughtful and considerate a turn of mind, possessed of so much candor and moderation, that it would not be difficult to remove any objections he might make to my pursuit of physic, law or any other reasonable course." His mother was a "pious woman" but had "no particularity for the life of a clergyman." Clearly, the matter was thoroughly discussed and the assent of both parents obtained to make a change. In this American family, as in most American families today, the woman was no chattel, the children were not subject to the whim of a despotic father.

Life in America was then and still is freer for young people than it has ever been in most other societies. There has been a free mingling of both

sexes and all ages, which has tempered the arbitrary nature of the male. As the world tries to solve the fatal possibilities of the atom, the importance of this fact will be appreciated more keenly. There are few examples more compelling than the courtship, marriage, and life together of John and Abigail Adams. In these two lives, domestic and public trial and triumph were inextricably mixed. John wrote from Philadelphia, "The second day of July will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated." Abigail was in Boston, where she had taken her whole family, including a cow to supply milk, to go through the terrific business of inoculation with the live virus of smallpox. She describes how she went to hear the Declaration read from the balcony of the Statehouse and saw the King's arms taken down and burned in the street, and adds, "The little folks are very sick and puke every morning."

BY THE time the final volumes of Series II of the *Adams Papers* are published, the stream of history will have become a flood, as grandchildren and great-grandchildren survey the immense battlefields of the Civil War, from Gettysburg to London, and contemplate the vastness of a universe exploding under a great head of steam into the twentieth century.

This is to come. Before us now are the emerging patterns of American thought, the serious discussion of current events, the daily problems of making a living and saving some substance, the pleasant scandal, and the delightful anecdote. "My father was in jovial mood last night." Mark Twain would be comfortable in this company; Abraham Lincoln would feel at home.

There were stories about old Hook, the little crooked lawyer; crookbacked, that is. His character was no worse than that of most lawyers, then or now. At wedding receptions there were "good matrimonial stories to raise our spirits. The story of B. Bicknal's wife is a very clever one. She said, when she was married she was very anxious, she feared, she trembled, she could not go to bed. But she recollected she had put her hand to the plough and could not look back, so she mustered up her spirits, committed her soul to God and her body to B. Bicknal and into bed she leaped — and in the morning she was amazed, she could not think for her life what it was that had scared her so." And the law court story: "The father caught the young fellow naked in bed with his daughter. 'You wretch, what do you mean by trying to get my daughter with child?' The young fellow answered him, 'I try to get your daughter with child! I was trying not to get her with child.'"

Life was very far from dull in eighteenth-century New England. It was so far from the history book doctrine of the Puritan that the general reader will at first think he has arrived at the wrong station. Who are these brawling, hard-drinking, dancing, singing, storytelling, merry taverners? Reader, they are your ancestors, Puritans every one, who kept the Sabbath solemnly and Saturday afternoon to get ready for it. "Young fellows and girls dancing in the chamber as if they would break the floor through." "A wild rabble of both sexes, and all ages, in the lower room, singing, dancing, drinking flip and toddy and drams. — This is the riot and revelling of Taverns."

This is America. This is the difference. This is liberty, independence, and what has been done with it. The picture shown is as real as Hogarth and Pepys. It invites comparison. John Adams had his moments when he went off after John Milton, but the soul of Falstaff was not absent from him. "All these gallant blustering speeches I have heard in words — and I have never failed to raise a horse laugh."

History is the province of civilized man. A people ignorant of the past can live in confidence that the future will be ignorant of it. The converse is not necessarily true, though the moral is clear enough.

The magnificent vacancy in the eyes of the Maori fascinated Gauguin. Its subjective effect on the mind of the artist he expressed in a masterpiece. At the same time he confessed the limits of color and form to convey meaning, for he added the words, in a corner made glowing by the requirements of composition, "*d'où venons nous, que sommes nous, où allons nous.*"

A contemporary American has at least one advantage over a nineteenth-century Maori. He knows more about whence he came. It may be truly said that the knowledge of time past has never been so vast. It is just as well. The vista behind must open up wide and far to explain to us what we are, to guide us whither we may go. It is just possible that as twentieth-century Americans rush into the future it may be of use to them to know that they can be different, as their eighteenth-century forebears were different, who made government responsible and themselves responsible for government, basing their action on the Puritan insistence that not God nor all his regiments of angels could stand between a man and his own acts.

At any rate, the contemporary American is under no constraint to overrate the qualities of the Founding Fathers, a vice common to ancient Romans,

nineteenth-century orators, and others. The great historical effort of our age is to edit the written record of the past and present it to the general reader as it was actually written. This is something new in the world. Any school child, or even parent, can find out what Jefferson said of Adams or Adams of Jefferson, with a host of others, not once but as many times as the name may occur in the total record. The lives of the greatest as well as the least men are revealed, the scenes of their lives, their finest hour and meanest moments. Historians, politicians, editors who may or may not write fiction, and those who write it professionally will need to be on their guard. The truth is too handy on the library shelf.

CAESAR

by W. S. MERWIN

My shoes are almost dead
And as I wait at the doors of ice
I hear the cry go up for him Caesar Caesar

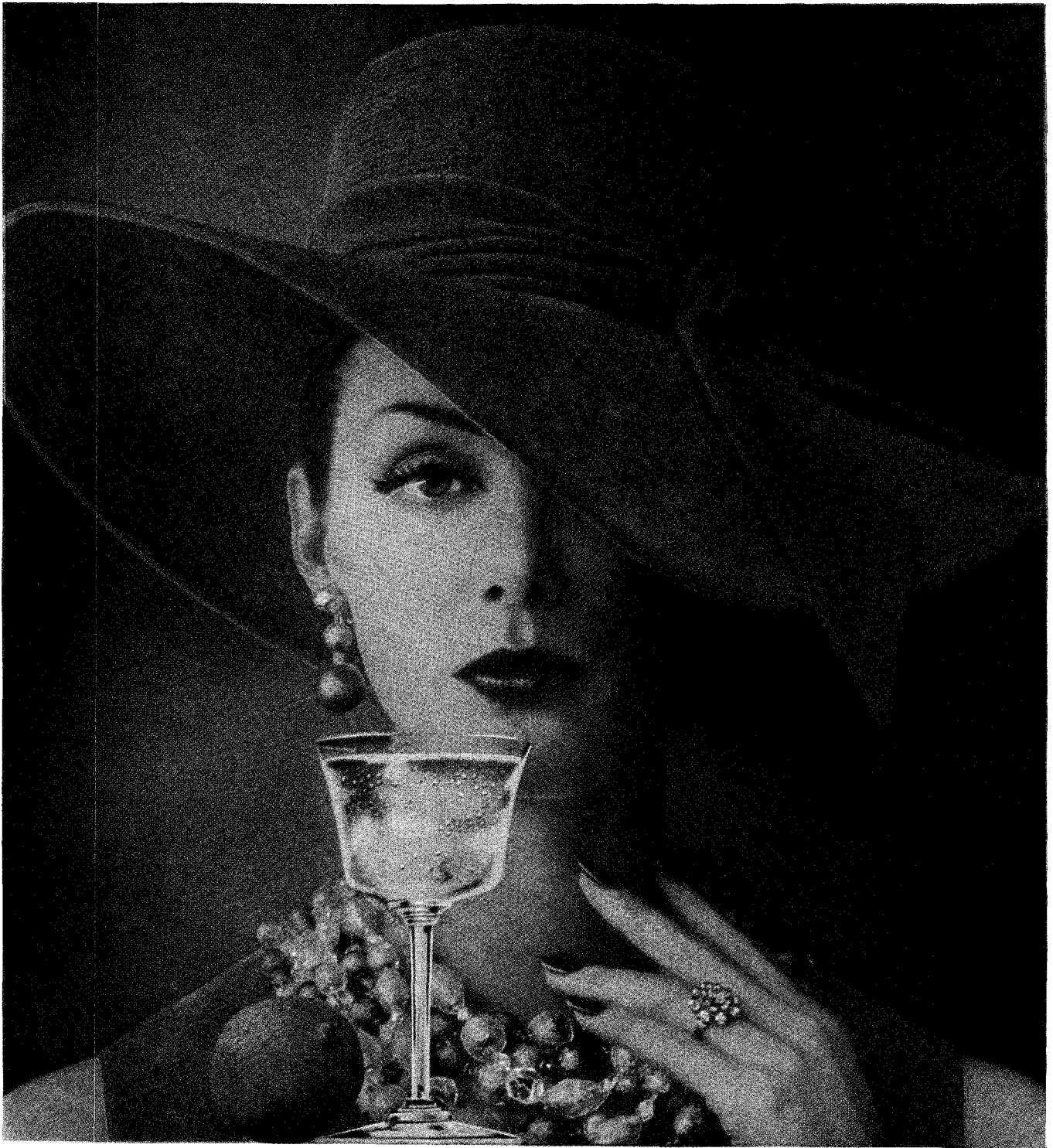
But when I look out the window I see only the flat-
lands
And the slow vanishing of the windmills
The centuries draining the deep fields

Yet this is still my country
The thug on duty says What would you change
He looks at his watch he lifts
Emptiness out of the vases
And holds it up to examine

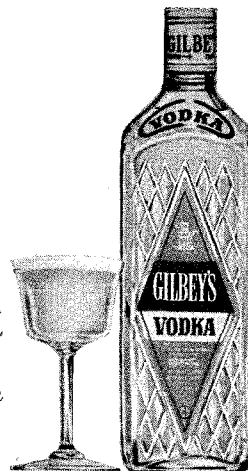
So it is evening
With the rain starting to fall forever

One by one he calls night out of the teeth
And at last I take up
My duty

Wheeling the president past banks of flowers
Past the feet of empty stairs
Hoping he's dead



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spirited...***
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by the makers of Gilbey's Gin



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1 part prepared lime juice.
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Carl Weimach
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2 RECORD SET

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PLAYS
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CLASSICS

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3 RECORD SET

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THE LIMELIGHTS

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303

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494

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325

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292

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MAMBO - CHERRY PINK & APPLE BLOSSOM WHITE

281

CHORIEL SPOGOLCAR
NORTHERN LIBERTY

428

GEORGE BEVERLY SHEA
100 YEARS

361

HONEY IN THE HORN

510

GREATEST HITS

362

RECORDED IN ITALY
NEAPOLITAN MANDOLINS

365

DICK SCHORY & PERCUSSION POPS ORCH

502

NEW RECORDING!
MARIAN ANDERSON

369

ASIDES OF LIFE
PORTER WAGONER

372

"CHARADE"
HENRY MANCINI

507

Boston Pops / Arthur Fiedler

490

EVERYTHING IS A DAY
THE ASTRONAUTS

501

THE SEA

314

JIM REEVES
A TOUCH OF VELVET

416

THE BRIDGE
SONNY ROLLINS

392

TCHAIKOVSKY
THE NUTCRACKER

420

GENE AUTRY'S
GOLDEN HITS

433

A ROUND SPECTACULAR
GRAND CANYON SUITE

304

BEETHOVEN
SYMPHONY NO. 5

330

JALOUSIE
LIEBESTRAUM

336

VIVALDI
The Four Seasons

333

TIJUANA MOODS
CHARLIE MINGUS

425

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

379

THE AMES BROTHERS SING
THE BEST IN THE COUNTRY

316

SCHUBERT
UNFINISHED SYMPHONY NO. 5

324

GLENN MILLER
ORIGINAL HITS

145

HUGO WINTERHALTER
CONTINENTAL

506

DUANE EDDY
TWANGY GUITAR

423

NEIL SEDAKA'S
GREATEST HITS

432

THE TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS

246

BANJOS
BACK TO BACK

419

MARIA ELENA

511

MY FAVORITE CHOPIN
Van Cliburn

356

AL HE'S THE KING
HIRT AND HIS BAND

401

COMO
GOLDEN RECORDS

124

SOUSA FOREVER!

297

BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON

461

THE DUKES OF DIXIELAND
PETE FOUNTAIN

102

MUSIC TO REMEMBER
JOSE ITURBI

319 (Reg. L P only)

Gershwin
RHAPSODY IN BLUE

215

American in Paris
FIEDLER BOSTON POPS

508

BRAHMS
Symphony No. 4

337

The Cascading Voices of
Hugo & Luigi Chorus

451

Music of the Islands

204

HARRY BELAFONTE
CALYPSO

234

RUBINSTEIN
MOZART, Concerto No. 24

367

HANK SNOW
SOUVENIRS

296

JAN PEECE
SINGS

94

THE VIENNA OF
JOHANN STRAUSS

327

BEETHOVEN
QUARTET

396

HAYDN
"CLOCK" & "SURPRISE" SYMPHONIES

308

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214

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Sweetheart*
MORTON GOULD
and His Orchestra
TEA FOR TWO
MAKE
BELIEVE
BEYOND
THE SEA

WIMPEY KORDA GIFT
SOMEHERAZO
REINER
CHICAGO SYMPHONY

RACHMANINOFF
CONCERTO
No. 2



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STRANGER ON THE SHORE
A SWINGIN' SAFARI**

SERGE FRANCHI
Dumpty, I Love You
OUTLINE
WHAT KIND OF FOOL AM I?
AS LONG AS SHE NEEDS ME -
TIL THERE WAS YOU

486

**CHET ATKINS
DOWN HOME**

NEVER ON SUNDAY
STEEL GUITAR RAG
TWIXED
JUNCTION



374 (E)

**AMERICA,
THE BEAUTIFUL**

**THE ROBERT
SHAW CHORUS
& RCA VICTOR
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA**

**God Bless America
and other
Star-Spangled Favorites**

SONG SHEET INCLUDED

471

ARTUR
RUBINSTEIN
GRIEG
PIANO
CONCERTO
ORCHESTRA
CONDUCTED BY
ALFRED
WALLENSTEIN

A black and white portrait of Artur Schnabel, a man with dark hair, wearing a suit and tie, looking slightly to the right.

493

**STEREO
ACTION UNLIMITED**



THE SOUND
FOUR EYES CAN FOLLOW

383

THE
STUDENT PRINCE
MARIO
LANZA

DEEP IN MY HEART, DEAR, SCENARIOS

467
Tchaikovsky
"PATHETIQUE" SYMPHONY
(No. 6)
BOSTON
SYMPHONY/
MUNCH

370
DESMOND BLUE
PAUL DESMOND,
Alto Sax, With Strings
MY FUNNY VALENTINE
BODY AND SOUL
I SHOULD CARE

363
TCHAIKOVSKY:
1812
OVERTURE
RAVEL: BOLERO
SOUND SPECTACULAR!
MORTON GOULD
ORCH. AND BAND

243

THE RODGERS AND
HAMMERSTEIN
THE MELACHRO STRINGS
BY AND ALICE SOUTH PACIFIC
CAPTAINS THE SOUND OF MUSIC
STATE PARK THE KING AND I
OLYMPIA FIFTEEN DANCE SCHOOL

465
14 GREAT
MOTION
PICTURE
THEMES
RAY KILIN ORCHESTRATES
TARA'S THEME
(from Gone With the Wind)
OTHERS

378

**PAUL ANKA'S
21 GOLDEN HITS**

2

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**DIANA
YOU ARE
MY DESTINY
PUT YOUR
HEAD ON
MY SHOULDER**

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399

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United States
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389

 RUBINSTEIN
DEETRIK'S SONATA
MOONLIGHT
PATHETIQUE
LES ADIEUX

460

GREENSLEEVES
Thomas Tallis
Requiem, Canticles
Lament for a Child & Three Masses
Benedictus, Gloria, Credo
Chorus
London Choir
MORTON COULD
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

74

466
PORTER WAGONE
and
SKEETER DAVIS
Sing Duets
A LITTLE BITTY
TEAM -
ROCK & RYE
WAGONE

468

IN
CONCERT
MENDELSSOHN
INCIDENTAL MUSIC TO
**A MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S DREAM**
BOSTON SYMPHONY/LEINSOHN

454

GREAT SINGS FROM GERSHWINS
PORGY AND BESS
LEONTYNE PRICE WILLIAM WARFIELD
SWITCH HENDERSON *Conductor*

488

MOZART
"JUPITER" SYMPHONY
and
EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
with CONDUCTOR EUGENE ORMSBY

424

JULIAN BREAM

POPULAR CLASSIC
FOR
SPANISH GUITAR

485

CHET ATKINS
TEEN SCENE

WALK RIGHT IN -
I GUY & WOMAN
ALLEY CAT

BLAST OFF

492

BEETHOVEN:
SYMPHONY NO. 6
'PASTORAL'



483

**a mighty
fortress**

THE
ROBERT SWAN
CHORALE
HYMNS



484

SAM COOKE
HITS OF THE
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HEY THERE - TOO YOUNG

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A Writer in Search of Himself

BY SEAN O'FAOLAIN

An Irish writer, SEAN O'FAOLAIN, unlike his predecessors who trooped off to London, has defied censorship and done his work at home. He is the author of more than a score of books, and his versatility will be appreciated by those who turn to his novels, A NEST OF SIMPLE FOLK, COME BACK TO ERIN, AN AUTUMN IN ITALY, and his finest collection of short stories, I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER. This is the second installment drawn from his reminiscences, VIVE MOI!, just published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.



IF I know now that I had always been a writer, it is not because of my early, boyish efforts (every child wants to write or draw), or because of my persistence (every writer has met scores of people in their forties and fifties who still "want to write"). I know it because I have become a writer. Of what quality is another matter, something that not even I know, perhaps I least of all. In these matters there is only one judge who does not lie, Father Time, and he wobbles a long time before he makes up his mind. Everybody who has lived to be sixty must know this, having in his span seen too many men and women reach an apparently unassailable peak which they were presently forced to yield, line by line, to their successors and later critics. Few of us can be quite so certain today as we were yesterday about Galsworthy and Bennett, Gide and Rolland, Gerhart Hauptmann and Shaw, even about eminent writers still living, such as Somerset Maugham or John Steinbeck. By a coincidence, it has just happened that while retyping these words in the winter of 1963 I have come on two topical reconsiderations of two of those writers. I will quote just two sentences from a review by Richard Mayne in the *New Statesman* of the paperback reissues of four books by Mr. Maugham, including *Of Human Bondage*:

"The habit of talking like a Dutch uncle to some imaginary middle-brow reader is crippling for a

serious novelist. . . . The writing is far more uncertain than in most of Mr. Maugham's later work — more cliché-ridden, lush, sometimes sentimental, and occasionally even inarticulate."

In the same paper a long essay on John Galsworthy by V. S. Pritchett opens:

"Galsworthy's imagination was lukewarm: thin, partial, thumbnail sketches of people, poor invention, jogtrot realism, blur when there was a question of feeling, embarrassment or jauntiness when there should be thought."

This about a Nobel Prize winner and an O. M., who refused a knighthood. Such later reconsiderations of writers whom we once admired are chastening. They warn us that when we attach the word "artist" to any living man or woman, our certainty about what we mean is as limited as when we meet a doctor or a priest — we acknowledge a vocation, a title, a claim. This is all I mean in general by saying that I know now that I had always been a writer.

But I also mean something specific by the word "writer." Every writer is a man with one deaf ear and one blind eye who is possessed by a demon and unteachable by anybody but himself; a man who only half hears and half sees the world about him because for half his time he is absorbedly listening at the keyhole to his own Demon, examining with

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fascination his primordial Shadow. From this inner absorption comes his ruthlessness; his egoism; his readiness to make use of anybody, even his dearest and nearest, to serve his pen; his insistence on reshaping everything that he thus half sees and half hears in accord with his inner self; and his endless curiosity mingled now with sympathy, now with an almost blind hatred for other writers, who are, meantime, also eavesdropping on their own Demons and Shadows.

I do not, however, believe at all that writers are blind masses of subjectivity. On the contrary, I believe that most writers have much more in common with the scientific mind than we realize. Just as every scientist seeks for the inherent order of life in some small corner of nature, surely the artist who wants to understand his whole experience as a man will seek also for an intelligent hypothesis to "explain" his small corner of human life. Hardy — Dorset and the President of the Immortals; Jane Austen — Hampshire and Good Intentions; Mauriac — Bordeaux and Greed. Where scientist and artist radically differ is in the nature of their material, not of their pursuits. We can classify crystals. We cannot classify the endless variety of the human psyche. But the pursuit of each seems to me to come from a similar intellectual desire to find order in the seeming chaos of Life.

I have to except, of course, from this intellectual pursuit those writers who are mainly excited by what one may call the Donnybrook Fair side of life, writers who choose disorder as a theme, or the tumult of their own beings, which comes to the same thing. These one might call our Dionysiacs or anarchists. I do not deny their interest. They are unarguably a minority, though very common today in the whole run of letters. Yet, even including these Dionysiacs, I suggest it is a true image of both scientists and writers to see them all as a scattered procession of explorers, small as ants as compared to the world, each climbing his grass-blade to view the universe, uttering triumphant cries now called a poem, now a scientific fact, one here, one there, until the world we know gets mapped and remapped, over and over; that is to say, gets invented again and again in every generation: *made up*, as Isidor Rabi put it, much more forcibly than I dare to, when he said: "The universe is not given to us in the form of a map or a guide. It is made up by human minds and imaginations out of slight hints which come from acute observations and the profound stratagems of experiments."

The image of the artist holding a mirror up to nature leaves out of account his transformation, by selection and invention, of the otherwise meaningless jungle of actuality. His good eye, his good ear, demon-guided, decide fastidiously, intellectually, and imaginatively what, alone among all the eyes

and ears of the world, he shall see and hear in the green wilderness. What saves him from the banality of seeing and hearing what everybody else has always seen and heard is his God-given infirmities. They bestow on him his own obstinate vision, which is his Self in action, making these new shapes of life.

I THINK I have always been a romantic with a hopeless longing for classical order. A critic of my first book of stories described me as a romantic caught in the despotism of fact. It is not the same thing, but it is close to it insofar as one way of taming the despotic fact is to subject it to form. When I look at my earliest stories that were of my own world and not of the world rented to me by my begetters, this is what at once strikes and delights me.

To illustrate I must make a large descent to my very first story that is recognizably mine: the little thing, not much more than a sketch, which AE published in the *Irish Statesman* in February, 1926, and which I called "Lilliput." I wrote it as a marginal footnote to the Troubles. I had looked out of my window in Half Moon Street one evening before the curfew and seen a rude caravan made of canvas fastened over hoops on the base of a common cart, belonging, it appeared, to a tinker woman with two or three small children. While the rest of Cork cowered indoors from the bullets of the Black and Tans, here was this fearless wanderer from the country pitching her tent in an open street — even if it was an unfrequented side street. The incident was striking, but an incident is of itself the least part of any work of art, however modest; what counts is the light one lets fall on it to pick out the thing in it, or the things in it, that make the whole incident significant for one's Demon. What was I to do with my little incident to bring out what it meant to me? I felt it as a myth, and to assert the myth gave it its title. Here was a female Gulliver among us pygmies, a wonder to our simple citizens, a creature from the wild world, a tiny scrap of my private myth of the west of Ireland as the Free Country, one of those minor goddesses who float down among common men in Homer to comfort or awe them. I then let my mind fall on one or two little incidents: the local priest, awed and ineffectual before this intruding pagan (*pagana*: of the country); a kind citizen bringing to the stranger his modest libations; the soldiery passing the tiny temple with respect; and the outer shape or form of night, day, night. The little story is of no weight, a brief idyll. I dally with it only because it was my first tiny success, yet it already showed how through form or order I was liberated into myself, to good effect.

And now let me give a real example of imagi-

native form, the second leaf of the companion piece on springtime in Thomas Hardy's diptych-poem "Weathers." If we read it casually, it may seem just a nice little poem; read attentively, it becomes a superb lyric.

*This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
And so do I;
When beeches drip in browns and duns,
And thresh, and ply;
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
And meadow rivulets overflow,
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homeward go,
And so do I.*

There is the counterpart of the scientist's enchanted discovery of the constituents of nature, the poet's discovery of the constituents of enchanted nature; the first stressing his intelligence while also using his imagination, the second stressing his imagination while also using his intelligence. Hardy was probably the most accurate, minute, and loving observer of nature among all English poets, their most realistic-imaginative poet this side of Shakespeare. When he said shepherds he did mean literary shepherds. He knew them all by name. His Saxon "duns" is not just an easy rhyme; it is chosen to evoke the precise cinnamon-brown of the beech mast. For the full development of the accurate "thresh, and ply" we may go to his woodsman's scientific description of how various trees act in storm in *The Woodlanders*. Anybody who has been in Dorsetshire and stood on Egdon Heath will recognize at once that far throbbing of the sea hidden beyond the hills, and the appositeness and suggestiveness of the heavy Saxon word for the tide's death, "throe." Our eyes, like his eyes, fall on the drowned meadow and the drops on the gate bars with the same delight of recognition. We will finally realize that this is a poem not only about natural weather but also about the autumn of the heart only when he rounds off the moment with a characteristic philosophical sigh in "And so do I"; and the small man standing, collar up, on a wet heath in October turns sadly away, out of himself, out of nature, back to what is not really for him, as it is for the rooks, home.

It may have been thought that I was praising myself by saying kind words just now about that youthful sketch. In fact, I do not feel that any writer deserves credit for anything he does apart from the credit due to his patience, persistence, and honesty. When a writer writes something, the whole man does not move; a select part of him is moved by his Demon, his essential being, his talent, a thing bestowed on him by the gods as a bonus, like beauty in a woman. It may be the larger part of him, like the submerged part of the iceberg; but how can one talk of larger or smaller in such matters? Of this

only can we be certain, that his essential being is not the worldly or public part of the artist, as those words are commonly understood — a necessary distinction, since the artist must also as an artist mingle with the things of the world, observe them, be delighted with them or horrified by them, know them well, feel them intensely, before he drags them with him into his submerged factory. When he is not in his submarine factory, when he is not Proteus, he is, in the commonly accepted sense, a worldly and public man, and so, and therefore, not an artist for that time being, however long or brief the respite may be from his vocation and his Demon. In those short or long periods of respite he may be photographed, interviewed, praised, asked to sign books, given prizes, introduced to the public at large as "Mr. X, the distinguished writer," and may even — if he is fool enough — bask in it all. But he is not there as an artist. Only his shell is there, being photographed or praised; and this shell never wrote a word or painted a stroke. I praise then, and praise only, my private creature, whom I do not myself know very well, whom I am in these pages trying, for the first time, to photograph as a scientist might try to photograph the molecular construction of an apparently solid object.

I have to add that the essential being of the creative individual, his pure personality, is, no doubt, released at times other than when he is about his vocation. That essential being may also be released in love, with his children, when he is stirred by music or by wine, by memories, by good talk. When he is not released, his head droops in the stable: a quiet-looking brute, you would not even notice the folded wings. How many, meeting Thomas Hardy in a railroad train, would have thought him a poet?

AND now, what is all this about, autobiographically speaking? It is about one morning early in 1926 when a fateful incident brought it all clearly before my consciousness.

I stopped in the main corridor of the college to read the official notices pinned up among the ogham stones and the old stone querns that line the stone-flagged hallway. At that instant my line of fate was crossed by a man named Stephen Harkness, an American who once loaned a poor man named Rockefeller one thousand dollars for some scheme concerning the sale of oil, as a result of which both became in the course of time very rich indeed. In 1926 his son Edward was also a very rich man. He was an Ohioan who had been educated at Saint Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire, and at Yale; was director of the Southern Pacific and the New York Central railroads, a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and of the

Presbyterian Hospital, the president of the Commonwealth Fund, and a member of seven New York clubs. He was just twice my age that January morning in 1926 as I read on the notice board that the Commonwealth Fund (later known as the Harkness Fund) was offering traveling fellowships to suitable candidates who wished to do postgraduate work in the United States.

Whether through ignorance or arrogance, or both, I was not much interested in this idea of studying in the United States. At that time very few people were. Nevertheless, on an idle impulse I went into the president's office for further information, was given an application form and mildly encouraged to "have a shot at it." I filled in the form. I found that I also needed some written recommendations from people who knew me. That Christmas I had been in Dublin and met AE and Lennox Robinson, so I ventured to ask them if they would be so kind as to sponsor me. They very generously did, and I have no doubt that it was solely thanks to their recommendation that I was asked to come to London for an interview. In due course, I was informed that I had been granted a fellowship valuable enough to permit me to spend two years, studying freely, in any American university which the foundation approved and to travel around the United States, in comfort, for three months.

When Whistler published his *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* he brightened the margins with little mocking signatures, his famous butterflies. As my narrative gradually progresses from inscience to awareness, I have been tempted to drop on my margins from time to time a drawing of a pealing bell, my warning bell. "Here it comes!" my little bell would say, another one of those welling-up moments whose importance I failed at the time to recognize. There might well be one of those clanging bells in my margin at this point.

When I opened and read the letter informing me that I was now a Commonwealth Fellow, I read it in total indifference. I told nobody about it for several days. The first person I told was the president's secretary, a young woman whom I very much liked and admired, and her, only because I met her by chance in the street and because she asked me eagerly if I had had any news about my application for the fellowship.

"Oh, yes!" I said, with the air of somebody recollecting a matter of small importance. "I got that thing."

Delighted at my good fortune, she clapped her hands and cried, "Isn't that absolutely marvelous? You must be feeling on top of the world!"

When I said that I supposed it was all right, it was better than nothing anyway, she went pale with fury, turned on her heel, and walked away from

me, saying over her shoulder, "You are impossible!"

At that word "impossible" I was brought face to face with the conflict in myself that I had not hitherto suspected: between the intellect and the imagination; a falsely based conflict, as I was in time to discover.

I did not think that I was being impossible. I thought I was merely in doubt. It was because I was in doubt that I had spoken to nobody about it. I felt, or feared, that with this fellowship the outer, public world, counseling study, advancement, policy, professional success, was pushing aside my inner, secret world where I wanted to live in seclusion and write, or, as I put it, to be Myself. Considering this fellowship, I felt a little like the young Joyce when he was offered by his Jesuit teachers a post in what is now University College, Dublin. I respected scholarship, especially ever since my disillusion with the romantic and woolly thinking I had met in Irish politics had begun to lead me to admire passionately every man who could think clearly, coldly, and factually. But the idea of devoting my whole life to factual thinking was another matter.

I squirm a little now at my callowness. It was not only the job that Joyce had disliked. It was also the place. Here was I, offered escape, the challenges, trials, and bright temptations of a vast, various, and different world, experiences unforeseeable, disciplines of the mind that I badly needed; and to all this I was opposing the image of the artist curled within his pearly chambered nautilus—the only cephalopod, by the way, that cannot squirt ink.

*Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!*

How could I have been, I now ask myself, so romantic, still? So unawakened?

If I was then, for all my twenty-six years, less frank-eyed about myself and the world around me than any boy ten years my junior in the streets of Chicago or New York, I think the reasons are to be found all the way back to my childhood. I was born gentle, soft, and passionate, and though I was eager and full of curiosity and had taken part in a political upheaval, I lived too much inside myself. Perhaps the chambered nautilus is not such a bad image, after all, for that side of my nature.

*Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door . . .*

A timid cephalopod, leaving behind him his pretty house on the coral beaches of Nicobar, or where I was often to admire him later, in the dusty windows of little shops on Third Avenue much frequented by

connoisseurs of conchology. Still, *Nautilus pompilius* has one virtue to which Oliver Wendell Holmes did not pay tribute. My encyclopedia informs me that he makes fairly rapid progress along the sea bottoms, propelled by his foot. I did, after all, advance, however cautiously, on the United States of America.

If, then, I was being "impossible" about the fellowship, it was not because I was being cowardly or oversoft, or because I craved privacy and autonomy as a would-be writer and feared the limiting implications of scholarship as another kind of consortium. But because my double-sided nature was equally drawn to the world of the private sensibilities and to the world of the collective intelligence, I did not yet know how to blend them both, and oversimplified by thinking I must make a clear-cut choice between them.

This conflict, false or real, is not a specifically Irish problem — it is a universal problem and as old as Adam — but it does manifest itself very clearly and painfully in Ireland and the Irish tradition. It is, I know, unscholarly to speak of the Celts in this context, but I am nevertheless going to do so, because I can say about them what I dare not say about my countrymen: that they were splendid barbarians, free-riding on the northern borders of the Roman Empire, proud and fearless as Arabs (they often fought stark-naked), sociable and hospitable men, great lovers of their wild liberty, indeed wholly admirable except for their one fatal weakness, that they never truly consorted — that is, never made a state — being unable to develop the moral sense I speak of, and so were picked off tribe by tribe by the armies of the moral Empire. In Ireland well into the seventeenth century we were still free-riding fern-men who likewise would not form a firm union. We too were, as a result, broken and reduced to helots. I had, thus, no image of effective liberty within the traditions of my own people, and when I looked beyond them to the forms of liberty of the great consortium nearest to hand, I both admired and suspected them.

Had I gained a fellowship to some English university, I might there also have come into direct contact with a new world conscious of the importance of an intellectual elite, willing to give to all its individuals, irrespective of their class, every possible facility. As it happened, I was to meet that spirit in America, the only classless, egalitarian democracy history has ever known, infinitely daring, almost recklessly inventive, garnering the brains of the world to complete the humanist and scientific ambitions of the past. There I was to begin — if only to begin — to realize that the intellect and the imagination are a single co-penetrative force. After that there was to be no further question of having to choose between two forms of creative freedom.

Perversely, Cork became more attractive to me according as the time for my departure from it approached, so that whenever I hear on the wind, nowadays, a church bell in the evening, the fragile memory it evokes, the sense of something lost forever, goes back as swift as lightning to this city of my birth at the point in time where I was, without knowing it, about to leave it forever. We must all in our house have had some third sense not merely of departure but final departure, for my father and mother now, at the last moment, evoked from me an affection that I had not given them since childhood, and on their side poured affection over me lavishly, largely no doubt because, for the first time, they had, or thought they had, reason to feel proud of me. My father kept coming to me every second day with some fresh testimony from somebody he had met to my ability, or my cleverness, hitherto unsuspected but now made apparent in this donation of a valuable fellowship. I was happy that he got so much pleasure in the end out of me who had given him so little in the beginning. My mother took an equal delight in gradually filling my brand-new cabin trunk with my brand-new trousseau, which I had the small wit to make as complicated — that is, as interesting — for her as possible.

I had bought a book on etiquette and had discovered, for instance, that the ideal shirt for tennis should be fastened between the legs to keep it from riding up and bulging out in an ungraceful fashion in the heat of the game. There was also, for some reason now lost to me, a mention of black silk shirts. Her search for these, and her explanations for their urgent necessity in Every Gentleman's Complete Outfit, must have spread my fame as an oddball in all the drapers' shops in town. (She did not succeed in buying a black silk shirt.) I sent her off after visiting cards, dress shirts with American-style collars attached, a special and hitherto unheard-of kind of expanding cuff link, patent-leather pumps, silk under-trunks, riding gloves with cord-woven palms, white woolen socks for squash, Ascot-type cravats for wearing with my dressing gown at breakfast. She was both shocked and enchanted by my needs. I did not dare to ask her to inquire after an opera hat, collapsible. I did ask one hatter, pretending I wanted it for a fancy-dress party. He said, "I know what you mean, but I don't stock 'em, and if I did dere isn't anyone in dis city would know what dey're for." I may add that in due course I did play tennis and squash, learned to ride, rowed sculls on the Charles, and went in tails to the theater, the symphony and opera, though not, alas, in a tall hat (collapsible), to see — how old it makes me feel! — Ruth St. Denis dance and Duse act, and to hear Chaliapin sing.

I think my father touched the peak of his pride

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in me the day I told him, rather sheepishly, that I had been summoned to London, with all the other Fellows, to be presented in Saint James's Palace to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VIII, now the Duke of Windsor, at the time the Patron of the Commonwealth Fund. Over and over, on my return, I had to tell him about Saint James's, about the equerries, about H.R.H. ("The grandson," he said in sad recall, "of King Edward VII, whose head is on my constabulary medal!").

There was only one detail that I suppressed, the dry, this-may-take-you-down-a-peg comment of one of the equerries that just before we scholars arrived, the Master Bakers of Nottingham had been presented to H.R.H., bearing — on their shoulders? — a six-foot-high cake. "Damn nuisance some of these gifts! The cellars are full of boars' heads, elephant tusks, lions' hides, frightful oil paintings from the four corners of the world, and we have to keep every one of 'em. Never know when the damn fool who gave them may turn up again and inquire after his tusk or his hide." I did retail how cross the Queen Mother was the day she spotted this same young equerry's tennis shoes, freshly pipe-cleaned, drying on a windowsill of the palace. "My batman took the blame. Sacked! I got him another job, of course. But is she a Tartar!"

My father thoroughly approved of the Tartar.

"Take note of it," he said. "If you are ever asked to stay in a rich house, never put your boots on the windowsill. That's the spirit that made the Empire!" He looked at me sharply. "You didn't say anything, I hope?"

It was unkind of me; but we had been over this ground half a dozen times, and I was bored with it, so I said, "Well, he did ask me what I had been doing before I got the fellowship."

"What did you say?" he asked anxiously.

"I said I had been in the Irish Army." I waited for him to blench. "I didn't say which army. And he had no time to ask, because then it was my turn to walk up the twenty-five yards of red carpet to the Prince standing at the end of it."

"You foolish boy!" he moaned. "You might have lost the fellowship!"

"Why? After all, there is such a thing as the Irish Army."

"The Irish — ? Oh, *that*!" and he walked off in disgust at the idea of a Fellow who had been out with the I.R.A. being presented to the grandson of H.M. Edward VII.

THAT day at Saint James's Palace was the first time I mingled with my counterparts, and the last time I met them on their home ground. The

experience was both disturbing and exhilarating. Those twenty-odd Fellows, from universities all over Britain — I was the only Irishman — depressed me at first for a reason that I could not have foreseen. Their poise, their polish, their techniques, their name-dropping, their social probes into one another's background, their skill at what might nowadays be called Upmanship, even their real or pretended maturity, I could take for granted. We all had read of, met, or observed enough British-trained Anglo-Irish to recognize an old and rather boring pattern. What I did find disturbing was their cool way of regarding the fellowship purely as a financial subsidy for continuing their private studies for two years, with, as they considered, the regrettable proviso that these studies must be pursued in America. Their eyes were so firmly fixed on the home groove that to them this two-year trip to the United States was, apart from the financial subsidy, a cul-de-sac. They had no wish to escape; quite the contrary. They did not anticipate any experiences in the United States that they could not overmatch in Britain or on the Continent. What troubled me was not that this was part of the effortless superiority of a master race looking down at America; it wasn't — it was the normal attitude of all young Britishers of their class at that date, contentedly aware that there was adequate opportunity for them at home, making straight and hard for their fixed goals.

Listening to them bandying all those names of colleges, tutors, professors, posts in the universities, industry, banking, even the Church, prophesying where Tom would go or recording where Bill had already got to, their minds moving smoothly over a network of opportunity, I thought back to Ballinasloe, and Ennis, and to my one and only, and extremely doubtful, groove in University College, Cork, and it came as a shock to me that by comparison Ireland could offer to men like me at most only an isolated opportunity here, and another there, many miles and many years apart. But after this first painful shock of revelation I began to get an exhilarating feeling, quite effortlessly I may say, and all my own, from the thought that if I was not grooved I was different, I was out on my own, I was challenging life in a way that they had never known and never would know.

One of them probed me delicately about my school. I told him all about my grim-happy Lancasterian National School in Cork, its battered desks, its crowded rooms and malodorous jakes, my barefooted companions, Sloppy Dan with his swinging leather, the glass falling from the clerestory when the ball game was being played with tightly rolled-up balls of paper in the gravelly yard outside. He then probed about my college, and I enlarged eloquently on old Professor Stockley, "The only

living professor of English who can write sentences without verbs"; on Feathery Ellen, the professor of education who banned Joyce's *Portrait*; on my professor of Old Irish, a poet and a charming little man, who used to write the Sanskrit roots on the blackboard from cards in his hand because he knew no philology, no Sanskrit, and very little Old Irish. As I talked others gathered around me. Gradually they all fell silent, their mouths as hang-jawed as pelicans'. When, finally, I told them I had been with the I.R.A. for several years, they stared at me at first in disbelief, then in confusion, admiration, liking, and at last, I believed, in plain envy. It was as if behind an old school tie and the mild exterior of, at least, another future don, they had suddenly discovered Mr. Brendan Behan.

As we rose to leave I said: "See you fellows in America! If you ever get into trouble there ring me up. I have an uncle who is chief of police in Chicago and a cousin who is the best ward boss in Boston."

I never did that again. It was too easy and (with all respect and affection for my friends who do it) too near to the stage Irishman. And funny poses do not cut fine grooves.

In turn, those Fellows aroused envy in me when I found that they had all been traveling in Europe in their summer teens while I had been sitting under dripping hedges in West Cork, talking Irish to old men with mouths full of bad teeth and minds full of primordial memories. One Fellow had been as far as Istanbul; another talked glowingly of Zagreb; another, an architect, had pursued Byzantium from Venice to Thessaly; while I had not even touched the shores of Europe, and the only foreign language I had heard spoken by a native was English. In America, I now knew, I could make up for lost time in other ways: scholarship, sport, the arts, the Full Life.

Before I went there I decided that I must make some gesture toward this one large gap in my experience. On my return to Cork from London I tried to make up a little travel party. It came down in the end to Eileen, the girl I hoped to marry, Frank O'Connor, and myself, and we almost did just touch the shores of Europe. We went to Bruges.

We stayed in a little inn called, in Flemish, the Flemish Lion, at Damme, a hamlet about four miles up the canal to the sea. One of the charms of Bruges, as of Ravenna or of Aiguesmortes, is that it has been, in the literal sense, left behind by the tide — so far that the site of the famous offshore naval Battle of Sluys, where the English beat the French in 1340, is today green grass beside this canal that now joins Bruges to the sea. There for a week we swam as deep as skin divers in our first pool of foreignness, feeling everything, seeing nothing,

far too mesmerized by the strangeness of this sensual experience for so cool and clear a sense as sight. O'Connor was not there an hour before he revealed, in his usual spontaneous way, his own secret image of the Full Life. He bought an enormous-brimmed black poet's hat — to my intense envy, because once he had done so I could not do it, any more than a lady can buy a frock identical to one she has envied on another. He put it on, sat in an outdoor café, and sank into a blissful coma of narcissism, immobile as a waxwork the livelong day. We saw so little of him in Bruges that I should not be surprised if he spent his entire holiday immobile in that café. It was not such a bad way to spend a holiday. How often in later years have I not spent days and days in Rome or Paris — once I had got the monuments and museums off my conscience — just sitting in a café in a boulevard, or a piazza, or on the Via Veneto, watching the passing crowds, or lying on the brushed and combed sands of the Lido, gazing for hours at the blue of the sea or the sky.

Otherwise, we cycled into the adjoining piece of Zeeland formed by the estuary of the Schelde, in order to be able at least to say that we had been in Holland, or out to the long beaches of the popular Belgian resorts around Blankenberghe and Heyst. As dazed as a boy after his first kiss, I brought away from Bruges itself only a few startled visions: the great belfry when the chimes rang out, the silence of the Quai de Rosaire, the tomb of Charles the Bold, a few anonymous Gothic outlines kissed by the early morning or by the late moon.

EILEEN and I then counted up our few remaining pounds and shillings and declared that we must go to Paris, even if only for a few days. O'Connor either could not afford it or did not wish to come, so we set off alone, indifferent to such unimportant things as comfort and meals, for our first smell of Paris — as unforgettable as the scent of old cottage roses, verbena after rain, or apples in hay — of the Bois at night, the deep Seine, the subways, cheap state-monopoly tobacco, and that happily inimitable smell of French water closets, largely eau de Javelle and garlic, that makes them as indigenous a part of the French tradition as Pascal or Voltaire. We wandered, as happy as only first-run tourists can be, hand in hand around the quays, the island, the old city; saw our first play at the Comédie Française; took our first vast, intoxicated, undifferentiating, overgorged gulp of the seemingly endless Louvre; though for me, who had read every novel I could find about the Revolution, the most impressive building in Paris — and I think it may be this for anybody — was the Conciergerie, in

whose cold stones all the coldness of the Terror still lives as if preserved on ice forever. That alone made Paris worth every discomfort.

Social manners have become much more relaxed since those days even of the expansive twenties. I was in my twenty-sixth year, ardent and romantic. Eileen, with her high coloring, brown eyes, and black hair, was like a rose with the sultry yet brilliant effect of a dark-red rhododendron. Anybody hearing that such a young man had gone to Paris alone with such a girl would then have raised at least an inquiring eyebrow; today, perhaps, add an indulgent smile. I must admit that if today I had a son or daughter wandering in Paris in like circumstances my eyebrows might shoot up under my hair at once — until I bethought myself of myself at that time. We were as innocent as the morning star that Lampedusa so exquisitely describes in *Il Gattopardo* as “hanging like a peeled grape” in the dawn sky over the dews of Sicily. Our days were as candid, in the true and original sense of that gleaming word. It sometimes amuses me now to remember that the Left Bank was then full of Americans in temporary exile whooping it up in ways often far from candid, in any sense of the word; to wonder what on earth they would have thought of us two the night we went to the Grand Guignol. There Eileen became so terrified — how wonderful to be able to be terrified by a make-believe! — that she said, as we trudged home at midnight (no money for taxis, and we would not have wasted a sou on a bus, supposing we had known what bus to take), “I know I won’t sleep tonight; will you sleep with me?”, which, we both knew, meant that I might in all candor lie by her to comfort her. When we got back to our obscure hotel we agreed that if she were troubled during the night by red visions of blood and knives and old women screaming in madhouses, she would knock at the wall of our adjoining rooms, and I would come in to her for a while. If, now, I have any of those momentary doubts about young people going off alone, I have only to remind myself of those blissful, disembodied days spent wandering in wonderment through Paris long after the morning star became the evening star to bejewel the pink-dark sky of the City of Cities.

Such was the youth — turned twenty-six, but surely still a youth — who pushed off late one night that September in the tender chugging out from Cobh to a liner anchored far out in the bay under a full moon. Its long lines of portholes were bright. White specks of seagulls swung over its masts. As we approached it we began to hear the ship’s band that had come out on deck to welcome us. Two girls on the tender by me melted into a soft weeping at the tune floating across the still water. It was “Come Back to Erin.” They would never see Ire-

land again. My own feelings as I heard it gave me a shock. I found that I was hearing it with a savage pleasure at its ineptitude, all my latent disillusion with Ireland, with life in general, welling up in a sudden, bitter satisfaction at yet another instance of human stupidity.

A young friend, who had not shared as deeply as I had in the bright dream or the sad disillusion of the Troubles, had come out on the tender with me. He said, “I hope, Sean, you won’t be too homesick in the States.”

“For Ireland?” I asked bitterly. “I don’t care if I never see the bloody place again.”

He was shocked. “How can you say such a thing?” he cried. “Look at how lovely it is, especially now, in this moon. Look at the hills, look at the bay, you’ll be dreaming of them, man! You’ll be weeping tears of blood to get back to them.”

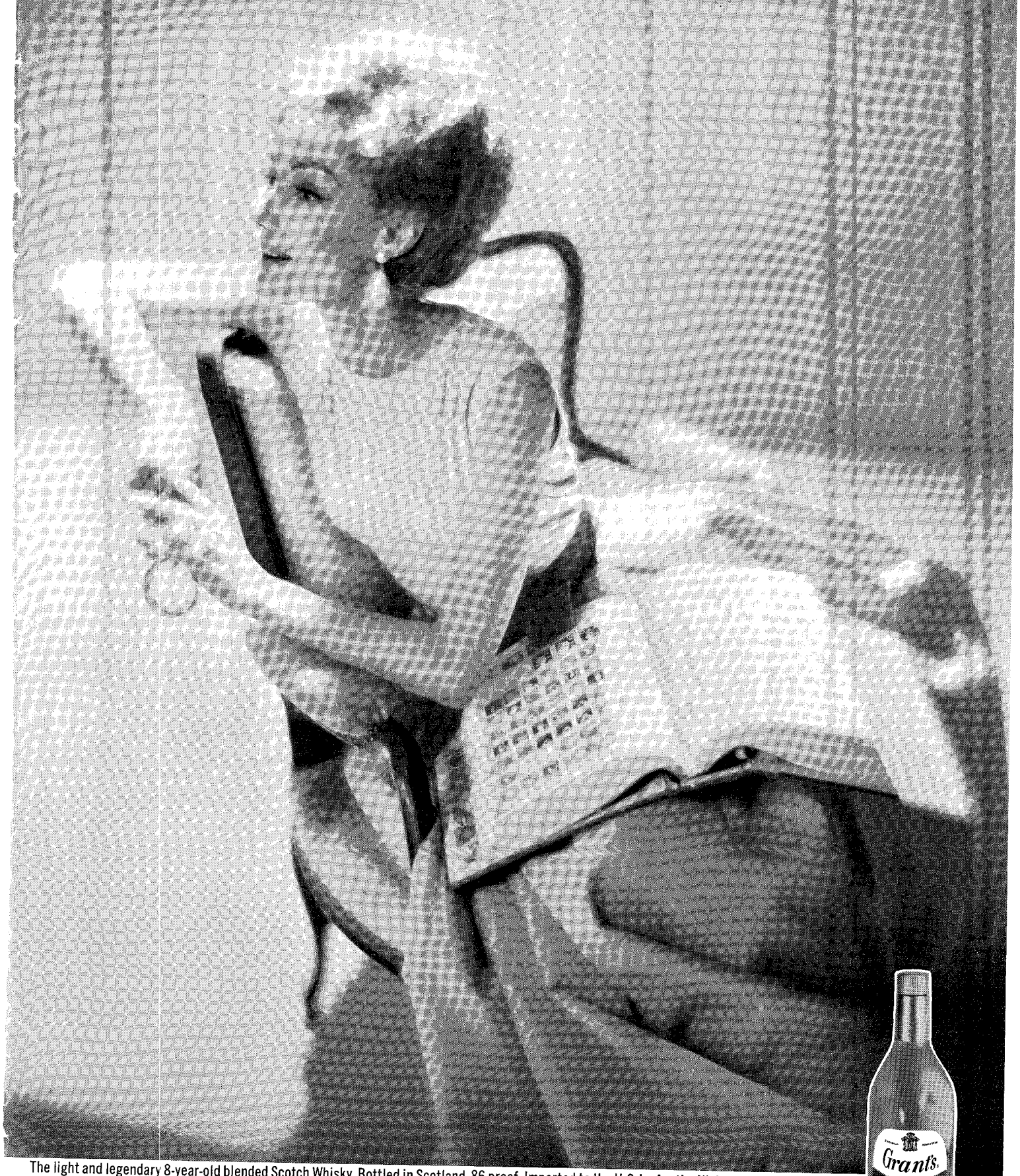
“Nonsense!” I laughed. “What is Ireland but a country of grasping peasants? Yeats is right. ‘Romantic Ireland’s dead and gone, ’tis with O’Leary in the grave.’ And ‘Paudeen grubbing for his greasy pence.’ No, son! It’s finished for me. Forever!”

I thought of him more than once in the year that followed when I would lie awake at night thinking of that moon-white bay.

IN Cambridge, I took lodgings at Number 48 Irving Street, a quiet, dusty, undistinguished suburban side street wholly devoted to students’ lodging houses, as was plain to be seen every night by the number of green-shaded reading lamps staining the dusk of every window; every morning by the number of milk bottles deposited with a diffident jingle on every porch; and every Saturday and Sunday morning by the line of exhausted-looking jolopies waiting along the sidewalks.

Two other Commonwealth Fellows joined me at Number 48. One was a lean, bouncy Scottish physicist named George Bull, an ex-army man, a born mixer, and a splendid cusser in broad Scots, who always walked as if he were swinging along in a kilt to the nearest pub. Bull liked his beer, so his encounters with Prohibition used up a lot of his cussing power. He was a keen amateur violinist, so we naturally called him Ole Bull. The other man was Frank Chambers, a handsome, dark, indolent-eyed architect, as big and slow as a black bear, though not quite as formidable: he was a very gentle creature. He later gave up architecture for political history, is now Senior Lecturer at the London School of Economics and Political Science, and is probably best known for his book *This Age of Conflict*, a study of the political and military history of the West from 1914 to the present day. These two were somewhat older than I, both serious-minded students, and al-

as long as you're up get me a Grant's



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though Ole Bull had his occasional outbursts of Celtic revolt, it is honest recording to say that the three of us lived at Number 48 like three monks boarded out from Harvard Abbey. Each had his one room, his narrow bed, his one armchair, his pinewood office desk, his chest of drawers (called "bureau" in American), and on his bureau — as, I suppose, on every bureau within a square mile of Harvard Yard — his one, unmonkish icon: his smiling girl waiting for him back at home.

Within days my routine was in accord with my simple lodgings. The first thing I bought was an alarm clock, then a teapot, one cup, saucer, plate, spoon, knife, and fork, tea towels, and paper napkins from the five-and-ten, to make breakfast and afternoon tea and, if I had no lectures, or if it was snowing badly, a snack lunch. Every morning, including Sundays, my clock buzzed me awake at seven. After breakfast I worked until nine, went to my tiny carrel in Widener Library, or to a lecture, and I was back again in my cage in Widener until dinner time. Each day I squeezed in a fast bout of exercise. I tried rowing on the Charles but found that it took too long. I tried swimming but found that it was not strenuous enough. In the end I found that I could lose the most sweat in the shortest time on the squash courts. After dinner, mostly in some steamy, noisy, students' cafeteria — we all loathed these places but could not afford better — I either went back once more to Widener or returned home to Number 48, there to add my green lamp to the thousands of other green lamps all about me, many of them burning, like green eyes, into the small hours of the morning.

I fell completely in love with this ascetic life, for a rather crass reason. It gave me the feeling that I was sharing in Harvard's special and perhaps unique reflection of the New England Puritan tradition — high-minded and self-denying, lean-limbed and stout-hearted, privileged yet responsible, hierarchical and leisured, sometimes boringly jaunty but always chock-full of character, never vulgar, often fastidious, and if Harvard was not exactly a liberal institution (I cannot imagine any university in America being called, like Oxford, the Home of Lost Causes), it was not bigoted, or mean, or parochial, or shut-minded. I felt I was imbibing the finest wine of old Boston's mandarinism as I had been induced to imagine it by such men as Emerson and Thoreau and William Dean Howells, but especially by those three great Harvardians, Henry Adams, William and Henry James.

This pleasant illusion faded only when I discovered that what I was really admiring in Harvard was not Boston but Berlin. I could not have known that all over America, from coast to coast, other students of the humanities were living very similar lives under the same Germanic academic influence:

devotedly earnest, pedantically specialized, fanatically rationalist, emotionally arid, fundamentally anti-aesthetic. But I could have seen, and did gradually come to see, that literature in Harvard at the graduate level meant chiefly philology; as all over America it now means critical analysis. I know no Harvard professor of the twenties, except Irving Babbitt, who realized that plays, poetry, or novels had ever been written at a higher temperature than an icebox. If I am right in this, it is not surprising that the book which then presented the ideal approach to literature was John Livingston Lowes's *The Road to Xanadu*, an exotic piece of scholarly bravura where every line of "Khubla Khan" is traced to its source and all the wild wonder of the poem annihilated. ("Our most accomplished sleuth," Babbitt called Lowes.) Perhaps I came at a bad time: too late for Santayana, Whitey and Foster Damon, too soon for F. O. Matthiessen and Theodore Spencer (both in the graduate school with me in '26), for Harry Levin, Kenneth Murdock, and Archibald MacLeish — and Alfred North Whitehead was not teaching while I was there — too soon, above all, to escape the powerful and, I now feel, baleful influence of that devouring old lion of the humanities in Harvard for some forty years, George Lyman Kittredge.

Like everybody else who sat under him, I never failed to be entranced by Kitty's lucid brain, and depressed to find him invariably remote from his students, to whom he always gave the impression that he regarded everybody under fifty as little better than a schoolboy. I do not doubt that among his colleagues he must often have expanded; I never once saw him do so in class, and as well as attending all his lectures in the Beowulf course — which were of a deadly dullness — I dropped as often as I could into his other classes simply for the joy of seeing that lovely brain and that faultless memory working as smoothly as a precision instrument.

I have often, since then, heard it proposed that the reason why Kittredge and his colleagues persisted in the grim Ph.D. regime that they imposed on their students — it meant at least two grueling years of linguistic or philological studies, and one, two, or more years on a thesis of the most pedantically concentrated nature — was not only because they had been trained that way themselves in Berlin, or Munich, or Heidelberg, but because they felt that very few, if any, of their students had enough background or brains to be anything but useful language teachers. If there ever was any validity in this idea it could, surely, refer only to the sort of pioneer or backwoods America which they had known in their boyhood. Certainly, by the twenties, when Kitty's patriarchal beard and leonine mane were white as snow, this argument of des-

pair was fast losing any such validity as it may ever have had. It was nothing but blind militarism to have subjected men like Matthiessen, or Spencer, or Ernest Simmons to this (for them, pointless) discipline: men who were cut out to be, and proved themselves to be, perceptive and inspiring literary critics as well as sound scholars.

Over the years I have canvassed the opinions of others who knew Kittredge. The general feeling is that his mind was assimilative rather than original: he had, that is, amassed an encyclopedic knowledge of a certain orthodox combination of subjects, and never forgotten one jot of it. All pay tribute to his domineering personality. He built up what Babbitt called the Philological Syndicate in Harvard, which he was also able to control indirectly in other universities throughout the United States. On the verbal precision of his mind everybody is admiringly agreed; as most are about his behavior as a crotchety martinet in the classroom. No present-day student, one feels, would put up with his petty despotism.

NEVERTHELESS, I fell in love with Harvard that September of 1926, all unknowing, uncritical, happily deceived. Still, such after all is the way of love, and by the time I saw through my love, undeceived, I had learned at least one thing well worth the experience — the difference between imaginative and unimaginative scholarship.

The nature of the thing-in-itself, as a discipline or as an abstract virtue, I learned, apart from all question of its use and abuse, in my first fifteen seconds at Harvard. One single sentence did it, spoken by my adviser in studies, Frederic Norris Robinson, whom we all affectionately called either Fritz or Robby, a distinguished Chaucerian with a sound knowledge of early English and Celtic philology. He uttered it after I had outlined to him the project I proposed to work on while at Harvard. This ingenious project was to have been "The Possible Influence of Old Irish Verse on Anglo-Saxon Metrics," which was exactly the sort of damn-fool project that young would-be scholars then loved to dream about o' nights — until somebody like Robby taught them the elements of common sense.

Fritz, who, over forty or fifty years of study in medieval history, literature, and linguistics, had gathered more than a few facts about the places and centuries I proposed to deal with, listened patiently, and I may now well think quizzically, as I eagerly told him all about Iona and Lindisfarne, about the Celtic missionaries who had founded them, and about their possible (I said probable) influence on Northumbrian letters, pointing out to him that Caedmon (whom I regret to say I called "the

Father of English Song") had actually lived and worked in Whitby, which (I explained to Fritz) was a foundation, part hermitage, part monastery, that had grown up in the wake of those Irish missionaries. Having then given Fritz a little lecture on the nature of Irish metrics and of Anglo-Saxon metrics, and declared finally that "nothing would have been easier" than for the Irish verse mode to have influenced the Anglo-Saxon verse mode, I leaned back and awaited his approval.

For a few moments, Fritz, impassive as a bonze, breathing heavily, pipe-puffing, said nothing. Then, very slowly, in his pleasant double-bass, double-chinned, port-winey voice, he uttered *the* sentence. "Well," he said, "it might be worthwhile . . . to spend two or three years on it . . . just to see . . . if there is anything in it."

It is a sentence that every neophyte might well hang over his bed and look at long and ponderingly every time he feels himself about to give birth to a bright idea. I have timed the sentence many times, and if I speak it slowly and breathingly, as Fritz did, it always takes fifteen seconds. Each time it sinks into my bowels like a very, very cold drink. If you care to pour it out rapidly and stir it briskly you will get Instant Harvard, vintage 1926, *very* dry.

I duly attended the classes recommended by Fritz. They were gruelers, especially his own, since there were only two students in each, myself and Ernie Simmons. I got an A in my courses. I grew a small beard. I bought a Model T Ford second-hand. And I ultimately got an A.M. in what the authorities called, in kindness, comparative philology, which it was not. To achieve even this little I worked as I never worked before or since, and while it lasted I felt as happy and as immortal as a student; for Edward Thomas was right when he said of Oxford that to a student life is forever. My happiness lasted until I found about the middle of my second term that the factual stocks I had accumulated with so much effort during my first term were already disappearing as slowly and surely as whiskey in an uncorked bottle.

IT is easy to make friends in hospitable Boston. I began with a letter of introduction, brought with me from Ireland, addressed to Albert Kennedy, South End House, Union Park. I found the place with some difficulty. The house turned out to be a settlement house; tall, red brick, sedate, Victorian, one of about thirty others like it. The park was a railed-off, neglected subcity square. The surrounding quarter was more than seedy: it was Boston's juiciest Skid Row, a rundown complex of old-time oblongs, polygons, circles, rhomboids, triangles, and elongated ovals crossed or connected by long grimy

streets. I found this geometrical paradise for drunks and dope addicts so confusing that even after I had lived there for a year as a settlement worker I was always getting lost even by day, and I can testify that nobody knew the way around there after dark except the ancient drink- or dope-filled residents, the overworked priests of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, the cops, and daring explorers accompanied by talking dogs.

Here Kennedy ran his settlement house. This he crisply defined on our first meeting as "an institution designed to fill in the educational gaps of a given geographical area." It was typical of him to be so practical, and so wrong. I took to him immediately. He was a handsome man with a ready laugh, who looked as if he could have been a parson. In fact, he could not have been; he might have been; and he had hoped to be before he abandoned the seminary for a more humanitarian vocation. I liked his quick mind, his wry humor, and the impeccable craftsman's taste with which he had transformed so much of the interior of this ugly old house into a pleasing sequence of livable and even elegant rooms.

At Harvard I was a backslider and a secret sinner, just barely hanging on to my learned studies. (I had this out with Fritz Robinson, explaining that my real interest was in literature and that I now proposed to try Project Two: an examination of Yeats's philosophy. He agreed to it as skeptically as he had agreed to Project One.) I had written a long letter to Eileen telling her that if she did not come out and join me in America, where, perhaps, we might ultimately decide to live, I would chuck everything and return to Ireland. Her reply also awaited me: I was quite crazy, but she would join me. I did not write about any of this to the Commonwealth people in London. It was so far none of their business. Anyway, what could I have written except: "I want my girl here beside me. Please say you approve of us both"?

The brief spring burst into summer. As I awaited it I not only wrote on at "Fugue," my story of danger, flight, and love, but began to jot down images, characters, and scenes for a novel to be set among the streams, reedy fields, and small villages of County Limerick and among the little side streets of Cork. I was like every man who is at once allured and troubled by his youthful experiences, especially all those attached to his memories of his first home; not, I think, that those memories press us to examine our image of home, but that the thought of home always presses us to examine our image of ourselves. It has happened to novelists from Grenoble, Paris, Oxford in Mississippi, away up in Michigan, Dublin, Gopher Prairie, Dorset, Terre Haute, Rouen — the examples are endless. So, that July of 1927, when I read with horror one morning

that one of the ablest young ministers of the new Irish government, Kevin O'Higgins, had been assassinated in Dublin, I said, "This finishes Ireland for me!" — and went on writing about it more excitedly than ever before.

A painter has to have models. Sometimes he loves them. Sometimes all he can stand is the sight of them. But he has to have them.

EILEEN came off the liner from Cobh that August, as brown as a berry and looking very much a girl of the twenties, cloche hat, boyish hairstyle, straight jacket, short skirt.

I said, "That hat is like an upside-down saucepan."

She looked at my Debussy-Edward VII beard and said, "That's awful, it makes you look like Landru the multiple murderer."

After which, I am convinced, she just refused to recognize its existence. (Every woman has an unchangeable image of the man she loves. He may age, grow bald, dye his hair green. She still sees him as she first knew him. Later, when I shaved off my beard, she did not observe the fact until I drew her attention to it.) She was delighted when a social worker, female, circled slowly about us and then, with a crooked look at me, asked her if she needed guidance. Having assured the kind lady that I was not a white slaver, I bundled Eileen into the Model T and drove her off with what dignity was left to me to settle ourselves into our quarters in South End Settlement House forthwith — which was a mistake, as I could see by the astonished look on her face as we drove through one seamy street after another. I had, of course, tried in my letters to forewarn her what to expect. All the same, it was something of a shock for a girl straight from the green hills of Cork to be lobbed without transition into the heart of Skid Row. If I had had any sense, I would have first driven her up to the Hill for lunch at the Bellevue, and then carried the Common and the Public Garden with us down to the South End. However, a day's shopping revealed the more elegant side of Boston; and we drove the next day down to the sea, where the Kennedys had invited us for the weekend. After that we had the old Model T and were able to explore the nearby countryside together, and so relate things to things in proper proportion.

In the fall, having come too late to get a teaching job, she manfully set out to train herself as a secretary, helping in between, as I did, with the work of the settlement house — typing, taking neighborhood kids to poetry readings, rehearsing a play, or driving newly arrived immigrants and their young out of the city for a few hours of fresher air. I loved

Parents' examples are teaching nutrition ideas to their children; results are not always good

CHILDREN DEVELOP MANY of their habits by observing what their parents do. Thus those parents who start the day with no breakfast or with merely a cup of coffee should expect difficulties in convincing their children that a good breakfast starts the day right. Parents who order their children to drink their milk because "it is good for you" or because "it will make you big and strong"—but who avoid milk drinking themselves—are setting examples that might build problems for the future.

Good nutrition practices suggest that, except for infants and those who may have health problems under treatment by physicians, family meal planning should provide a wide variety of foods. Quantities must vary, of course, and parents who serve portions of food to their families must keep in mind that, while a teen-age son may seem to have a bottomless pit for a stomach, a teen-age girl's growth rate and physical activity level may demand a lower food consumption rate. Yet the basic point is that planning meals and getting the right kinds of nutrients into younger members of the family will usually be easier if the entire family follows a similar pattern.

DAILY FOOD GUIDE IS VERY HELPFUL

Nutritionists, after reviewing what has been learned about human nutrient requirements and after taking into consideration the variety of foods available to Americans, have come up with a very simple but effective Daily Food Guide. This suggests selections of foods from four major groupings to provide the foundation for a well balanced diet. Other foods then may be added to provide adequate calorie intake. The four major groups are: (1) Milk and Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads.

See the instructions below for ordering your copy of the complete Daily Food Guide, but here is an example of how and why the selections are made from one of the groups:

Milk and Other Dairy Foods: The Guide suggests 3-4 glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers, 2 glasses daily for adults (or the equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream).

Milk is important for adults as well as younger members of the family because milk is a good source of high quality protein that provides the amino acids needed for body tissue development and repair; calcium which is essential for the development of bones and teeth, for proper functioning of nerves and muscles, and for normal clotting of blood; riboflavin which is vital in the body's metabolism; vitamin A which helps prevent night blindness and is involved in skin health; and other vitamins and minerals.

For a moderately active adult man two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide 10-15% of his recommended daily calorie allowance; for an adult woman about 14-20% of her calories. For teen-age boys 4 glasses of milk supply 18-22% of calories, and for teen-age girls 4 glasses of milk provide 25-30% of calories. We refer to milk's calories as "armored calories" because, unlike "empty calories" which supply only fuel for energy, milk provides many other essential nutrients besides calories at a comparatively low cost in calories.

CHILDREN WILL DO AS YOU DO, NOT AS YOU SAY

Parental authority in early years may be sufficient to insist that the children follow food patterns substantially different from those of the adults, but, if parents insist on a "do as I say, not as I do" approach to teaching their children, the adolescents are likely to react much more strongly against good food eating habits when they reach the age at which they are allowed more freedom of choice. On the other hand, if parents are following the Daily Food Guide as a pattern for family meals, then the consumption of milk and other dairy foods, for example, becomes a family eating pattern, rather than an act expected from children alone.

Parents who adopt foolish attitudes toward foods can easily lead their children into equally bad habits. There are adult women who shun milk because they think it is fattening. Milk actually is an excellent food for those concerned about weight control because milk provides a variety of essential nutrients. In many cases, if those nutrients were to be obtained in other foods, the calorie cost could be much higher than it is in milk. Thus, avoiding milk because of misconceptions about how many calories it has could result in depriving a person of adequate amounts of other important nutrients in milk.

Parents should try to understand how a well balanced diet—balanced in terms of providing nutrients and adequate, but not too many, calories for each individual—can contribute to good health. Diet, of course, is only one of the factors determining the state of health of an individual, but what we eat is very important. A well balanced diet can also be a varied and an enjoyable diet, thanks to the great abundance and variety of foods available to Americans at a reasonable cost. Parents will do well to follow the Daily Food Guide in planning meals for the entire family.

For more information about the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

a message from dairy farmer members of



american dairy association

these outings, especially with the Syrians, sitting amongst them on the grass of some outlying park, talking about Damascus or Aleppo, or about Cork, Dublin, and Ireland.

I found that living in the middle of Boston made life much less cliquey and cloistered. We met a much wider variety of people. We felt close to the problems and preoccupations of the whole country — it was Coolidge's last year as President, and the Hoover-Al Smith contest was just starting. For the first time I felt reasonably metropolitan. We were so lucky as to get two half-tickets — that is, tickets for alternate weeks — for the symphony; able to go at our ease to concerts of chamber music and to occasional recitals, drop in casually to the galleries of an idle afternoon, or run down to the wharves for a cup of orange pekoe among the smells of gasoline and fish, or, for a special occasion, count up our dollars and dine out.

When one is content it takes such a small bonus to brim over into active happiness. A skating party on the Charles could do it; a Sunday breakfast party in a friend's apartment after Mass at the Cathedral; a few days skiing with some of the Fellows in New Hampshire; a glass of muscatel after the symphony in another friendly house; even one open door at Christmas in Louisburg Square, where every railing was white on the windy side and every candlelit window glinted on Aristides' cap of snow. And every day I had Harvard and the Widener Library. I was free of philology. I was studying German, an essential for a master's degree. I was listening in on Babbitt's antiromanticism, which I always found lively and entertaining, and in retrospect think just a little odd. I found that he had had T. S. Eliot as a student. He said he considered him "a poor student," which — if Babbitt meant "student" as disciple — one might be reasonably certain that Eliot was, even without the warm wording of his tribute to his old teacher: "To have once been a pupil of Babbitt's was to remain always in that position, and to be grateful for (in my case) a very much qualified approval." Meanwhile, I went on pursuing my researches into Yeats's philosophy. About this Fritz Robinson was to prove right again. There really wasn't "anything in it." Yeats's "philosophy" is a more or less fortuitous concourse of exciting impressions and ideas pouring into his tower like the golden sunbeams of Zeus impregnating Danaë. His "thinking" is inseparable from his poems. Does one listen to Mozart for his body of thought?

One thing astounds me as I look back at that year of 1927, and the year after it, and the year after that again — our utter improvidence. We had decided to get married in June of 1928, when my fellowship was due to run out. I had no prospect of a job, and Eileen had no certainty of one either (she did,

fortunately, the following spring, bespeak a teaching job for 1928–1929 in an interesting progressive school). The most I could expect to have in the bank that June was about fifteen hundred dollars, which I was in duty bound, as a Fellow, to spend on travel in the States, and which I fully intended so to spend on a two-month honeymoon.

WE GOT married as secretively as if we were runaway lovers, very early on the morning of June 3, 1928, at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. It is a big place, and it was empty. The young priest was one Father Harry O'Connor. The only witnesses were the chapel woman, Mary Murphy, and the sacristan, Michael Sullivan. The fee was only ten dollars. We drove from the cathedral to Cambridge, to a tiny restaurant on Brattle Street, where we sat in a booth with our one close confidant, Ernie Simmons, who acted like an amused nonagenarian shepherding two teen-agers out into the vast, sunbaked continent of life, and of the United States, across the double stream of students coming and going across Harvard Square from nine o'clock and to ten o'clock lectures. We were quite silent until we had left the city behind us, and then, on an impulse, I stopped the car. I looked at my wife, she looked at me, and we both burst out laughing. "I feel," each of us said, with one voice, "so happy!" We sat there for a while, staring first in laughing, then in silent, wonderment at one another under this blossoming tree of happiness that had grown about us as husband and wife. Then, too full of joy to speak, we drove on, south and south, in the sunlight of the gods.

I remember, above all, the apple orchard on a hilltop outside Taos, where we camped for two weeks with the Rio Grande at our feet and the Rockies before us, in all their ominous splendor, that, one evening, did something very strange and final to us both. We were lying outside our tent, side by side, entirely relaxed and at our ease, watching the sun set behind the distant mountains. When it had sunk behind them and the light slowly grew cold and dim, we began to talk about a thing we had often discussed during our travelings: could we live in this country always? As we talked I suddenly became aware that, by a trick of the light, a last cutoff peak seemed to stand up quite bare and quite alone across the plateau beneath us. The vast range had otherwise withdrawn itself like mountains in a vision; there was not a soul in sight; the dusk was absolutely silent. Even we were oppressed by the silence and ceased talking. There wasn't even the least cry of a bird. It was an immeasurable night. And it wasn't in the least bit impressive, because if those mountains had asso-

ciations, we did not know them, if history — that is, if some sort of purposeful life, other than that of missionaries or explorers — ever trod this vastness, it had left no vibrations for either of us.

There in the darkness we made up our minds. We belonged to an old, small, intimate, and much-trodden country, where every field, every path, every ruin had its memories, where every last corner had its story. We decided that we could only live in Europe, and in Ireland. Next morning we started on the first leg of the Long Voyage Home.

But to what? I thought a lot that night of what Henry James had said some fifty years before in the course of his famous lament about the shortcomings of life in Nathaniel Hawthorne's New England, and as I recalled it, I wondered about Old Ireland. Here is part of the passage I was remembering that night as I lay in my camp bed:

The flower of art blooms only where the soil is deep, and it takes a great deal of history to produce a little literature, and it needs a complex social machinery to set a writer in motion. . . . If one desires to enter as closely as possible into Hawthorne's situation, one must endeavor to reproduce his circumstances. We are struck with the large number of elements that are absent from them, and the coldness, the thinness, the blankness present themselves so vividly that our foremost feeling is that of compassion for a romancer looking for subjects in such a field. It takes so many things, as Hawthorne must have felt later in life when he made the acquaintance of the denser, richer, warmer European spectacle — it takes such an accumulation of history and custom, such a complexity of manners and types, to form a fund of suggestion for a novelist.

At first thought this may seem quite unapplicable to Ireland. And yet — ? A complex social machinery? Would I find that in Ireland? If I were Anglo-Irish, like, say, Sheridan, Goldsmith, George Moore, Somerville and Ross, Wilde, or Shaw, and if, unlike all these, except Somerville and Ross, I had lived in Ireland, I would certainly have found a complex social life in the Ireland of their origin and their day. But since their day, a great leveling had begun in Ireland, and I was, though town-born, of the poor peasant stock that was mainly responsible for this modern leveling. All the people I had grown up with were outcroppings of the injured and oppressed who had risen up against England and the Anglo-Irish colonists. Would I find in this new Ireland what James meant by "a complexity of manners and types"? Or "an accumulation of history and custom"? In a folk sense, yes. But in his urbane sense, "the outlook indeed for an embryonic novelist would not seem to have been cheerful." I could begin all right. In compiling notes and images for my first novel, I had already begun. Perhaps James might have even more pointedly said that it needs a complex

social machinery to keep a writer in motion — But I am incapable now of distinguishing between what I vaguely felt that night above Taos and what I was later to find out when I came to close quarters with my problems as a working writer in my own land. All I know is that when we decided, in that silent dusk of New Mexico, to turn back, first to Cambridge and thence to Ireland, we knew we were making a grave choice, and I did not make it without grave misgivings.

We were back in Boston just before August ran out and our cash with it. We found a tiny demi-furnished clapboard house just off Brattle Street, at Number 10A Appian Way, and settled down to domesticity. It had three rooms. It was like an oven in that damp August heat — I used to work in the boiler-basement — and promised to be freezingly cold in the winter. Friends loaned us things to take the bare look off the little place, one bringing us a chair, another a rug, another a bed. We were so poor all that year that we had to limit ourselves to one pack of Luckies per week between us, and to one night at the movies. We never ate out, never drank, and — it was the false economy of greenhorns — lit the furnace only in the afternoon and let it die out during the night, so that we were always awakened early by the cold, hastened to rise, and breakfasted in our overcoats.

It was a good, tough year. I think it was a more than tough routine for Eileen, adapting herself to that strange, odd school, though she insisted that she enjoyed it and never complained. We were able to save enough for our tickets home and the sizable sum of two hundred pounds sterling to boot.

I got my A.M. I compiled my first book — very slim, fifty-one pages, a selection of lyrics and satires from Tom Moore — for the two Yeats sisters who owned the hand-set Cuala Press in Dublin. (My little book was really a way of finding out once for all if Tom Moore actually was a poet. I decided that he was, for about four or five occasions in his long career as a prolific versifier. He was at his best as a writer of lyrics for a nation's music.) I gave an extension course at Boston College on Anglo-Irish literature. (This, too, was a weeding-out process. After I had done it, I could have said, coattailingly, yet truly enough, that there was nothing before George Moore in prose and Yeats in poetry except minor forerunners, who are now of no interest to anybody but historians.) I began to make a collection of translations from Old Irish verse, which was later published under the title of *The Silver Branch*. (Here there were riches in plenty.) But the most fateful thing that happened to me that year was that my story "Fugue" was published in September, 1928, in a remarkable Harvardian literary monthly called the *Hound and Horn*.

The *H. and H.*, popularly known as the *Bugle and*

Bitch, had been founded in the autumn of 1917 by Lincoln Kirstein, then an undergraduate student, now the distinguished impresario of the New York City Ballet. With an amazing percipience he chose as editor a frail, Keatsian-looking poet from Maine, Richard Blackmur, whom he found working off Harvard Square in the Dunster Bookshop, owned by Maurice Firuski, a charming Yale man who now has a bookshop in Salisbury, Connecticut. Lincoln and Dick were ably helped by Varian Fry, who, in Dick's words, was "wonderful at reading proofs." Another young man, Bernard Bandler, put a lot of money into it in 1929; just in time, I must imagine, because after 1929 few people put "a lot of money" into anything quite as lasting.

My connection with these and other young men associated with the *H. and H.* had one delightful effect on me. Listening to them gossiping about their day-by-day lives whenever they came to drink a cup of tea with us in our chicken coop at Number 10A Appian Way; or arguing hotly about literature in the office of the *H. and H.* in Harvard Square, with its bright red-framed reproductions of cover designs and photographs; or going off with Dick for a coffee or a bootleg beer, I found my image of Harvard changing completely. It was not alone that the eager zest of all these young men counterbalanced the dullness of the Teutons; or that their interests were so wide and contemporaneous; or that, through listening to them, I first really became interested in the modern metaphysicals, in E. E. Cummings, Hart Crane, Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore, the Southern Fugitive group, Ezra Pound, and many more who, for various reasons, had hitherto passed over my head. It was that through them I made the elementary but fundamental discovery, so elementary that I do not know why I had not made it long ago, that it is really the undergraduate who makes a university, gives it its lasting character, smell, feel, quality, tradition. You can never know a university, or ever belong to it, by entering it as a graduate student; it may even be that no professor coming to it late from another university will ever know it as well as his newcomer sophomores, juniors, and seniors. It is these whose presence creates it and whose memories preserve it — its rakes, rapscallions, and idlers, its rebels and its aberrants, no less than its scholars, sloggers, and bright stars. It is to those that the first toast should be drunk at every university dinner: To every shade who here once was happy, because he was young. I think that it is in recognition of this truth and not from snobbery that your true Harvardian says, with just the faintest emphasis, that he went to Harvard College.

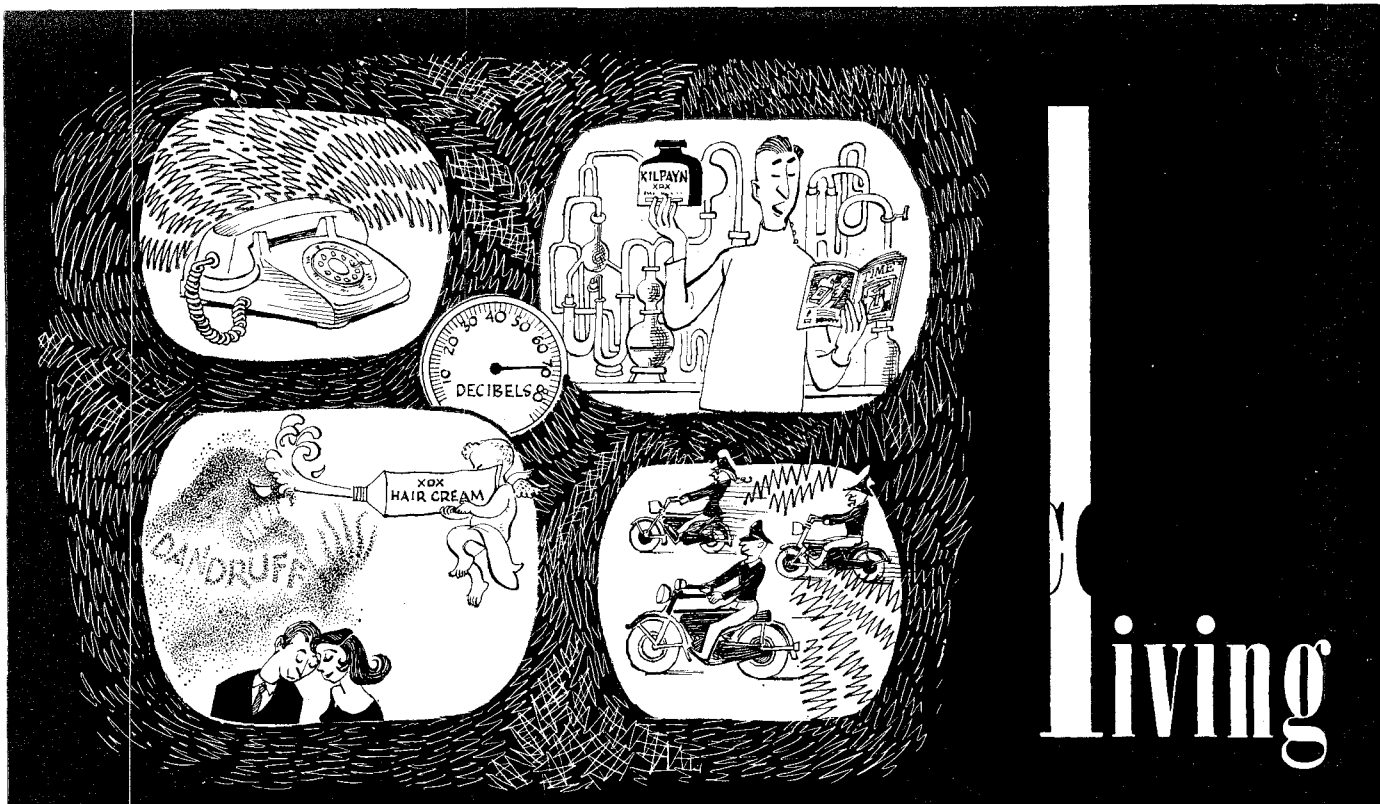
I am even more grateful to the *H. and H.* for another reason. I at once sent off the September

issue, containing my story, out of the blue, to Edward Garnett, the most remarkable and influential publisher's reader of his time in England, then working with Jonathan Cape. He wrote back those joyous words that every young writer dreams wildly of hearing someday from some reader of Garnett's caliber: "You are a writer." He also asked me to send him everything else I wrote and to call on him if I ever came to London. That letter alone would have made this year a complete success.

It was the happiest of my three years in America; swift as a stream of happiness whose moments I can no longer hold separate from one another. The hard winter died slowly. The spring exploded, the summer leaped on us, and soon commencement was in the offing. We made our last trip to the shore. We made the last round of our friends to say good-bye; in the street I met my first American beggar; I read in the paper that some big financier had thrown himself off the elevated at Columbus Circle; Widener was packed day and night with students cramming for their examinations; country cottages were waiting for the schools to close and fill them; and all our friends were talking happily of their holiday plans for Europe. We emptied 10A Appian Way, sold the old Model T for twenty-five dollars, packed our worldly goods into four suitcases, and at last walked up the gangway of our liner. It was far from crowded. More Americans seemed to be returning from Europe than going there. We had been happy in America, we made many good friends in Boston and Cambridge, but as we stood that evening on the deck and looked out over the empty spaces of the sea, and heard the engines pulsing and the waves swishing, what we mostly felt was the pleasure of knowing that we would soon be seeing old familiar places, back where we belonged.

Seven days later, when the liner dropped anchor in Cobh Harbor, with the same green hills bright across the bay, and the same gulls squawking and wheeling about the masts, and the ship's orchestra playing the same old sentimental tune, and we leaned on the gunwale picking out in the bright moonlight the spots we knew along the coast, we were certain that nothing here would have changed a jot. So far as I knew there was only one change in me. I now knew for certain what I wanted to do with my life. I wanted to write about this sleeping country, those sleeping fields, those sleeping villages spread before my eyes under the summer moon.

Fade in the slow music — "back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen" — step up the music. And as the tender draws slowly away from under the tall flank of the ship toward the moon-white shore, fade softly out.



ESCAPE HATCH: PAY-TV

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Here are some kinds of commercials that Sylvester Weaver's pay-TV subscribers (page 55) won't have to suffer, even though they will be missing the wonderful beer and ale cartoon bits with the voices of Mike and Elaine.

The Uproar Attention-Getter. For a time "the Dodge Boys" had this pretty much to themselves, using loud blasts on an automobile horn. The audience got the impression that not-quite-bright teen-agers were outside, honking.

The runner-up was A. T. & T., who sought to cajole us into installing more telephones by the louder-than-life and prolonged ringing of a telephone bell. Did this really bring in the business?

Equally horrid was the family bickering over who would have the use of the car that evening, the son and daughter eventually being drowned out by the father's shouts of "Hold it! Hold it!" The dispute was settled by buying a motorcycle for each member of the family. Query: Does this advertiser of motorcycles realize the extent to which his products are associated with excessive noise?

The Lotion King. This is a bad case of narcissism, a young man ogling and smirking at himself in a mirror as he sashes on his toiletries. Oddly enough, women find this individual disturbingly attractive, if we are to believe the rest of the commercial.

Surprise! An insurance company asserts that it will pay various claims and expenses resulting from an accident "all up to your policy limits." One assumes this was the purpose of the transaction in the first place and not something to be so pious about.

"*Amazement Was Writ Large . . .*" etc. Shock and incredulity are induced in ordinary working people by the salesman in another series of insurance commercials, a filling station proprietor and a structural steel worker being among the chumps in these exchanges. The prospect's eyes narrow, his jaw drops, as he struggles to comprehend the news that he can be insured against disability and that his mortgage payments will be kept up in the event of his death (a form of what we experts call life insurance). In this sort of commercial, the primerlike chatter of the salesman and the dazed reaction of his prospective

customers, who have never heard of the company or insurance or anything else, show us that the company is certain of at least one thing: the people who watch TV commercials are the greatest dumbbells of them all.

"*. . . and I quote.*" The pay-TV audience will have no further concern over the words or the status of the actor who stands against a background of jars, scales, bottles, and the paraphernalia of a laboratory given over to some unidentified specialty. Crisp of utterance and pompous of demeanor, the actor is hymning one pain-killer and assailing another. To clinch his argument, he reads from a statement in *Time* magazine, prefacing it with "*. . . and I quote.*" But this quote has no end; what sounds like the *Time* statement simply flows on into various overstatements and nonsensifications from the actor's pill company. The same quote was brought to an end, visibly and aurally, in a later version of the same commercial, and it would be interesting to know who prompted the change.

The Great Dandruff Romance. The most improbable suitor in all TV is the young man who morosely confides to a young woman his most nagging personal problem, as if she

wouldn't have known it already: his dandruff. Pooh, responds the young woman, who has apparently reached the point where she will settle for whatever she can get — pooh, says she, her own dandruff used to be ghastly. They exchange further confidences about dandruff. She gives him the name of The Product (a widely advertised substance that

he'd never heard of). In the next scene, he proves to have used it. They stare at each other, and suddenly the love-light shines in their eyes.

Note: This department will forward to Sylvester Weaver any inquiries from readers who want more information about his subscription TV.

Burning Questions

BY R. G. G. PRICE

R. G. G. PRICE is the author of many light pieces which have appeared frequently on these pages.

Seeing a fire-eater on television the other night made me suddenly realize how far this old and highly respectable profession has dropped out of my life. I suppose that if I haunted circuses and fairs more, I might find the world is full of fire-eaters, but in the more highbrow entertainments on which I have spent my maturity, they have been edged out by fire-walkers. On tropical hillsides, in the gardens of Western hostesses, and in university laboratories fire-walkers give pleasure not just to the kind of conjurer *manqué* who enjoys exposing mediums but to anthropologists, psychologists, and suspicious dermatologists, who search their feet for signs of fireproofing. In comparison, people who merely chew fire are tickling the groundlings or aiming at the lower intelligence groups or the very young.

When I could just read, I was given a comprehensive manual of magical entertainment. It started off with simple card tricks and ended with descriptions of large-scale apparatus capable of making a full-grown blonde disappear. When in its systematic way it reached tricks with red-hot poker, the instructions read bleakly, "Coat the tongue and upper throat with soap." My parents found me gingerly licking a cake of the stuff, every taste bud in revolt. I suppose that after this early and rather depressing experience, I tended to assume that the secret of red-hot poker was probably the secret of fire-eating, and transferred my admiration for sheer skill to other fields, like juggling with hats.

Contemplating this branch of ex-

pertise after all these years, I found myself wondering, not how it was done, but what effect doing it would have on the practitioners. Take, for example, etiquette in fire-eating society. The male performer invites the female performer out after the show. He cannot really afford the place she chooses, but he is only young once. They decide on something *flambé*, and the waiter wheels the flame-crested trolley up to their table. Is it approved behavior for the host to scoop up a spoonful of flame and taste it and nod approvingly, as one is under moral pressure to do with the sample from a bottle of wine? At the end of the meal does he produce his lighter, from which she inhales with satisfaction, while she shyly strikes a match from her jeweled box and pops it between his lips?

When they marry, there must be problems behind the scenes. What can it be like being their child? "That's enough calories between meals, so put the magnesium down." "Keep away from that bonfire. You know what the dietician said." "How many more times do I have to tell you that you eat just the flame of the candle, not the wax?" Later there will be trouble in the school laboratories over using Bunsen burners for illicit guzzling, and at the athletic track any ceremony involving running with a flaming torch may get Junior disqualified for nibbling.

One of the textbook varieties of juvenile delinquency is pyromania or fire-raising. The normal healthy boy simply sets fire to buildings

because he dislikes the owner or wants to see the fire brigade turn out. But the boy growing up in a fire-eating family will be in danger of burning down structures simply to try the taste. In large towns these leanings will be kept under control by the calculatedly nonflam construction in most modern buildings. The rural fire-eater is going to fare better. Wooden houses and barns and combustible crops provide temptations which only an ethically outstanding upbringing is going to keep him away from.

One thinks of those show business people in the manipulative rather than interpretative grades — the acrobats and sword-swallowers and tightrope walkers — as handing on their crafts from generation to generation. Some of these families probably go right back to the light relief at medieval courts. But what about the freak, the deviant, who does not want to follow father and mother and grandmother? Career counselors will find themselves put on their mettle, I thought as I mused over the difficulties of finding other occupations for flaming youth. Analogically minded advisers might suggest fireworks manufacturing. I doubt whether any firm is going to employ a beginner who is always slipping off to gorge on the stocks.



Would there be a place for fire-eating in medicine? Surely a surgeon who could cauterize a wound by breathing into it would simply be putting operating theater techniques back to before the invention of the electric cautery. Another objection is that his mask would have to be asbestos. In religion? A hellfire preacher who could belch flames at dramatic high spots in his sermon would certainly rivet the attention of his congregation, but my guess is that the gimmick would pall and there would be wrangles over the insurance cover for the pulpit.

When generals are described as

APPRENTICE

These young men are preparing for important careers with General Motors. Under the GM apprentice plan, they are learning the diemaker's skills. Once they have mastered this craft—and it will take them four years (8,000 hours) of on-the-job training and classroom study—each will be a skilled journeyman, qualified to make the complex dies, jigs and fixtures so vital to modern industry.

This year, 2,753 General Motors apprentices are being trained for this and other trades—more than 30 in all. They are learning to be pattern makers, pipefitters, bricklayers, toolmakers, diesinkers, electricians and millwrights, to name a few. From the time they start training they are paid good wages on a regular rising scale.

At the conclusion of their four-year courses, apprentices will have gained skills that will serve them well throughout their working careers. They are free, of course, to work anywhere they wish—but most stay with GM. We're glad of that. We need them. Talented people are indispensable to General Motors.

GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE ...

Making Better Things For You



fire-eaters, this is only a metaphor as far as I know. I cannot think off-hand of a single first-class strategic mind with the knack of chewing lighted tow. Army selection boards would probably turn down fire-eaters on the grounds of infringing blackout and alerting the enemy, of endangering ammunition, and of conduct unbecoming to a military man.

I cannot see much future in business either. I suppose it is possible to imagine a creep who ingratiates himself with the boss by doing tricks with fire when his life is at a low ebb, say during the afternoon after a heavy meal with a heavy client; but a creep needs other abilities, including, above all, the ability to drink, and I am not sure how this would tie in with fire-eating. They might well be incompatible. There are, of course, many, many other careers, and I will simply take one at random: taxidermy. I cannot see that fire-eating would ease a taxidermist into a higher income bracket. No. I am afraid the boy would simply have to forget he had any special skills, and if suppressing his inherited powers caused personality deformation, the career counselor could pass the case over to a psychologist and turn to something easier.

There is, however, one avenue open to the lad who wants to strike out for himself and yet not resist the fire-eating urge. He can use his gifts as the basis of a profitable cult, something for rich widows to do as a change from cards, gossiping, and collecting jewels. He would need a hint of the occult, a hint of denominational life-enhancement, and a hint of the search for health, so his approach would have to combine the mage, the swami, and the fashionable physician. He should be able to make a bit on the side by selling flameproof lipstick and even tooth fillings with high melting points.

Perhaps I am romanticizing the gypsy urge in the heart of the fire-eater's child — the nonconformity, the desire not to be a chip off the old block. I remember the turn I watched on my screen, and its smooth, habitual look makes any thought of social embarrassment or family problems in connection with it preposterous. I expect the only thing that ever clouds the serenity of fire-eaters is hiccups.

Why don't you try the piano instead?

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

Author of the Broadway hit THE HAPPY TIME and several books, ROBERT FONTAINE has contributed many amusing pieces to the ATLANTIC.

I have been forced by circumstances (I needed the money) into giving, at long last, a short course on creative writing to several small groups of selected students (selected in the most democratic fashion; those who were unable to pay the stiff fee were eliminated as obviously incapable of learning authorship).

Since I have never been reluctant to insist that creative writing cannot be taught and since I said so flatly in the brochure and advertisements prepared by my sponsor (a fellow who knew human nature better than I did), I was appalled by the number of students ranging from seventeen to seventy who have begun to sit at my uncomfortable and aching feet.

I, furthermore, interviewed most of the hopefuls, not to select those who seemed most worthy of my pearls (this would have been impossible), but to impress upon them individually that they were wasting their money and had better apply themselves to electronics, private detectivity, or mink breeding.

The course meets one hour a day, five days a week for six weeks, and even Truman Capote must have taken longer than that. I remarked to my dewy-eyed dreamers that I had spent a quarter of a century as a free-lance writer and was, at the moment, about \$2500 in debt, not counting the payments on my used Plymouth. Success, I was certain they would see, was somewhere due south of authorship, even if accomplishment and technical assurance came. I confessed that I made less than a good carpenter, had nowhere near as much fun as a fireman or a lifeguard, and slept as fitfully as a man out on bail for assault. I went on to suggest that even if they came to the stature of a Faulkner or a Hesse they would suffer indigestion, matrimonial difficulties, frustration, despair, and a wild yearning to chuck it all and take a steamer to Tahiti. I ended up with the shrewd observation that it was a little ridiculous for them to take instruction from me, since had I been at all what

they believed me to be, I would not be wasting my time and energy grubbing for a few dollars trying to pound a little something into their vague, wistful heads.

None of this did more than afford them mild amusement. They wanted to hear from the lips of a real author what it was like. They wanted to get the inside dope. They wanted something to brush off on them that would stir them into putting onto paper all the brilliant and magical things that ran around in their minds just before they went to sleep at night. They had, in short, paid their money, and they were taking their choice.

I do not know what they have learned. I have refused to read their dull and derivative manuscripts mostly because I just do not have the time but also because I cannot bear it. I have read my share of the complete works of neighbors and their college-boy sons, and it is enough to make me wonder how our nation can long survive. The average human being who hopes to be a writer in America has not learned to spell and believes the Gift of the Magi to be the greatest story ever written, so great that he rewrites it with a charmingly faithful consistency.

I have told them, as simply as possible, that writing is not a business to consider in the light of making profits and security and old-age benefits. It is a foolish gamble with the odds against you and nobody caring in the least how you agonize late into the night because you believe the world needs you. I have tried to impress on them that in our society an author has the prestige of midnight street waterer for the Department of Public Works unless he writes an enormously successful best seller, in which case he is placed in a class with debutantes, nightclub comedians, talking horses, and Jimmy Hoffa. In no instance is he celebrated as a man of wisdom, love, and dignity, which in many cases he is more likely to be than is a state senator, a television master of cere-

Nov. 23, 1925: The Court Martial Trial of Colonel "Billy" Mitchell, the early champion of air power. New England Life was in its 91st year.



If you were born in 1925...

You can still get thousands more from New England Life insurance than you pay in.

Thirty-nine years have vanished since the Billy Mitchell trial—and your arrival. So perhaps you feel you're too old now to consider cash-value life insurance as a way to build your estate. Maybe you think that this means, of accumulating dollars while getting family protection is only for younger men. Well, take a look at the figures below. You'll find they're really eye-opening.

Say you buy a \$25,000 New England

Life policy at age 39. Assume you use dividends to build up additional protection automatically. (For illustration, we'll apply our current dividend scale, although these scales do change from time to time.) The cash value of your policy at age 65 is \$20,655. Premium payments total only \$17,030. So all the dollars you put in and \$3,625 more can be yours at retirement. At the same time, the policy's protection value has risen from \$25,000 to \$35,342!

Whatever year you were born, don't overlook this sure way of accumulating assets. The figures for your age are what count—and we'll be glad to supply them if you'll just let us know your birth date. Send a card or note to New England Life at Department 4A, 501 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02117.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY: ALL FORMS OF INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES AND PENSIONS, GROUP HEALTH COVERAGES.

monies, an honest butcher, or Miss America.

My final bombshell burst ineffectually. I informed them icily that my last book had sold eleven hundred and sixty-seven copies at the regular retail price. They considered this a tribute to my brilliance, since I obviously appealed to such an elite.

I suppose they may have gained something. They were not hanging around street corners or hot kitchen stoves. They were not watching drive-in movies or ghastly television comedies. Not, that is, while they were at school.

Somewhat, too, they did seem to be stirred as I talked on and on about the needs of the human heart and the endless and never quieting urge many of us have to understand what life and love and death are all about.

And they did dutifully note down the changing markets in magazine fiction and articles; they took careful jottings of which markets afforded the most prestige and which paid the most; they recorded my personal comments on various editors, some of whom I believe to be men of courage, honor, and good taste who have a vast appreciation of the problems of writers, and some of whom I believe to be finks; and they, the students, wrote down some technical advice, such as how to double-space and what kind of envelope (stamped) to enclose and the futility of informing an editor that you once were an usher at his cousin's wedding at Bay Shore.

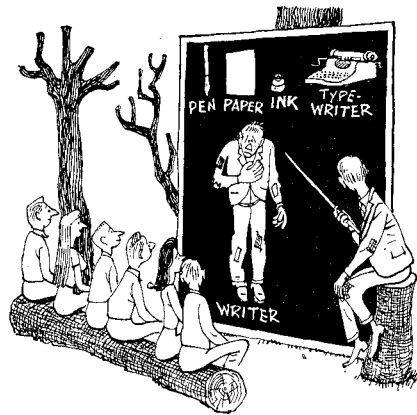
They absorbed all these as if they were the secrets of the CIA now revealed for the first time, instead of information that can be had in any dog-eared library edition of hundreds of books on writing.

If my students have learned nothing or will learn nothing (because they are all clamoring for more and longer classes, owing to reasons that escape me utterly), I have learned a great deal.

I have learned that nearly everyone in America thinks he could be a writer if he had the chance and that every human being has at least one good novel under his belt if he could only get it over his belt and down on paper.

I have learned that almost anyone — the butcher, the baker and the plastic-flowers maker — can write a better story than the one he read in

the *Ladies Home Journal* or *Redbook* last month. What is preventing him is that he knows the editors will ignore him because his typing is bad and he isn't sure of his semicolons.



(Colons and semicolons seem to make one of the most formidable barriers to aspiring writers.)

I have further learned that most writers who have had no experience:

(a) Write like Hemingway when they are not writing like Faith Baldwin.

(b) Think that meeting an editor personally will make a big difference even though they have nothing whatever down on paper.

(c) Have a great, complicated, tricky plot they will not reveal to anyone, even Teacher. In fact, they are even thwarted from making a story from it because they are sure it will be stolen by a first reader. The plot, I imagine, turned up in the old *Collier's* about twenty times from 1919 to 1946.

(d) Believe that an agent will solve their difficulties, and absolutely will not believe an agent is as difficult to secure as is publication in a major magazine.

(e) Are fairly certain that if they did ever put something down on paper, an editor would not read it. Editors read only stories by John O'Hara and a few others.

(f) Are convinced an author leads a mysterious and orgiastic social life, especially if he writes for the men's magazines.

To these could be added hundreds of other myths and misconceptions, all of which will not die no matter how hard I tread on them and how much wit and scorn I spray on them.

The worst, the most painful situation, however, that exists among people of all ages and sexes who are almost literally dying to write is that they simply cannot put anything down on paper. I cannot explain

this. There is, true, a small minority who do not subscribe to the above credo. They merely want to write. They just want to put down their thoughts and dreams on paper. Members of even this group are blocked by the fact that when they take pen in hand or tap at a typewriter or even chat to a tape recorder they are lost. I do not mean that words, phrases, and sentences do not appear. I mean that the ideas, the hopes, the flavor, the taste, the spirit, the heart, and the emotion of these people do not appear on the paper. What appears is something else, something belonging to someone else, something heard or read — something detached from their personalities.

I can only think they are conforming to some vague and shadowy standard of what one is supposed to put on paper, of what one is expected to believe, and of what one would be more safe in feeling.

It is all very sad. It is extremely sad for them because no matter who they are or where they come from there is in the eyes of each one of them (and, I presume, in the heart) an eagerness, a painful desire, a choking urge, a life-or-death need to organize the world of emotions, desires, and dreams into something coherent and true, true in the sense that it can be believed and honored.

It is even sadder for me because I can see no way to teach them.

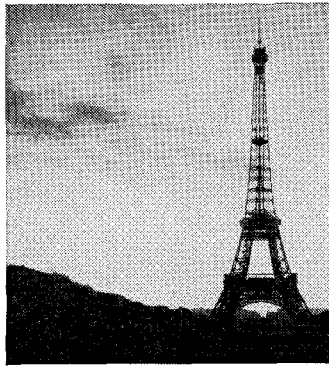
FEMELLE DE L'HOMME

BY MARCIA NARDI

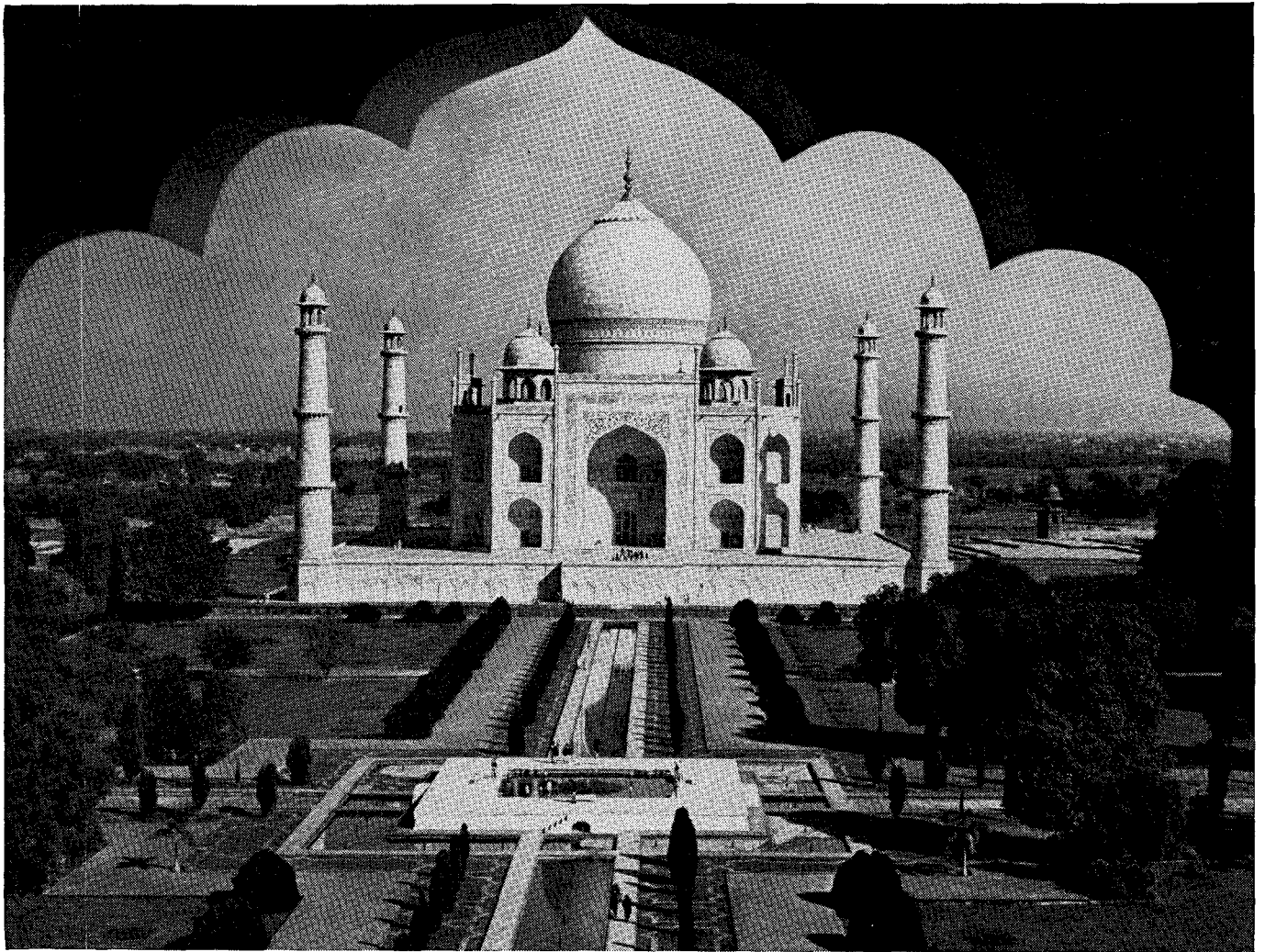
Fille de marbre, en rut! — CORBLÈRE

My tiger burns too
But the tiger in the zoo
Is what you wanted —
Not the eagle eating out of your hand
Nor the sparrow
Tail-salted.

Oh, the jungle knows
Its aristocrats —
(The Bucks and the Johnsons
Have seen to that!)
Its Cohens hating the Jews
Its Negro B.A.'s
Outtipping a white man
In Harlem cafés,
And the tiger in the wilderness
Would sooner the dove as kin confess
Than the tiger in captivity.



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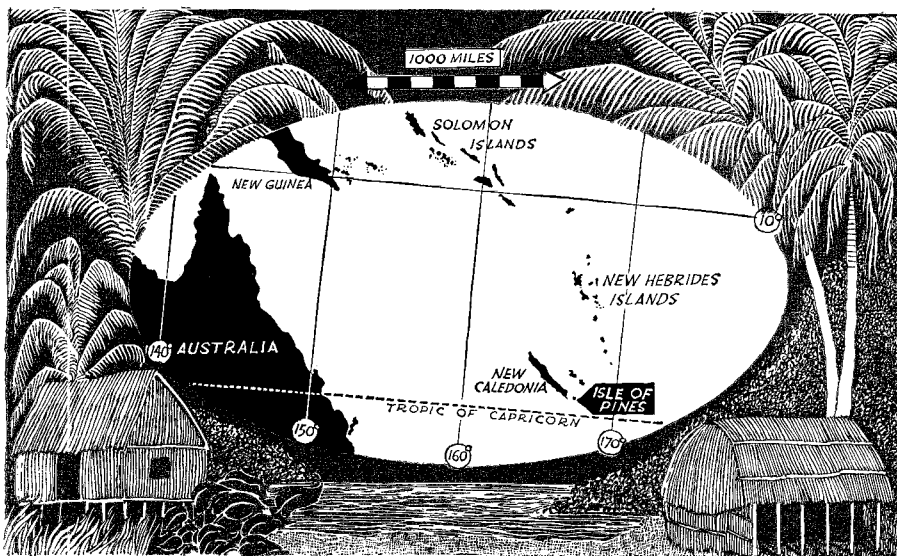
These 461 U.S. manufacturers have invested over \$800 million in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

Are your competitors here? Your customers? Your suppliers?
57 of America's 500 largest industrial firms are here (see ★).
Should your firm be here, too? For facts, clip coupon at right.

Firm	No. of Plants	Firm	No. of Plants	Firm	No. of Plants	Firm	No. of Plants
Chemicals & Allied Industries		International Electronics Co., Ltd.	1	Pastuchin Aviation Corp.	1	A&L Seamon & Co.	1
American Sealants	1	International Resistance Co., Inc.	1	Potter Instruments	1	Amity Leather Products, Inc.	1
Brattan Co., Inc.	1	★ International Telephone & Telegraph Corp.	1	Prescolite Mfg. Corp.	1	Andrew Geller, Inc.	1
Cambridge Chemical Co.	1	Interstate Engineering Corp.	1	Purdy Door Operator Corp.	1	Aristocrat Leather Products	4
Charms Co.	1	Kelvin Electric Co.	2	Rite Engineering & Mfg. Corp.	1	Artistic Leather Goods Mfg. Co.	2
Chase Chemical	1	Kelvinator International Corp.	1	Solo Products Co.	1	Baronet Leather Goods, Inc.	6
★ Colgate Palmolive	2	MacLachlan & Assoc.	1	Sprayer & Nozzels, Inc.	1	Belle Moc. Shoe Corp.	2
Diversey Corp.	1	Marbrook Corp. of Delaware	1	Style-Rite Corp. of America	1	Bowcraft Trimming Co.	1
Elleo Associates	1	Mel Rain Corp.	2	Sylgab Steel & Wire Corp.	1	Dexter Shoe Co.	1
Endo Laboratories	1	★ Midland-Ross Corp.	1	T.O.D. Mfg. Corp.	1	Evy Footwear Co., Inc.	2
Germaine Monteil Cosmetics Corp.	1	National Video Corp.	2	The Union Malleable Co.	1	Hickock Mfg. Co.	2
★ Glidden Co.	2	North American Seal Corp.	1	Trophy Craft, Inc.	1	Illinois Glove Co.	1
Gravi Laboratories	1	Phillips Eckhart Corp.	1	Wire Novelty Mfg. Co.	1	★ International Shoe Corp.	6
Gretsko Dyes & Chemicals, Inc.	1	Potter Instruments, Inc.	2	Food & Kindred Products		Melody Shoe Corp.	2
Marson Corp.	1	Pulse Engineering, Inc.	1	★ Beatrice Foods	1	Nash, Inc.	3
Morton Salt Co.	1	R. E. Phelon Corp., Inc.	2	★ Borden	1	R. G. Barry Corp.	3
★ Parke, Davis & Co.	2	Rapid Electric Co., Inc.	3	★ California Packing Corp.	1	Rawlings Mfg.	1
Reichhold Chemicals, Inc.	1	Remington Record Syndicate, Inc.	1	★ Central Soya, Inc.	1	Ross Shoes, Inc.	1
★ Sherwin-Williams Co.	1	Ren Mfg.	1	Farmers' Rice Growers Assoc.	1	Sommer's Plastic Products Co., Inc.	1
★ Sterling Drug, Inc.	1	Robeson T.V.	1	Filler Products, Inc.	1	Sportswelt Shoe Co.	1
Stiefel Laboratories	1	Rollan Electric Co.	1	Ford Gum & Machine Co., Inc.	1	Steinberg Brothers, Inc.	2
Testor Corp.	3	Sprague Electric Co.	2	Fuchs Baking Co.	2	Sudbury Footwear, Inc.	1
★ Union Carbide	2	★ Sperry Rand	1	★ General Foods	1	★ U.S. Shoe Corp.	4
Universal Nutritious, Inc.	1	★ Sunbeam Corp.	3	Gnome Bakers, Inc.	1	Utrilon Corp.	1
Vineland Chemical	1	T.O.D. Mfg. Corp.	1	Grosjean Rice Milling Co.	1	Wellco Shoe Corp.	1
★ W. R. Grace & Co.	1	The Tenna Mfg. Co.	3	Howard B. Stark Co.	2	Machinery, Except Electrical	
★ Warner-Lambert Pharmaceuticals, Inc.	2	Weller Electric Co.	2	★ H. J. Heinz & Co. (Star-Kist)	1	Ajax Industrial Supplies	1
Zimak Biochemicals	1	Yola International, Ltd.	1	International Basic Economy Corp.	1	Boben Mfg. Corp.	1
Electrical Machinery Equipment & Supplies		Yolatron, Inc.	1	★ Kern Food Products	2	Craft Tool Inc.	1
A.M.P. Inc.	1	Zinsco Electrical Products, Inc.	4	★ Libby, McNeill & Libby	2	Defiance Machine & Tool Mfg. Co.	1
★ Allied Paper Corp.	2	Fabricated Metal Products, except Ordnance, Machinery & Transportation		Maryland Mills, Inc.	1	Fogel Refrigerator Co.	1
B&H Instruments Co., Inc.	1	★ Aluminum Anodizing Corp. of America	1	★ National Biscuit	1	★ Ford Motor Co.	1
Barricon Corp.	1	★ American Can Co.	2	Nebraska Consolidated Mills Co.	1	Hoosier Wire Die	1
Beacon Electrical Co.	1	American Terrazzo Strip Co., Inc.	1	Palmar Food Specialty Corp.	1	Mayflower Packaging Co., Inc.	1
Bruce Diamond Corp.	1	Arrow Louver & Damper Corp.	1	Parlier Products Co.	2	Metal Removal Co., Inc.	1
Caribe Electric Battery Corp.	1	Bostitch, Inc.	1	Peter Pan Seafood Co.	1	Rex Industries, Inc.	1
Clairex Corp.	1	Burkhart Brothers, Inc.	1	Prosper Industries	1	S. Klein Die Cutting, Inc.	1
Curtis Mathes Mfg. Corp.	6	Casa International, Inc.	1	★ Ralston Purina Co.	1	The National Key Co.	1
Daystrom, Inc.	1	★ Continental Can Co.	1	Rice Growers Assoc. of Calif.	1	Thompson Machinery Co.	1
Electronics Corp.	1	Dodge, Inc.	2	★ Seagrams, Inc.	1	United Greenfield Corp.	1
Electrospace Corp.	1	E.Z. Sew Enterprises, Inc.	1	★ Stoke-y-Van Camp	1	★ United Shoe Machinery Corp.	1
★ General Electric Co.	6	Empire Slip-On Hook Corp.	1	Unanue & Sons (Goya)	1	Paper & Allied Products	
Gibson Electric Co. (Taion, Inc.)	1	Enterprise Metal Products	1	Furniture & Fixtures		Benner-Box, Inc.	1
Guardian Electric Mfg. Co.	2	Grand Rapids Hardware	1	Capitol Store Fixtures	1	Diener Enterprises	1
H. C. Wescott Assoc.	1	Hi-Shear Rivet Tool Co.	1	Challenger Steel Products	1	★ International Paper Co.	3
Hamlin, Inc.	1	Jack Cooper Transport & John H. Craemer	2	Munday Cooper Co.	1	★ Johnson & Johnson	1
Hansen Mfg.	1	New Haven Screw Machine Products	1	No-Sag Spring Co.	1	★ Kimberly-Clark	1
Howard Industries	1	Leather & Leather Products		★ Simmons	1	Lewis Business Forms, Inc.	1
Howell Instruments, Inc.	1					Polymer International	1
Iona Mfg. Co.	1					Resolute Paper Co.	1
Industrial Instruments, Inc.	1						

Firm	No. of Plants	Firm	No. of Plants	Firm	No. of Plants	Firm	No. of Plants
Smith & Kanzler	1	Textile Products		Lovable Company	5	Van Raalte	7
Solo Cup Company	1	A. Bunasano	1	Loyal Novelty Co.	2	Veaumont Specialty	1
★ Union Bag Co.	1	Ace Bag & Burlap Co.	1	Lucien Pinet Upholstery	1	Vogue Bridals	1
U.S. Paper Bag Co.	1	Air Baby, Inc.	1	M. Hoffman & Co.	1	W. R. Fromm Corp.	1
Vanity Fair Sales Corp.	1	Angus Mfg. Co.	2	M.K.M. Hosiery & Knitting Mills	8	Warner Brothers	2
Petroleum Refining and Other Related Industries		Annin & Co.	1	M. Sherman & Co.	1	Wear Rite Brassiere Mfg. Co., Inc.	1
★ Commonwealth Oil Refining Co., Inc.	2	Ansonia Mills, Inc.	1	Maid-Rite Novelty Corp.	3	Wilker Brothers	1
★ Gulf Oil Corp.	1	Applique, Inc.	2	Maidenform Brassiere Co.	14	William Gluckin	5
★ Shell Petroleum	2	Art Textiles	1	Manhattan Shirt Co.	1	Wolfe & Victor Novelties	2
Primary Metal Industry		Bali Brassiere & Co.	2	Max H. Kahn Curtain Corp.	1	Wonderknit Corp. (Blumont)	1
Bada Company	1	Baylis Brothers Co.	1	McKenzie Pajama Corp.	1	York Glove Mills	1
Continental Copper & Steel Industries	1	Beau Bra Foundations	2	Melody Bra & Girdle Co.	1	Youthcraft Creations	3
Phelon Co.	1	★ Beaunit Mills, Inc.	1	Messing Knitwear Co., Inc.	1	Tobacco Manufacturers	
★ Phelps Dodge	2	Belle Maid Foundations	1	Miller Dress Factory	1	Bayuk Cigars, Inc.	1
Products Engineering & Mfg.	1	Belleclair Novelty, Inc.	1	M'Lady Sportswear	1	Blackstone Cigar	1
Rich Mfg. Co.	1	Bestform Foundations	3	★ Mohasco Industries	1	★ Consolidated Cigar Corp.	8
Standard Steel & Wire Co.	2	Biflex Foundations	2	Movie Star, Inc.	3	D.W.G. Cigar Corp.	2
Printing, Publishing & Allied Industries		Bobbie Brooks, Inc.	2	Nan Flower Lingerie	1	General Cigar Co., Inc.	2
Consolidated Engravers	1	★ Burlington Industries	1	National Industrial Laundries, Inc.	2	Hartman Tobacco Co. of P.R.	2
★ Cowles Magazine & Broadcasting, Inc.	1	B.V.D. Corp.	5	Nylon Undies	3	Miscellaneous	
Home Master Publications	2	Cadillac Coverall Co.	1	P&L Embroidery	1	Allan Mfg. Co.	2
Keith-Clark, Inc.	1	Canterbury Belt, Ltd.	1	Panoramic Trading Mfg.	1	★ American Hardware	1
Professional, Scientific and Controlling Instruments, Phonographic and Optical Goods, Watches and Clocks		Capitol Ornaments	1	Paragon Art & Linen	1	Booth Leasing Corp.	1
Airmate Co.	1	Carnival Creations, Inc.	1	Penn Products, Inc.	1	Brumberger Co., Inc.	2
Baxter Laboratories	4	Carol Anne Lingerie Corp.	1	Perfect Brassiere Co., Inc.	5	★ Brunswick Corp.	2
Becton, Dickinson & Co.	2	Carter Industrial Laundry	1	Perry Lingerie Co.	1	D. Arnold Assoc.	1
Dentist's Supply Co. of N. Y.	1	Character Foundations, Inc.	3	Peter Pan Mfg. Co.	5	Delta Brush Mfg. Corp.	2
Eastern Watch Co.	1	Chelsea Lingerie, Inc.	1	Picardy Mills, Inc.	2	DeLuxe Reading Corp.	1
Eisele & Co.	1	Chevet, Inc.	2	Plaza Mills, Inc.	2	Dirilyte Co. of America	1
Endevco Corp.	1	Clayton Supply, Inc.	2	Premier Gloves	1	Drackett Company	1
Freeman Mfg. Co.	2	Colfax Industries, Inc.	2	R.E.A. Coverall Laundry	1	Elmer Handicaps, Inc.	1
Goldberg Brothers	1	Colonial Corp. of America	2	Reliance International Corp.	1	Empire Brush Corp.	1
International Film Industries	1	Contessa Lingerie, Inc.	1	Rhodia, Inc.	1	Evans Rule Co.	2
Northeastern Surgical Sales, Inc.	1	Cooper Textile Mills	1	Ritefit Mfg. Co.	1	Fidalgo Sales Co.	1
Paulis Silk Co.	1	Coyne Industrial Supply	1	Robert Reis & Co.	1	H. Goodman & Sons, Inc.	1
Southwestern Industries	1	Crescendoe Gloves, Inc.	1	Rosenau Brothers, Inc.	1	Hayman & Lindberg	1
Statham Instruments, Inc.	3	Dauray Textiles	1	Rugrofters, Inc.	1	Henry Gonzales	1
The Lufkin Rule Co.	1	DeLuxe Girdlecraft	1	S&R Infants Wear	1	Huisman Brothers	1
Timex, Ltd.	1	Delightform Mfg. Corp.	2	Sagner Sons, Inc.	1	Ideal Mfg. Co., Inc.	1
Univis, Inc.	1	Designer's Knitting Mills	1	Secret Charm	1	International Swimming Pool Corp.	1
Val-UI Air Products, Inc.	1	Designer's Workroom, Inc.	1	Seymour Frankl	1	J. DeBeer & Sons	1
Vista Lens Corp.	1	Detroit Overall Mfg. Co.	1	Sidney Gould, Ltd.	1	Joseph Markowitz, Inc.	1
Rubber & Miscellaneous Plastic Products		Dorset Embroidery	1	Sokres, Inc.	2	L.M.D. Jewelry Mfg. Co.	1
Acro Crown Cup Corp.	1	Eastern States Wool Corp.	1	Sonjay Mills	2	Lazare-Kaplan & Sons	1
American Kleer-Vu Plastics	2	Edwin Balder Assoc.	2	Spirite Mfg. Co.	1	Linchine Products Corp.	1
Amplast, Inc.	1	Exquisite Form Brassiere	8	Splendor Form Co.	4	Margolis Setting Corp.	1
★ B. F. Goodrich	2	Fabrini Imports	1	Sportswear Hosiery Mills	1	Monogram Precision Instruments	1
Baines Hind Laboratories	2	Famous Cotton	1	Star Overall Uniforms Mfg. Corp.	1	Perrygraph Corp.	1
Comfort Slippers Corp.	3	Felco Athletic Co., Inc.	1	★ Stanley-Warner	3	Playmaster, Inc.	1
Connolly Foam Corp.	1	Fetzger, Inc.	1	Stein Uniforms	2	★ Philadelphia & Reading Corp.	2
Converse Rubber Co.	2	Fiesta Model Wear, Inc.	1	Super Form Brassiere Co., Inc.	1	Robert Berwald & Assoc.	1
Dean Rubber Co.	1	Figure Builder Foundations	1	Tech-Aero Foam Products	1	Royal Bead Novelty Co., Inc.	1
Harrison Products Corp.	2	Flora Mfg.	1	Tennessee Knitting Mills	3	Sani-Smoke, Inc.	1
Miraplas Tiles Co.	2	Fordham-Bardell Shirt Co.	1	Textile Bag & Specialty	2	Scandia Silver Co.	1
Missouri Wood Heel Co.	2	Forever Yours	1	The French Worsted Co.	2	Scolding Locks Corp.	1
Stanley Rudman & Assoc.	1	Fownes Brothers Co.	3	Threads, Inc.	1	Sobel Brothers, Inc.	1
★ U. S. Rubber Co.	1	Fuhrman-Levitt, Inc.	1	Tiny Town Togs	2	Solo Products Corp.	3
Stone, Clay & Glass Products		Gelmart Knitting Mills	3	Top Form Mills	1	Tober Baseball Mfg. Co.	1
★ Carborundum Co.	2	Gem Lingerie	1	Toscony	1	Valencia Jewelry, Inc.	1
Concrete Thermal Casting, Inc.	1	Goodline Sportswear, Inc.	1	United Cellular Products	1	★ Wilson	1
Exact Level & Tool Mfg. Co.	1	Grandoe Glove Corp.	1	United Covering Corp.	2	Winsted Steel Balls Sales Corp.	1
George J. Santry	1	Greystone Knitwear	3	Universal Elastic Corp.	1	MANUFACTURERS - MAIL FOR FREE REPORT	
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Vermiculite Contractors, Inc.	1	International Stretch Products	1				
		J. A. Garcia	2				
		Jacobs Brothers, Inc.	1				
		Jantzen, Inc.	1				
		Jeffries Processors, Inc.	1				
		K&A (Elizabeth Kugelmann)	1				
		★ Kayser-Roth Corp.	8				
		Kulin Waste Products	1				
		L&W Brassiere Co.	2				
		Lady Marlene Bras	4				
		Lady Suzanne Foundations, Inc.	1				
		Lambert Products, Inc.	2				
		Langston Bag Co.	1				
		Lassie Togs, Inc.	2				
		Lebanon Shoulder Strap Co.	1				
		Lido Foundations, Inc.	1				
		Lifetime Lingerie	1				
		Lillybelle Brassiere Co., Inc.	1				
		Lilyette Brassiere Co., Inc.	2				

pleasures and places



AFTER TAHITI, WHAT?

BY DENIS WARNER

After Tahiti, what? In all the twelve million square miles of Polynesia, Micronesia, and Melanesia, there is nothing with quite the sensual appeal that Tahiti used to have before the foreign legion came to Papeete. But for peace and tranquillity, the chance to laze in tropical warmth and comfort in surroundings that make Tahiti's scenery seem almost second-rate, the Isle of Pines, a French colonial speck of coral and ironstone thirty miles southeast of New Caledonia and nine hundred miles east of Australia, comes close.

The Isle of Pines is not proof, of course, against the intrusions of Hollywood, or even De Gaulle's H-bomb, which have rubbed away Tahiti's magic. But French colonial policy and nature have combined to guarantee that for the predictable future, tourists will come as privileged pilgrims to bask on its pure white coral sand and to swim in its blue and turquoise waters. No clamoring invasion will break the calm. The Inn of Capricorn, the island's only hotel, has a monopoly and no room for seclusion-destroying expansion. Its seventeen thatched Tahitian-style bungalows and central dining room, patio, and kitchen are spread out under the banyan trees on an

isthmus so narrow that a well-hurled stone from the beach on one side would splash into the bay on the other. There is space for another six or eight bungalows on the bays on either side of the isthmus, but even when these are built, the inn will have accommodations for only fifty people. Apart from an area set aside as a farm for the inn, the rest of the island is a native reserve. And that, according to the French authorities in Nouméa, is the way it is going to stay.

To those who seek organized pleasure, the Isle of Pines has nothing to offer. As a concession to the energetic, the inn has a tennis court tucked away. There are also some underground grottoes filled with stalactites, which are certainly not worth crossing the Pacific, or even the island, to see; and a native village where the Melanesian islanders, descendants of the fiercest headhunters and cannibals in the South Seas, dance with grass skirts over their Mother Hubbards and grubby shorts, a disciplined modesty that the missionaries, mercifully, never managed to impose on the Tahitians.

With a singular lack of enthusiasm, the inn provides its bus, one of three motor vehicles on the island,

for such tourist excursions. But in this, as in almost everything else, it is less a matter of pleasing the customers than of approving the members of a select club. The inn's own boutique, run by Miss France circa 1957, is the island's only shop. There are no golf courses or movies. Guests are expected to turn up when the bell rings for meals or go hungry. The lights go out at 11 P.M.

Eager beavers loathe the island; beachcombers lucky enough to find it, and usually cheerfully ignorant of its history, never want to leave.

Discovered by Captain James Cook on September 6, 1774, and named for the pines which grow tall and straight around its shores and on neighboring coral reefs, the Isle of Pines is about eleven miles long and nine miles wide. Later explorers and traders were tempted by the beauty of its bays and beaches but were for years repelled by the ferocity of its natives. It was not until the 1840s and the discovery of fragrant sandalwood in its forests that white men began to converge on the island.

Sandalwood in those days fetched a high price on the Canton market; its price in lives among those who felled the forests on the Isle of Pines was even higher. In 1842 one of the earliest of the sandalwood ships, the *Star of Tahiti*, dropped anchor in the Bay of Kuto, where the Inn of Capricorn now stands. Offended by the white men, the native chief sent his men on board the brig on the pretext of wanting to sharpen their axes. At a favorable moment, the natives felled the brig's captain with a blow between the eyes and subsequently killed, cooked, and ate seventeen members of the crew. Four years later the crew of the brig *Catherine*, out of Sydney, suffered a similar fate.

Such a challenge brought an immediate response from European missionaries, who were now at the peak of their crusading zeal in the South Seas. A French Roman Catholic mission set up a post in 1848, and by 1853 all of the islanders were said to have been converted.

British and French naval ships arrived simultaneously at the island to claim it. The British protested innocently that theirs was a scientific expedition, while the French explained that they were there to revictual any missionaries who had not been eaten.

With the help of the missionaries, the French won the day. Having

All work and no Paris?



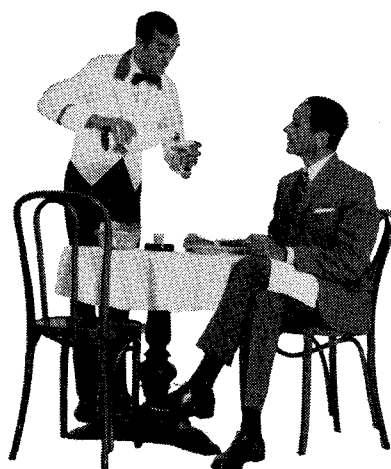
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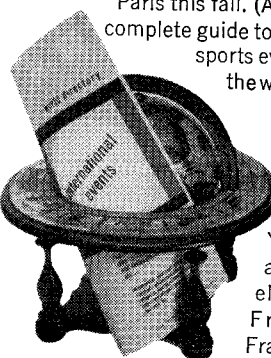
If you can't bring the wife and kids, you can at least console them with gifts from some of the most fabulous stores in the world. (The tax-free prices at Orly make even luxury items big bargains.)

And you can always ease back into your role as a businessman at one of the numerous trade shows to be held in

Paris this fall. (Air France offers a complete guide to trade shows, fairs, sports events, etc., around the world. Titled "World

Directory of International Events," it's free for the asking at any of our offices.)

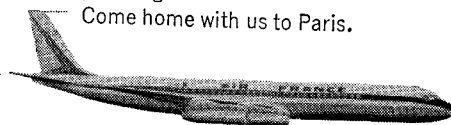
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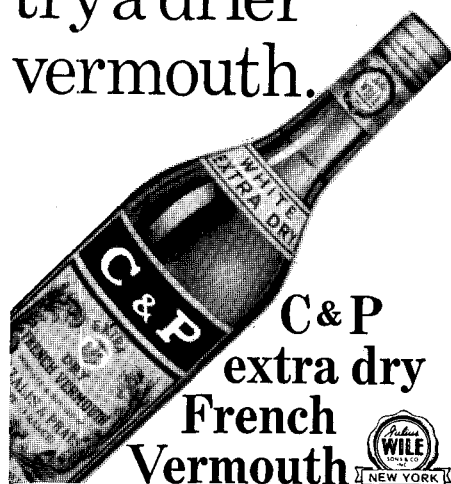
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pulling
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hoisted the French flag above his house, the native chief, accompanied by his small granddaughter, called on the British aboard their ship in Kuto Bay. The British dined the chief at the captain's table and pressed him to accept their presents. All went well until they presented him with the Union Jack and learned to their dismay that he had already accepted the tricolor.

For many years, Catholicism and cannibalism continued to flourish together. A trader who made the journey to the island from Nouméa by native canoe in 1859 discovered that the well-wrapped cargo which accompanied him consisted of three bodies, a present for the chief. Periodically, the islanders set off in the war canoes to raid the Loyalty Islands, east of New Caledonia, where they plundered the villages and killed and ate their foes.

In 1872 the guillotine put an end to this double standard of Christian piety at home and cannibal lust abroad. It also turned the Isle of Pines into the hellhole of the Pacific. On March 23, 1872, the French government declared the island a place of deportation, and seven months later the frigate *Danae* dropped anchor in Kuto with the first group of political prisoners from the Paris Commune. Soon there were 3400 of these unfortunates on the island, along with Arab rebels from Algeria and several hundred New Caledonian natives who had been hunted and starved into submission after massacring and mutilating two hundred white colonialists.

From the Kuto anchorage, the chain gangs hacked a road through the jungle and built the prisons in which they were to rot and often to die. They tapped the clear, cool springs in the hills and created a first-class system of waterworks that to this day provides the Inn of Capricorn and the native villages with fresh water.

The world first heard of this new Devil's Island in March, 1874, when a British vessel, bearing the splendid name *Peace, Comfort, Ease*, called at Kuto. Henri Rochefort, a writer, and five friends bribed their way aboard with 10,000 francs and escaped to Sydney. Their escape brought sharp official reprisals; but the guillotine only quickened the desire to be free among the lawyers, artists, doctors, writers, and other political prisoners who considered

themselves the victims of vile injustice. Just a year after Henri Rochefort and his friends escaped, a doctor named Rastoul and eighteen companions reached Australia in a boat they had made themselves. They in turn were followed by waves of other political prisoners and habitual criminals, who were then being shipped to New Caledonia and the Isle of Pines by the thousands.

After deportation to the Isle of Pines ceased in 1898, the jails and other installations were demolished and sold for building material in Nouméa. The jungle claimed what was left. Since so many Frenchmen in New Caledonia are direct descendants of prisoners from the Isle of Pines, memories of these days are painful, and research is not encouraged. Just pottering about on the Isle of Pines brings its own rewards, however. The convict-built road leading from the inn at Kuto to the plateau at the center of the island is still in good shape, and something remains of each of the five prison communes that were once built along it at intervals of two kilometers. In one are the ruins of the old chapel. At another you may push away the vines and creepers and crouch in the condemned cells, or climb the steps of the guillotine.

The central plateau offers the enigma of a much more remote civilization. Scattered across it are pyramid-shaped mounds of dirt each



about four feet high. Inside them are solid inverted pyramids made of a concretelike mixture of coral and seashells. Archaeologists have established that these tumuli are at least 4000 years old. They were made, it is clear, by skilled artisans, but for what function no one can say. They were not burial places. They appear to have had neither utilitarian purpose nor even religious significance, since they are hap-

hazardly placed and cannot be identified with any phases of the moon. As with the orderly rows of ironstone boulders that one comes across in the jungle, all of them weighing hundreds of pounds, they remain a mystery in which no one on the Isle of Pines is even remotely interested.

But it is enough just to be there. The sand at Kuto Bay has the color and texture of flour. It sweeps for half a mile past the inn to a rocky eminence, where sea eagles build their nests and wild white goats graze. Perhaps it is the contrast that is so breathtaking, the pure white of the sand and the true turquoise of the sea. In all things, nature has exaggerated its colors. There are butterflies and fish of a dazzling blue. The greens of the forest are brighter than they are anywhere else, the balsam flowers a deeper blue, while the bougainvillea flourish in reds, tangerines, purples, and pinks.

Here the sea only ripples on the beach, warm enough to be inviting and cool enough to be refreshing. Every headland promises a new beach, and even to the indolent there is a temptation to wander on. Here and there a dugout canoe dragged high from the water is a reminder of the island's population of eight hundred natives, but the footprints on the beach are yours alone. Disrobe and plunge into the sea if you wish, for the wheeling gulls are your only company.

The jungle walks are free of snakes and savage animals. But blue- and black-banded sea snakes proliferate in the coral rocks. They shun the open beaches, but the sunny and secluded nook that seems made for sunbathing is just the place the snakes like to play. Though the locals treat them with contempt and insist that their mouths are too small to bite, their innocence and incapacity are better unproven.

They are much less worth a risk than the seashells, the lustrous cowries with their polished enamel surfaces and rich color patterns, and the equally exquisite cone shells. Most are harmless, but a few, notably the *conus geographus* and the marble cone, with its black and white triangular-shaped spaces, are more deadly than any snake.

The expert on these matters is Aime Bourgoïn, a twenty-eight-year-old former commercial traveler from Cannes, who runs a launch, the

Yanick, and is the Isle of Pines's underwater guide. With his spear gun, he hunts the dangerous moray eel among the mushroom-shaped coral bunkers of remote reefs, and



chases sharks for fun. He respects the eel and despises the shark. Once when we were shell hunting together in twelve feet of water, he pointed cheerfully as a nine-foot shark cruised slowly past. The sharks have so much to eat, he says, that they cannot be bothered tussling with anything as big as a man. Even so, it is reassuring that they are rarely, if ever, seen inside the reef or in the bays of the main island.

On another occasion, when my wife and I and a French couple from Tahiti were cruising with Aime at the northern end of the island, he spotted an immense turtle. Carrying only a float and a long nylon line, he dived on top of it and for half an hour battled with the three-hundred-pound snapping-jawed creature, finally bringing it in triumph to the side of the boat. We lugged it aboard and carried it home in the dusk to be exchanged for bananas and papaya in the native village.

Night comes swiftly and calls for a jacket or sweater. The martinis are dry and generous. A bottle of Beaujolais costs just under \$3, and vintage French wines and champagnes are about twice that price. Meals are more than adequate but less French than the advertisements claim. All in all, including meals and the flying foxes and bats that squeak in the thatch, the tariff runs from \$8.50 a day. Higher-priced bungalows are literally almost on the beach; they also have more comfortable beds. Round-trip fare from the West Coast by Pan American or Qantas to Fiji, then by Air France to Nouméa, and Transpac (daily flight) to the Isle of Pines is \$1228.80 first class or \$888.30 tourist.

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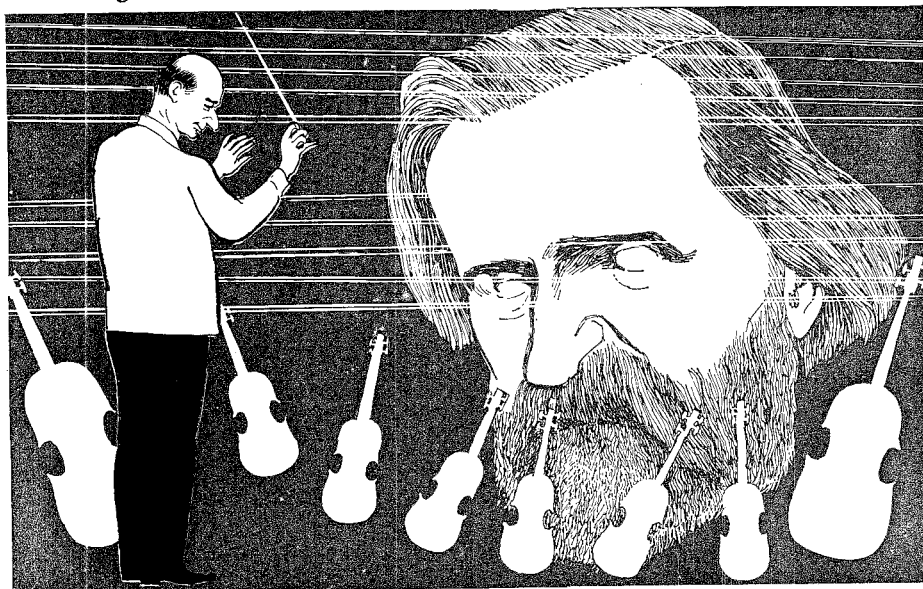
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they shall have music



STEINBERG'S PROGRAMMING

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

That Giuseppe Verdi wrote one string quartet to go along with his twenty-six operas is a fact well attested by musical historians. Unfortunately, it is a fact infrequently demonstrated in performance. Verdi's Quartet in E Minor seldom attracts the attention of chamber music ensembles, and for many years it has been absent from the record catalogues.

William Steinberg, the conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, feels a sense of missionary zeal toward the Verdi quartet, and he has transcribed it for string orchestra. Even more important, he has persuaded Command Records, a label not notably given to experimentation in the classical field, to permit him to record it.

The Verdi quartet, as it emerges in Steinberg's full-bodied treatment, is a work well worth attention. Admittedly, if Verdi weren't the world's most famous composer of Italian opera, it would be completely forgotten. But it remains music of cheerful mien and melodic charm, a kind of romantic serenade concocted from breezy Italian tunes and sparkling, graceful rhythms. Verdi's quartet is anything but a student work; he was sixty when he wrote it,

to pass the time (so he said himself) while a new production of *Aida* was being prepared at Naples. Some listeners have professed to hear echoes of *Aida* in the quartet; others a foretaste of *Falstaff*.

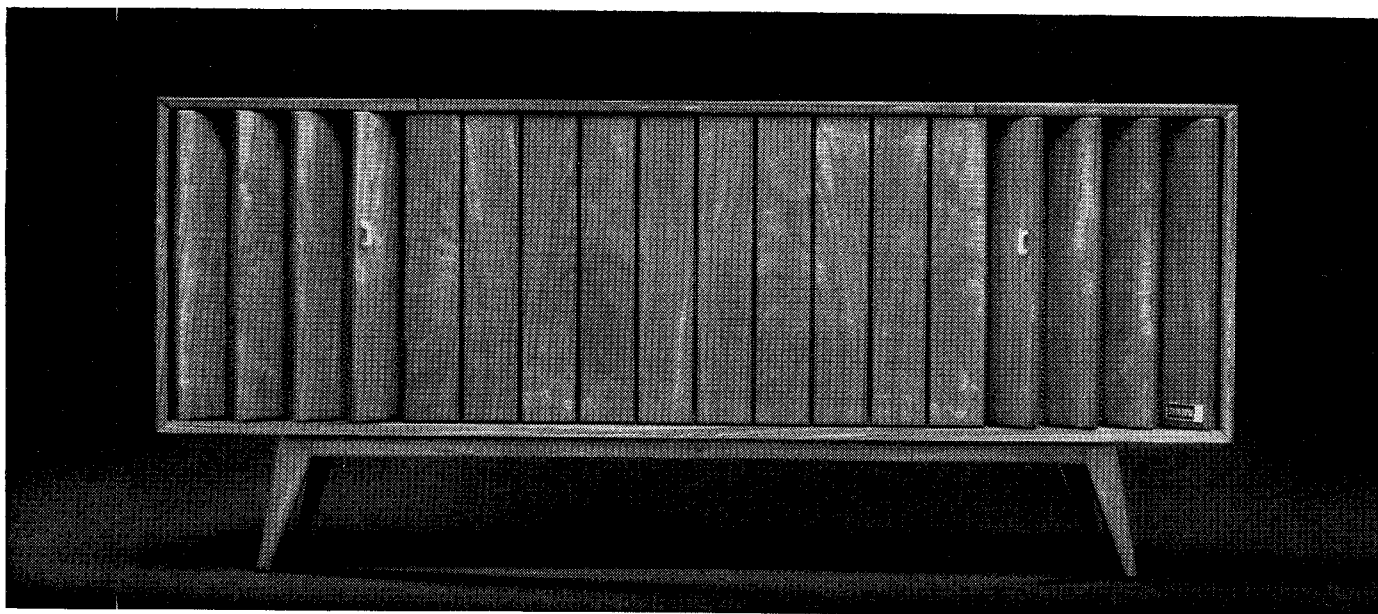
In any event, Verdi didn't compose the quartet for academicians (any more than he composed his operas for them), and not all the rules and regulations of string-quartet writing are observed to the letter. The slow movement isn't very slow, for example, and the third movement exists mostly for the sake of a lilting melody inserted in the middle of it. But its expansive mood, its romantic themes, its swift fugal passages that seem to wink at the listener as they go by make the Verdi quartet a thoroughly friendly and refreshing work. Also, it might be noted in passing, it lends itself admirably to the harmless musical sport of "Guess who?" In a spirit of scientific experimentation, this reviewer played the Verdi quartet for half a dozen reasonably knowledgeable listeners, none of whom suspected its authorship. Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and Dvořák were among the composers suggested, which gives some idea of the range, as well as the attractiveness, of this music.

In addition to casting a pleasant sidelight on Giuseppe Verdi, this recording of the Quartet in E Minor tells a good deal about William Steinberg, whose musical tastes, as reflected in his program-making, are sometimes the delight and sometimes the despair of his audiences. Steinberg, who is now sixty-four, has over the last ten years brought the Pittsburgh Symphony to a level where it is ranked by many authorities among the Big Six of American orchestras, along with the Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, New York, and Philadelphia (the order, be it noted, is alphabetical). Steinberg has just taken the Pittsburgh Symphony on an eleven-week European and Middle Eastern tour on behalf of the State Department, including stops at Frankfurt (where he was conducting opera when the Nazis drove him from Germany in the 1930s) and Edinburgh (where he and his orchestra were the final attractions of this year's festival).

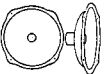
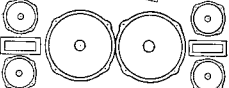
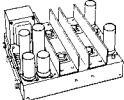
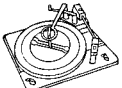
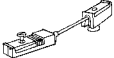
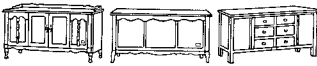
This fall Steinberg is widening his activities in the United States, too. Leonard Bernstein, the musical director of the New York Philharmonic, is taking a sabbatical from his post to concentrate upon a new Broadway musical he is writing. Of the four conductors who will replace him, Steinberg has been accorded the lion's share of the season, with twelve weeks. He will also make his debut at the Metropolitan Opera House, directing three operas, Verdi's *Aida*, Wagner's *Die Walküre*, and Samuel Barber's *Vanessa*. It is an ambitious year, but quite in keeping with the active life led by Steinberg, whose career has included the founding, with Bronislaw Huberman, of the Palestine Symphony Orchestra; the associate conductorship of the NBC Symphony Orchestra with Arturo Toscanini; and a seven-year stay in Buffalo, New York, where he raised the feeble local Philharmonic to the status of a strong and respected orchestra of the second rank.

Wherever he may perform, Steinberg has no intention of altering his penchant for playing the kind of music he thinks ought to be played. A stocky, sturdily built man who likes to smoke a pipe, he talks freely about his "suicide" or "crazy" programs.

"It's my *mishugos*," he says, using the Yiddish slang for craziness, or eccentricity. "I don't want to go



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along my whole life with Brahms and Tchaikovsky symphonies. So I deviate sometimes from the average bourgeois program. I play the *Manfred* of Tchaikovsky, the *Lelio* of Berlioz, the Mahler Six and Seven. Who plays the Elgar Symphony No. 2 nowadays? I do. This season I am giving a Bruckner cycle with the New York Philharmonic. In Pittsburgh I made a program of a Vivaldi bassoon concerto, the Verdi quartet in the string orchestra version, and the Mahler First Symphony. We give fifteen or sixteen contemporary works a season in Pittsburgh; I have a conviction that a conductor must show uncommon works to an audience. I find that the smaller cities are often more progressive and receptive than the large ones like New York. They know the difference in Buffalo."

Ironically, Steinberg seldom has an opportunity to record the kind of music he likes to propagate. His previous recording affiliations, for Capitol and Everest, have taken him, for the most part, down familiar paths. And his three years with Command have been largely a round of Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky. His debut on the Command label three years ago, in Brahms's Symphony No. 2 in D, created a sensation by reason of its superb sound and its forceful musicianship, but it led not to Bruckner and Elgar, but to further recordings of Brahms.

Even within the limits of standard repertory, Steinberg is managing to leave an individualistic imprint on the LP catalogue. He is on the way to joining the select list of conductors (Ansermet, Klemperer, Krips, Scherchen, Toscanini, von Karajan, Walter, Weingartner) who have recorded the nine Beethoven symphonies. Command has already released Steinberg's performances of Nos. 3, 4, and 7, and to these it now adds Nos. 1 and 2, coupled on a single record. Steinberg brings to Beethoven's First and Second a crisp and direct approach; his tempos are brisk, with no lingering or languishing. Other recordings of these symphonies (Bruno Walter's, for instance) generate more warmth, but Steinberg's have as much vigor and polish as anyone else's. And the stereo sound — always a Command hallmark — is spacious and crystal clear.

Steinberg tends to regard musical

interpretations, his own no less than others, as subject to change. Recordings he has made in the past, he says, undergo re-evaluation in his own mind. "Years ago," he said, "I made a recording of the Mozart *Jupiter*. Afterwards, I had qualms about it. I almost felt as if I no longer wanted to stand behind it. Then in later years I heard it again, and now it seemed right. I am constantly reconsidering music. To fix an interpretation loses its value. As I conduct, I am always in a fluctuating state — not, I hope, petrified."

As a technician, or "stickman," to use the musicians' term, Steinberg is economical of motion and firm of purpose. "I try to disappear as a person behind a screen of music. I am no jack-in-the-box," he says.

Steinberg is reluctant to express preferences among composers, remarking that as a conductor he cannot afford to play favorites. Nevertheless, he acknowledges a partiality toward Mahler and Bruckner, those discursive twins of post-Romanticism. With both Bruno Walter and Dimitri Mitropoulos gone, Steinberg believes that he is as well equipped as any living conductor to carry on the Mahler-Bruckner heritage. Nor is he discouraged by the thought that American concert audiences do not respond to Bruckner's rambling scores as eagerly as Middle-European listeners. Symphonic programs, Steinberg holds, should be made up not only of music that audiences like but of music they *ought* to like.

Nevertheless, Steinberg tends to be philosophical about a recording schedule that leans heavily toward the surefire and the commercial. "Records must sell," he says. "Of course I would like to record non-commercial works. But whatever we record, we give all our energies and abilities. I tell my orchestra at the recording session: 'This recording must be good; it will be fixed for all eternity.' How long is eternity? Until the next time."

Enoch Light, the former popular bandleader who established the Command label as a purveyor of *Persuasive Percussion* and similar pops records and later developed a classical line built mostly about Steinberg and the Pittsburgh, cheerfully acknowledges that he intends to stick to the tried and true in future releases.

All the same, he readily accepted

Steinberg's suggestion that the Verdi quartet be recorded. "We found there was no other version in the catalogue," said Light, "and Steinberg wanted very much to do it. So we went ahead. I try things that I think are good." However, Light did hedge his bet slightly, for, coupled with the Verdi quartet, which is receiving its lone LP recording, is the Tchaikovsky *Nutcracker* Suite, which is receiving its thirtieth.

Record Reviews

Bach: Suites No. 3 in C and 4 in E-flat for Unaccompanied Cello

Pierre Fournier, cellist; Deutsche Grammophon Archive ARC-73187 (stereo) and 3187

Pierre Fournier is the most elegant of cellists, and the smoothness and sureness of his technique were never displayed better than in these two Bach suites, which are, despite their difficulties, unmarred by grunts, scrapes, wheezes, and other manifestations of the cellist's trade. But there are other qualities to commend this record, too — most notably, a serenity of spirit which well befits these remarkable compositions for a solitary instrument. Fournier can make his cello dance through a gigue or a bourrée; he can spin out a single strand of melody or match Bach's most complicated rhythmic demands. And in so doing, he reveals not only the performer's craft but also the composer's art.

Bizet: Carmen

Herbert von Karajan conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and State Opera Chorus, with Leontyne Price and Mirella Freni, sopranos; Franco Corelli, tenor; Robert Merrill, baritone; Frank Schooten, bass; and others; RCA Victor LDS-6164 (stereo) and LD-6164: three records

Although *Carmen* today is universally regarded as the supreme French opera, its first performance in Paris in 1874 was a failure, and it was not until it was staged in Vienna the next year, with added recitatives by Bizet's friend Ernest Guiraud, that it began to conquer the world. So a Viennese recording, with such modern refinements as an American soprano in the leading role, has at least historical justification. This recording is Viennese *Carmen* at its

best, with von Karajan directing a meticulously played and cogently sung production, with Miss Price (who has never sung the part on the stage) giving a carefully planned and thoroughly prepared portrayal of Carmen, with Mr. Corelli contributing a fine tenor gleam and some unexpected sensitivity to the role of Don José, and with Mr. Merrill his robustly sonorous self as Escamillo. It is probably as stellar a *Carmen* as can be produced anywhere in the world, and quite the solidest version in stereo. *Et pourtant* — as Carmen herself might say — something is lacking. Aside from the gingerliness with which the principals approach the language, aside from the inability of the Viennese choristers to create the illusion of southern Spain, or, for that matter, northern France, there is a certain methodical weightiness that deprives the work of much of its surge and vigor, especially in the first two acts. It shows almost immediately in the Cigarette Chorus, which is languorous almost to the point of parody, and in the “*Habañera*” itself, whose measures are made to seem portentous rather than seductive. A measure of French flavor is provided by a bevy of Paris Opéra singers, engaged for lesser roles such as Zuniga, Morales, Frasquita, and Mercédès; and the lovely, if Italian-accented, Micaela of Mirella Freni is a pleasure to hear. Vienna could not offer a more conscientious *Carmen*. But it does not exhaust the opera’s possibilities.

Mozart: Complete Wind Music

London Wind Soloists directed by Jack Brymer; London CS-6346/50 (stereo) and CM-9346/50: five records

These five records, available singly or as a set, demonstrate Mozart’s ability to write astonishingly beautiful music for the most unlikely combinations of instruments. The antecedents of these works were the “table-music” with which noblemen were wont to be entertained at dinner, and the serenades that were played out of doors in the eighteenth century. But Mozart, with his never-failing resourcefulness and his superb skill in tone color, touched even these trifles with genius. Three of the pieces on these records are masterpieces: the Serenade in B-flat for Thirteen Wind Instruments, K. 361; the Serenade in E-flat, K. 375, for two oboes, two clarinets, two

Angel invites you to the opera



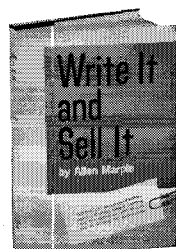
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And Angel brings you 7 other new albums featuring music and performances that reflect Monteverdi’s influence on modern opera. *The Christmas Oratorio*, by Heinrich Schütz, a student of Monteverdi, and the man who introduced personal expression in vocal music to Germany. Performed by Edith Mathis, and the Windsbach Boys’ Choir conducted by Hans Thamm. *Operatic Arias and Songs*, sung by Luisa Tetrazzini, the legendary star of “The Golden Age of Coloraturas.” (A Great Recordings of the Century album, in mono only.) *The Four Overtures for “Fidelio,”* from the one priceless gift given to opera by Ludwig van Beethoven. Performed by the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Otto Klemperer. *Highlights from “Samson and Delilah,”* by Camille Saint-Saëns, brought “sumptuous color and evocative dramatic power” (*High Fidelity Magazine*) to this biblical tale. Performed by Rita Gorr and Jon Vickers, with the Paris Opera Orchestra, conducted by Georges Prêtre. *Franco Corelli Sings Great Religious Songs and Arias*. “The greatest tenor now... in Italian opera” (*New York Post*) in stunning performances of 12 beloved songs. *Maria Callas Sings Verdi Arias*. The world’s most famous soprano sings arias by the master of Italian opera. *Verdi Requiem*. “The finest... realization of Verdi’s blazing masterpiece.” (*Saturday Review*) Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Christa Ludwig, Nicolai Gedda, and Nicolai Ghiaurov, with the Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra, conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini.





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bassoons, and two horns; and the Serenade in C Minor, K. 388, for the same eight instruments. But the lesser pieces are a delight to hear too, with their perky oboes and bouncy horns, and general air of high spirits alternating with gentle melancholy. All five of the records are highly recommendable, but if a choice of one must be made, it might well be Volume 3, which contains two cheerful divertimentos and the great Serenade in C Minor, one of the most emotionally charged pieces Mozart ever wrote. He later arranged it as a string quintet, but it has more power and color in its original wind version. Performances by the London Wind Soloists are excellent throughout.

African Concert

Les Troubadours du Roi Baudouin; Philips PCC-614 (stereo) and PCC-214

Les Troubadours du Roi Baudouin are a troupe of young Congolese singers and percussionists who have been trained musically by Franciscan priests. Fortunately, they have been encouraged to perform African rather than European music, although some Western touches are inevitable. In this collection, sung in Swahili and other native tongues, they sing of such diverse matters as the plumage of birds, the joys of childhood games, the menace of crocodiles, and the sound of the railroad locomotives that have invaded their continent. Their opening song, "Ah Ibada," is a hymn in praise of Ugandan martyrs that combines a captivating lilt in the melodic line with an exciting percussive rhythm. The songs that follow never quite attain this level again, but most have a freshness and exuberance of their own. The record album gives texts and translations of the songs and is attractively illustrated with woodcuts.

Dust Bowl Ballads

Woody Guthrie, folk singer, with guitar accompaniment; RCA Victor LPV-502

Woody Guthrie, the granddaddy of the American song of protest, made these recordings in 1940, when memories of the Oklahoma dust bowl were still vivid and John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* was still in vogue. Re-released now in the new Victor Vintage Series, they still produce a powerful effect. In blues and ballad rhythms they tell of dust, dust, dust, as evidenced in their titles: "The

Great Dust Storm," "Dust Cain't Kill Me," "Dust Pneumonia Blues," "Dust Bowl Refugee," and the ultimate, "Dusty Old Dust." Among the most fascinating and poetic are two songs called "Tom Joad," about the hero of *The Grapes of Wrath*, and written, according to Guthrie, "because the people back in Oklahoma haven't got two bucks to buy the book, or even thirty-five cents to see the movie, but the song will get back to them and tell them what preacher Casy said." Their sense of mission, if anything, strengthens the musical impact of the songs, and Guthrie sings them in a straightforward style without a trace of whine or plaintiveness. And there's more than one touch of humor, as in the ballad of a girl who escaped from Oklahoma only to faint in a Texas rainstorm. She had to be revived, so Woody sings, by having a bucket of dirt thrown in her face.

Shakespeare: Hamlet

John Gielgud, director, with Richard Burton, Hume Cronyn, Alfred Drake, Eileen Herlie, Linda Marsh, George Rose, George Voskovec, and others; Columbia DOS-702 (stereo) and DOL-302; four records

This is an "original cast" *Hamlet*, the players being those of the 1964 Broadway production starring Richard Burton. And from *Hamlet*'s entrance to his death scene, it is Mr. Burton who dominates and shapes the play with his rich and expressive Welsh voice. Unfortunately, some of his pre-eminence is purely relative, for this is a mixed cast indeed, with a wry and dry Polonius (Hume Cronyn) side by side with a weak Ophelia (Linda Marsh), and a resonant and resolute Ghost (John Gielgud) matched with an unconvincing Claudius (Alfred Drake). Despite its four-record length, the play has been somewhat trimmed. Since *Hamlet* owes so much to *Hamlet*, there are many stirring moments in this production, notably several of the soliloquies and a powerful and moving graveyard scene. Mr. Burton's *Hamlet* is eminently worth preserving. But of the two other recorded complete *Hamlets* available, that by the Shakespeare Recording Society offers a more consistent sense of dramatic unity, and that by the Marlowe Society for London a more consistent awareness of the shadings and subtleties of the English language.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE first movie I ever saw was a Pathé comedy shown on the open veranda of the Grenville Arms Hotel in Bay Head the summer of 1909. The film, which I believe was produced in France, followed the mishap of a bachelor who, having ripped his pants, thought to take to his bed until they could be repaired and returned to him. We watched him get into bed, a narrow cot that plainly ruled out sex. At this point enter the landlady to tell him he was wanted on the telephone (which was enough of a novelty to inspire that popular Columbia record "Cohen on the Telephone"). Having no trousers, our hero ingeniously wrapped about him the strip of linoleum from his bedroom floor. But in negotiating the stairs, he lost his balance and began to roll. Out the door and down the street he rolled, now only his head visible, as his linoleum tube swept over an applecart, then a couple on a tandem bicycle, raised havoc in the vegetable market, and went rolling on for fresh conquests with all Paris in pursuit. I think that at one point even the Eiffel Tower was threatened — perhaps that was what stopped him and led to his eventual exposure and arrest; but the whole farce in its jittery way was a miracle, and convulsively funny.

It never occurred to us that those jumpy, faster-than-life productions lent themselves to comedy far better than to serious drama, but it certainly occurred to the producers, who hammed up every love scene or attempted seduction, so that it became not even melodrama but sheer farce. If there was ever any sex in the Keystone Kops and their well-wrapped bathing beauties, I never detected it, and even in *The Perils of Pauline* it was the tossing and torture Pearl White received and not any disclosure of her pulchritude that I looked for. This was all right with me, for I was at the stage where my parents' embrace embarrassed me and where the meager love stories in Kipling seemed mawkish and better to be skipped.

There must have been love interest in *The Birth of*

a Nation — though it ran a poor second to the heroism — for I do remember the dashing charm of that fine Confederate officer, H. B. Warner (anyone present remember him in *The Quaker Girl?*), and the plaintiveness of Lillian Gish. Theda Bara must have made with her eyes and bosom, but in my photographic memory she seems as mysteriously encased in beads as a Turkish corner. Surely what we looked for in Mary Pickford was her undiluted, 30,000-calorie sweetness as she pled for our sympathy in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*; what we looked for in William S. Hart was the poker face, the hat cord under the chin, and horsemanship which for the first time exuded the real dust of the plains; just as what we looked for in Douglas Fairbanks were his incredible leaps, his swordsmanship, and the audacity of *Three Musketeers* rolled into one. Not till the tempo of the films had slowed down, not till the piano player with his bagful of parody tunes ("Pony Boy, Pony Boy," and here comes Bill Hart) had been eliminated, not till Pola Negri, Rudolph Valentino, and Clara Bow brought passion to the screen, did "It" become a box-office attraction, and in view of the overdose since, I sometimes wish we could have continued in our innocent, one-dimensional world.

THE GREAT CHARLIE

In the days before movie actors were taught to speak, there was an unspoken subtlety in their performance, a suggestive subtlety and pantomime in which Charlie Chaplin was without rival. Here is the way Chaplin would do it, told in his own words: "... in the hotel lobby I felt I was an impostor posing as one of the guests, but in reality I was a tramp just wanting a little shelter. I entered and stumbled over the foot of a lady. I turned and raised my hat apologetically, then turned and stumbled over a cuspidor, then turned

and raised my hat to the cuspidor. Behind the camera they began to laugh." This was the genius that made his Tramp endearing.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY by CHARLES CHAPLIN (Simon and Schuster, \$6.95) is the most original, virile book about the theater that has been written in a long, long time. Chaplin's parents were English vaudevillians who were both on the rocks before young Charlie was born. His father was a brooding man with dark eyes, addicted to the bottle; his mother a soubrette, dainty and attractive, who in her good periods reminded him of a bouquet of flowers. At eighteen she had run off to Africa with a middle-aged man, and the result of this adventure before she returned to the stage was her older son, Sydney, Charlie's senior by four years, whose loyalty and earnings were indispensable as their mother faded away into insanity.

The penury and despair of Charlie's boyhood are like flashes out of Dickens. Charlie was schooled not in the three R's but in the theater. He made his first stage appearance at the age of five and a half in the Canteen at Aldershot, where he captivated the tough soldier audience when his mother had lost her voice. He lived for a time in a school for destitute children which makes Dotheboys Hall sound like Eton, and when he escaped from there, he worked as news vendor, toy-maker, printer, and glassblower, always with a hankering to get back on the stage. He joined a troupe of clog dancers, had a bit part with Marceline, the famous clown, at the London Hippodrome, and scored a precocious success before he was thirteen as Billy the pageboy in *Sherlock Holmes*. When he came to play the vaudeville circuits in America, he had all that the London stage could teach him; Charlie's performances as a drunk caught the eye of Mack Sennett, who signed him up for three films a week at a salary of \$150. Neither Mr. Sennett nor the curvacious Mabel Normand nor anyone connected with the Keystone Studio had a premonition of what they had let themselves in for. "We need some gags here," Sennett said to Chaplin. "Put on a comedy make-up. Anything will do." And on the way to the wardrobe Chaplin chose his destiny: baggy pants, big shoes, a cane, and a derby hat, the coat tight, the hat small, and the shoes large, everything a contradiction, and because Sennett had expected him to be older, he added a small mustache. So, the Tramp was born.

Because his stuff was so outrageously different, the cutters kept throwing it out; this led to a showdown and a new contract in which Charlie was to write and direct all his own comedies and was to be given a twenty-five-dollar bonus for each picture. One picture called *Twenty Minutes of Love* he made in a single afternoon, and it was a con-

tinuous laugh; *Dough and Dynamite* took all of nine days and cost \$1800, but because Charlie had exceeded his budget of \$1000 he was not paid his bonus for this one.

Success when it comes is seldom as much fun to read about as the hard way up, as Moss Hart so well demonstrates in *Act One*, and too many stage memoirs degenerate into a tedious succession of triumphant first nights. But the second and prosperous half of Chaplin's book is redeemed by the inside story of the big films like *Shoulder Arms* and *The Gold Rush*, the very mention of which stirs affection; by the daring with which he, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, D. W. Griffith, and William S. Hart formed United Artists; by his insatiable curiosity, and by his personal encounters — here is how he took the world when his hardest days were behind him. I am assured that he wrote this book himself with help only in researching detail. His recall is both sharp and vivid. In only one particular is the prose stilted: it seems curious to me that when he writes about women who obviously meant so much to him, his descriptions are so cliché-ridden and devoid of individuality.

NATURALIST AT LARGE

Among the royal jewels of radio in its great day were Information Please, The Town Crier, Allen's Alley, Town Meeting of the Air, and Jack Benny. It is hard to believe that there are now Ph.D.'s who never heard Information Please, who never gasped at the quick wit of Clifton Fadiman the Emcee or the surprising range of knowledge which JOHN KIERAN had within his grasp. How Mr. Kieran came to know so much about athletics, natural history, American birds, the city of Manhattan, cement sewers, and belles lettres is now disclosed in a friendly autobiography, *NOT UNDER OATH* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00). He was born in New York City, the son of a college president, but the best days of his impressionable years were spent on the old farm in Dutchess County, and there his appetite, his curiosity, his irrepressible zest for every gleam and mood of nature were aroused. There he also learned to distinguish a Spitzenburg from a Baldwin in two bites.

As with Charlie Chaplin, so with John Kieran it is the story of how he caught on that is most endearing. I like his nonpaying venture into the chicken business, when, led on by a succulent advertisement, he ordered a pen of Plymouth Rocks for breeding. When the undersized, scrawny chickens were delivered, John wrote a letter of complaint beginning:

Dear Sirs: Received your consignment of lice. There were also some chickens in the box. . .

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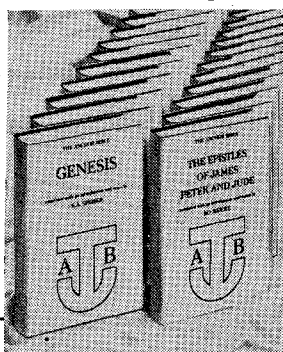
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A more lasting investment made at this time was his purchase of a copy of Chapman's *Handbook of Birds of Northeastern North America*. After the chickens came a trial run as a construction worker, and by the process of rejection, this led him to apply as a sportswriter for the *New York Times* in 1915. John had played five different sports in college, and in this form of reporting, his enthusiasm, his humor, and his eye that never missed a trick made him the best.

His network of friendships grew as John matured, and by 1940 he was known and loved from coast to coast. During the war, overworked, worried about his ill wife and John, Jr., an infantry officer apparently missing in Sicily, he suffered the first of his angina pains while taking a sprint in Van Cortlandt Park. The attack was to change his life, ruling out smoking and inducing a more reflective attitude, as is evidenced in this characteristic comment: "The intermittent angina pains usually came when I was taking my customary morning walks in the woods and fields. On such occasions I would simply lie down on the flat of my back and breathe slowly until the pain left me. This was no disturbance of the peace."

For more than a decade now he has been a landmark on the beaches and in the woods of Cape Ann, and the photograph of him, binoculars to his eyes as he scans the long beach, has this caption: "A low sun, a long shadow and one last look before starting home," suggestive of the sageness and serenity in this pleasant book.

BEYOND THE BEYOND

PAUL BROOKS is one of the staunchest defenders of our wilderness, of our Thoreau inheritance, anywhere to be found. With his wife, Susan, in the bow of their canoe, he has sketched and explored our most rugged and remote national parks. On a single trip he has made portages half the length of Fifth Avenue. He cooks as well as he writes, and out of his love for the unspoiled has grown his philosophy for the preservation of our American heritage. *ROADLESS AREA* (Knopf, \$4.95) is a collection of his papers, many of which first appeared in the *Atlantic*, with three score drawings by the author. They give to us who are less adventurous the sense of being on these lonely streams, of camping under the stars, of savoring the last frontiers, and of realizing how imperative it is for man's spirit to conserve such sanctuaries, whether in Alaska or in the rain forests of the Olympic Peninsula, on the Concord River in Massachusetts or in Kenya. Mr. Brooks, who is an accomplished editor, is quite aware of the blisters, mosquitoes, and the many unpredictables; he writes with humor, vividly and with strong conviction.



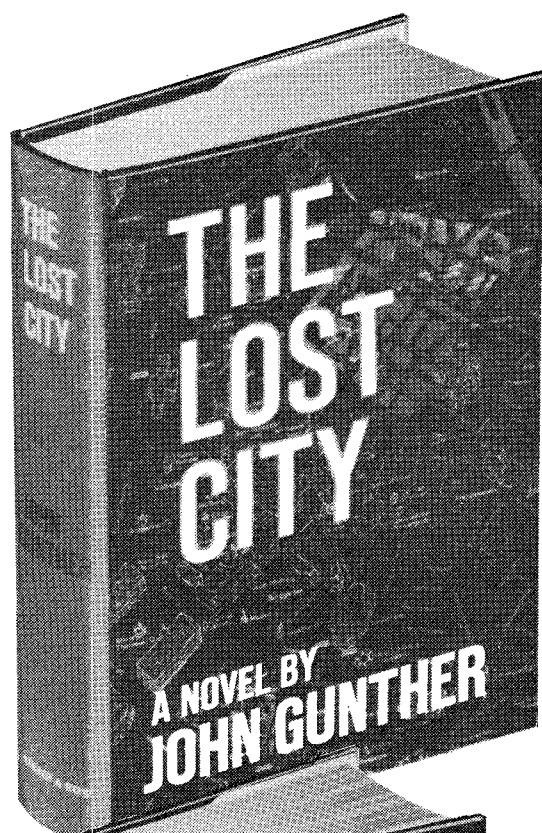
Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

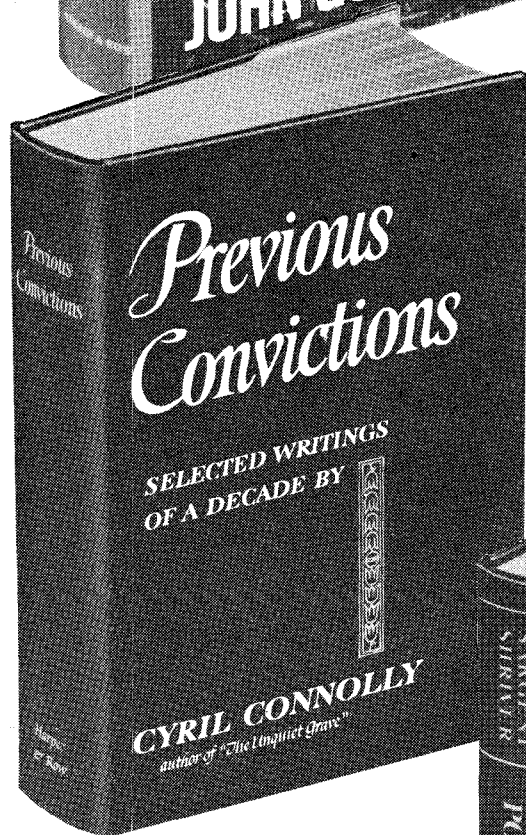
JULIAN GREEN'S *DIARY 1928-1957* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$6.50) probably deserves a more sympathetic reviewer. A considerable and important portion of the book is essentially the lament of a would-be religious mystic. Since the little I have read by and about mystics has left me with the impression that their experiences involve the camouflage of erotic impulses through unacknowledged self-hypnotism, I am incapable of taking Mr. Green's alternating delights and despairs with proper concern.

Mr. Green's longing for absorption into a divine unconsciousness is, however, a perfectly logical element in the character revealed by these extracts from his diaries. (That word "extracts" is bothersome, too; one wonders whether KURT WOLFF, editing the project, has omitted whole aspects and subplots, or merely avoided repetition.) Mr. Green was born in Paris to a family of expatriate Virginians, who guarded him so successfully from knowledge of the vile world that he was nearly twenty when he became aware that human beings do not, as he had previously supposed, couple merely once a year like cattle. The education that produced this remarkable ignorance must have omitted a great many other simple truths as well, all of which presumably caught up with Mr. Green at once, when he was shipped back to the United States to go to college. It was undoubtedly a painful and disconcerting experience, particularly for a young man inclined to equate ignorance with innocence.

The diary, begun in the author's late twenties, when he was back in Paris as a friend of André Gide and an established figure in the French literary world, harps continually on the joys of his childhood, which are recalled to him by sounds, smells, the angle of a sunbeam, even the quality of a breeze. They are always solitary joys, involving no action, no other people, no thought — in short, those moments of brainless delight which are known, I believe, to most children. Mr. Green seems never to have realized that his boyhood pleasures were not a unique glimpse of Nirvana. He spent much thought throughout his life on



THE LOST CITY, John Gunther's new novel of pre-war Vienna, is "a marvelous book." — THEODORE H. WHITE. "It has the solidity and big scope that readers are hungry for . . . a real novel of time and place with real people and real action." — MARCIA DAVENPORT. "It has the nostalgia of its title and the charm of its subject, but something a great deal more: a truth about crises in the affairs of men." — VINCENT SHEEAN. 608 pages. \$5.95

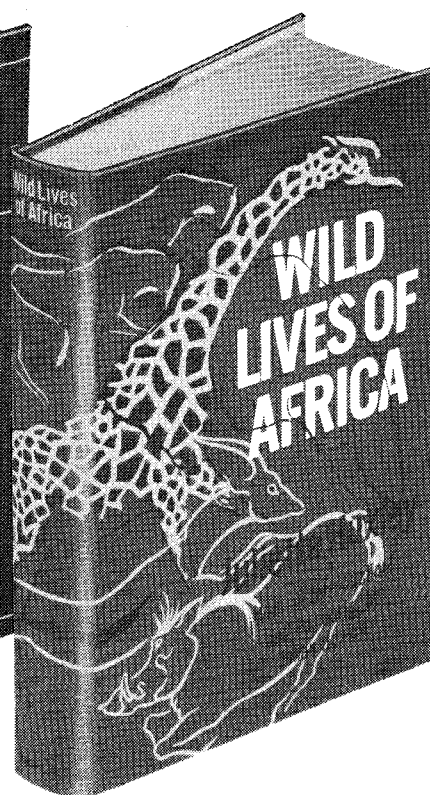
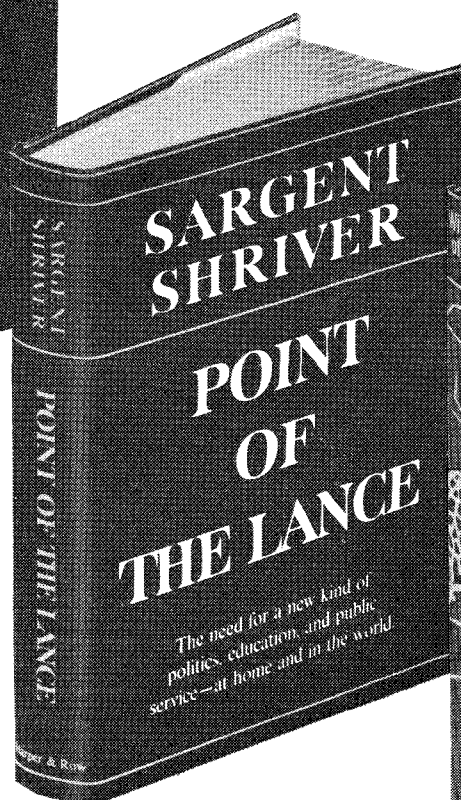


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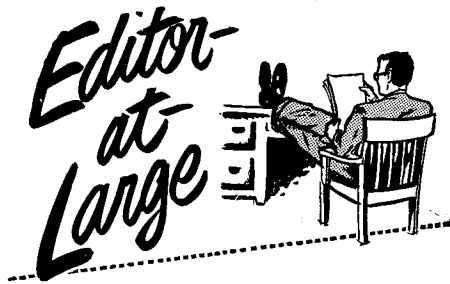
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The Shakespeare tetracentenary is finally drawing to a close, and is anyone sorry to see these revels end? The Bardolatry which Shaw so bitterly deplored has never been at as high a pitch as it was this past spring. Shakespeare has always run the gravest risk at the hands of his admirers; and this year the foundations, the Johnson administration, the television *conferenciers*, the slick, chic magazines—all of them wrapped Will in their fond and deadly embraces. "Dear friend, for Jesus' sake forebeare . . ."

Did anything useful emerge from this high-toned orgy? A handful of exciting productions certainly. A few memorable books, of which the latest, and by all odds the liveliest, is Jan Kott's *Shakespeare Our Contemporary*.

Jan Kott is a Polish poet, critic, and intellectual who has often translated the plays of Sartre and Ionesco. The title of Mr. Kott's book neatly sums up both his critical message and his achievement, his means and his end. Briefly, what Mr. Kott has done is to relate plays of Shakespeare to the theatre of Beckett, Ionesco, and Genet; to the art of film; to our mid-century universe of concentration camps, ruined cities, and grotesque malaise. Mr. Kott's is not the complete Shakespeare, by any means, nor even the Essential Shakespeare. It can, however, be called Existential Shakespeare.

One important theatrical production has already been inspired by a chapter from this book—the Royal Shakespeare Company's recent production of *King Lear* starring Paul Scofield. Others will surely be on the way, for Mr. Kott has shown us brilliant new ways of staging Shakespeare as well as new ways of reading him.

It is altogether possible that Jan Kott's *Shakespeare Our Contemporary* may one day be counted the only lasting accomplishment of the Bard's 400th year.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Shakespeare Our Contemporary (\$4.50) by Jan Kott (Translated by Boleslaw Taborski) is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 17. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1530 Northern Boulevard, Manhasset, New York.

religious, ethical, and philosophical schemes to retrieve, at least briefly, that lost juvenile paradise. His efforts were handicapped by sexual inclinations which one must assume were unorthodox, since he never admits the possibility of satisfying them inside religious or secular law. In short, Mr. Green had a number of good reasons for disliking the world and seeking to avoid it, and religion was one of his many lines of defense, not against reality, but against taking any action about reality.

Aside from the nostalgic passages in which Mr. Green yearns for his childhood, the eighteenth century, or the medieval grace of iron clothing (that is not fair; the swish of medieval monks' habits is what he really misses), the diary covers numerous meetings with André Gide and conversations that usually turn out to be about Mr. Green's novels or his spiritual progress. There is a brief sketch of Gertrude Stein, exceptionally vivid because she did not talk about Mr. Green's affairs. There are meetings with Louis Jouvet about a play, and attendance at a couple of public speeches by Camus.

There is also a certain amount of literary comment, of interest chiefly because it illustrates the extreme subjectivity of Mr. Green's opinions. For all his romantic love of the past, it never occurred to him to consider a piece of writing in the context of the author's own period and experiences. He is shocked when Hawthorne, whose novels he admires, turns prissy provincial in an Italian museum, and he attributes Dotheboys Hall to "Dickens' taste for cruelty." Constantly complaining of his own inability to tell the whole truth about his life in public, he attributes cowardly suppression of fact to almost every novelist he encounters. Conrad, for example, should have announced flatly that Almayer wanted to sleep with his daughter—a maneuver which in fact would require a different Almayer, a different Conrad, and a different book. Incidentally, the only woman Mr. Green ever mentions with affection (Gertrude Stein, a public monument, excepted) or describes in any way is his own mother.

The amazing thing about this diary is that its timid, guilt-ridden, foggy-visioned, sentimental author



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IN *Europe's Steppe Frontier 1500-1800*, William H. McNeill writes: "Slaves were not valued primarily for the economic usefulness of their labor. Slaves were used instead to satisfy the desire of upstart Ottoman nobles (often slaves themselves) to accumulate a large household of attendants, thus attesting their own personal greatness . . ."

"SLAVES MANAGED important facets of Ottoman life. In particular, the imperial slave household administered the secular side of the sultan's government and constituted the backbone of the sultan's field army . . . The brutalized Negro field hands of the New World, who constitute the Western archetype of an enslaved population were different indeed from the slaves who strutted the streets and staffed the palaces of Constantinople."

MCNEILL POINTS OUT that Europeans enslaved by the Ottoman Empire were often snatched from miserable village serfdom to a rich, metropolitan life of opportunity and that they regularly accepted the Moslem religion of their captors without coercion.

DISPLAYING the breadth of vision that so distinguished *The Rise of the West*, McNeill here treats that area of Europe where Hapsburg, Russian, and Ottoman Empires vied for power as typical "frontier" territory. He discounts traditional hostilities which assign to the Turks an exaggeratedly villainous role in this struggle.

Europe's Steppe Frontier \$5.50

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also wrote a number of eerily distinguished novels. How on earth did this poor fidgety misfit translate his various bogeys into works of art? The diary provides no bridge. The only clue is the diary's revelation that he took his writing with great seriousness. But then, he took everything with great seriousness.

THE MYSTERY OF WILL

LESLIE HOTSON, whose scholarly career began with the discovery of the truth about Christopher Marlowe's death, has been working for some years on Shakespeare's sonnets. In **MR. W. H.** (Knopf, \$6.95) he offers his findings, supported by old documents, cryptography, historical probability, and the ghost of Sherlock Holmes.

Since the lost identity of the friend and the mistress of whom Shakespeare wrote has aggravated scholars for centuries, it is to be hoped that Dr. Hotson's solution of the problem will be accepted. Given the suspicious nature of scholars, however, not to mention the chronic need of thesis subjects, this is extremely unlikely. Dr. Hotson has amassed a great deal of circumstantial evidence, a very good argument for the possibility he puts forward. He hasn't found a thing that is the equivalent of a reliable eyewitness to the crime.

As far as the quality of the poetry is concerned, it doesn't matter a farthing whether Mr. W. H. was Will Hawk or Will Handsaw, and never has. The date at which the sonnets were composed does matter, though, because of the probability that certain ambiguous or even meaningless phrases are topical references which were perfectly clear to Shakespeare's contemporaries. Dr. Hotson begins with the date, which he sets at 1588-1589. His reasons, boiled down, are marvelously simple and, to me, absolutely convincing.

Elizabethan sonneteers were all young men — under thirty, and for the most part, under twenty-five; there was a considerable outbreak of sonnet-writing in the eighties; in 1588 Shakespeare was twenty-five and should have been writing sonnets if he was ever going to. To assume that he did it later is to assume a bad case of cultural and fashionable lag. Dr. Hotson refuses to consider such a possibility on the

The Peripatetic Advertiser



One of the many benefits of the Anglo-American publishing alliance is the chance to read book reviewers in trans-Atlantic translation. Two books published first in England weighed in with an eloquent press. From the British Isles **Purpose in Politics** (\$4.95) by Harold Wilson was launched impressively.

"Mr. Wilson's speeches and articles, collected in **Purpose in Politics** . . . will prove his debating brilliance on topics like the Common Market and foreign policy." — *Evening News*

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— *Daily Herald*

And in America, ahead of publication, one of the best of the booksellers' editorial services made this pre-publication report to the trade: "Wilson is without doubt a brilliant, skillful, and altogether reliable politician, as this collection of his speeches and articles from the past seven years quite clearly demonstrates. . . . As an introduction to a man



whose name may soon adorn our headlines this is a useful volume."

— Virginia Kirkus

Our former Ambassador to India, John Kenneth Galbraith, translated his title **The Scotch** into **Made to Last** for his British

publisher (to whom Scotch is a drink). It was published late in July in England and Scotland, and not since the theft of the



Stone of Scone has the Kingdom been so united. *The Observer* called it "an enchanting little book . . .

ten times more valuable a social document than most of the heavy volumes of the sociologists." The *Sunday Telegraph* said the author writes, "Like Burns . . . affectionately from within, sardonically from without." And the Scots agreed. The *Glasgow Herald* called Professor Galbraith "as sophisticated and intelligent a Scot as ever put pen to paper."

And on this side of the Atlantic **The Scotch** (\$3.95) has been called " . . . a captivating recollection of his ancestral background, his upbringing on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie, and his unclouded reflections on his Scottish-Canadian forbears. . . . His pawky, pithy humor is almost always at the expense of his compatriots. Age — thanks be — has not mellowed nor distance blunted the keen edge of his satiric remembrance. . . . Of all this prestigious author's books this is at once the most accessible, delectable, and instantly quotable. It's a delight to read, even if the only Scotch you know comes in a bottle."

— John Barkham,

Saturday Review Syndicate

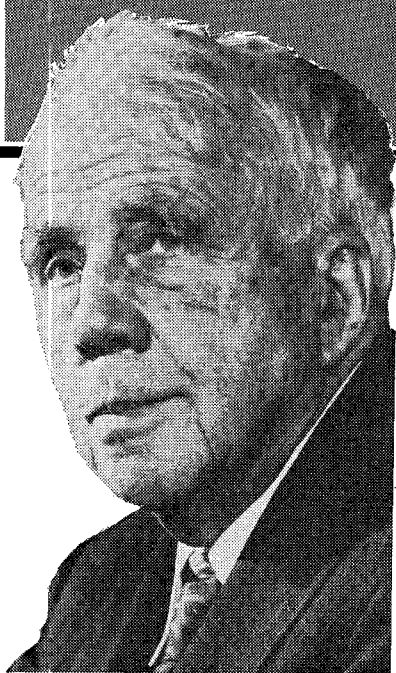
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— *Chicago Tribune*



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basis of Shakespeare's whole career, which is that of an exceptionally bright, quick-witted, resourceful fellow with an acute understanding of public taste. As to all those gray hairs and "bare ruin'd choirs," Dr. Hotson proves by quotation that a pretense of old age was part of the Elizabethan sonneteer's uniform. The younger the poet, the more advanced and piteous the state of his professed decrepitude.

Starting, then, with the year 1588, Dr. Hotson briskly locates his man— young Will Hatcliffe of Lincolnshire, who would have been much in the public eye as Christmas Lord of Misrule at one of the Inns of Court. The reconstruction of the pageantry and festivity staged in these places is fascinating and worth the while of anyone with a taste for picturesque minor history. All the crossword-puzzle work with the name Hatcliffe (and Morgan, for the disreputable Luce) is stuff for impassioned specialists. On the other hand, Dr. Hotson's dissection of a miniature by Nicholas Hilliard is a dazzling lesson in what can be read into visual symbols and probably was by an Elizabethan aesthete.

MATRON AT WORK

A MOTHER'S KISSES (Simon and Schuster, \$4.95) is the second novel by **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**, author of *Stern*. Second novels are traditionally a letdown; this one is.

It starts out with the inchoate discomforts of Joseph, a youth of seventeen with an inept hankering for girls and no college lined up for the fall. Then, presumably because Joseph isn't very interesting, it shifts over to his mother, Meg. This woman is a caricature that makes Dickens' wildest inventions look delicate; blabbermouthed, overconfident, puppyish, bullying, she shoves her long-since-exhausted son into one disaster after another, culminating in entrance to Kansas Land Grant Agricultural, where her attempts to get Joseph socially established finally bring on rebellion.

All of this is intended, I gather, as an extreme and comic portrayal of a matron whose possessive instincts verge on active incest. A funny horror story. But Meg is too wildly exaggerated in too many different directions. She keeps canceling herself out and becomes, eventually, merely tiresome.

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Some of the minor figures, particularly the parade of absurd youths at a summer camp and at the college, are really funny, and the style has throughout a nervous, crackling vitality which creates an illusion of action even when nothing much is going on.

THE MAKING OF A MUSKETEER

D'ARTAGNAN (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95), by **GEOFFREY HALL** and **JOAN SANDERS**, is a biography of a man who deserves the attention only because Alexandre Dumas used his name in a novel. Only it wasn't properly his name. The family started as de Batz, and after several generations of canny marriages, achieved de Batz-Castelmore, which entitled one Bertrand to the hand of a lady of the far more illustrious house of de Montesquiou-d'Artagnan. Their sons, off to make careers in Paris, incontinently dropped the paternal name and called themselves d'Artagnan.

Not enough has survived about Charles d'Artagnan to permit Mr. Hall and Miss Sanders to write a really interesting biography. What they have written, with considerable charm, is a series of sketches of politics and war in seventeenth-century France. One learns quite a lot about the history and duties of the Musketeers, a bit about the Fronde uprising, rather too much about the Sun King's methods of handling political prisoners, and finishes with part of a campaign in the Low Countries.

As dutiful soldier, sporadic spy, confidential courier, and tactful jailer of distinguished persons, d'Artagnan the Real had a recorded part in all these affairs. Recorded, but not definite. The authors have found nothing in the archives that hints at a distinct personality, and their occasional interpolations of fragments from the adventures of d'Artagnan the False are the liveliest things in the book. In his own field, Alexandre Dumas is still unbeatable.

BRAVE NEW WORLD

DIE NOW, PAY LATER (Harber Card Co., \$1.00) is a savage little paperback, full of macabre cartoons by **JACK DAVIS**, the whole affair compiled by **HAROLD MEYERS**. It is subtitled "You Don't Have To Take



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The rest of *Vistas of History* is devoted to examples, taken from his published work, of how a master historian deals with a variety of problems. There is social history — "Life in the 'Old Colony' in the Seventeenth Century"; biography — "The Wisdom of Benjamin Franklin"; political history — "The Peace Convention of February 1861"; and military history — "The Battle off Samar," one of the actions in the naval battle of Leyte Gulf during World War II. The entire collection demonstrates brilliantly the breadth of interests, depth of scholarship, and sureness of writing that have earned Admiral Morison his great reputation.

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All That Crepe From The Undertakers" and includes, among other protective devices, thirteen elegant ways to commit suicide. Mr. Davis has a great gift for the ludicrous portrayal of misplaced self-satisfaction and manages to get in digs at various worthy side issues like horror movies and youths with guitars.

O STRANGE NEW WORLD (Viking, \$8.50) is the first of two volumes in which **HOWARD MUMFORD JONES** proposes to trace the development of culture in the United States. What interests Professor Jones is not the inevitable transplanting of European cultures, but the changes that took place in what was transplanted. He is attempting to discover a pattern of change, the shift in method and point of view that makes our society American rather than colonial European, and the reasons for this change.

This is a large project, and how Professor Jones will finally develop it is his secret. The present book, subtitled "The Formative Years," stops at some undetermined point between Jackson's Administration and the Civil War. It begins with Atlantis, however.

Professor Jones has collected pre-Columbian European ideas about land to the West, and finds there were a great many of them, almost all tinged with the notion of a magical wealth and perfection. He observes that, given the period at which America was discovered, exploration of the new territory fell inevitably to men who had either studied or unconsciously absorbed the Machiavellian principles of expediency, independence, and ruthlessness. He traces these two principles—the dream of something better and the practice of personal power—through the whole colonial development of the country, connecting people as superficially unrelated as Henry Morgan and Sam Adams.

We have never been a law-abiding nation; reading Professor Jones's carefully documented record of high-minded anarchy and philosophical piracy, one can only marvel that we are no worse.

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about earthquakes. HAROUN TAZIEFF, the author, is a geologist specializing in volcanoes, and therefore, since the two often flourish in conjunction, earthquakes.

Having announced firmly that no scientist can as yet be positive about the cause of earthquakes, Mr. Tazieff goes on to explain all that is known about them. He makes his necessarily technical information comprehensible to the nongeologist, illustrates it with maps and charts which show the great networks of earthquake routes that swoop around the globe, and enlivens his text with unscientific humors and furies. He is particularly enraged by people who build flimsy towns on top of fault lines, a thing that has happened surprisingly often.

Along with much other quotation from earthquake survivors, the book includes a reminiscence by Lieutenant L. C. Billings of the U. S. Navy's *Wateree*, the only ship to survive the earthquake and tidal wave that destroyed the Peruvian (now Chilean) port of Arica in 1868. Billings was a credit to his service; he watched the whole mad rise and fall and rise of the water, the smashing of ships, the engulfing of the town, and seems never to have missed a detail. Then he wrote an account of it that is precise, lucid, unemotional, and terrifying.

A NEW O. HENRY

THE BLESSINGTON METHOD (Random House, \$3.95) is a collection of short stories by STANLEY ELLIN. They are rightly called "strange tales," for all of them are about bizarre, illegal, and sometimes violent affairs far outside the bounds of ordinary experience. Not that Mr. Ellin writes of ghosts and devils; his ghosts are merely arrangements of circumstance, and Beelzebub is a little man in a frayed business suit, carrying a briefcase.

The hair-raising story with a trick ending was very popular sixty years ago. It was developed and practiced with such ingenuity that there has been nothing new to do with it since, and anybody with a good memory and a wide reading in the genre can pretty certainly foretell how any new example is going to turn out. I mean it as sincere praise, offered with respect, when I report that three of Mr. Ellin's stories surprised me quite thoroughly.

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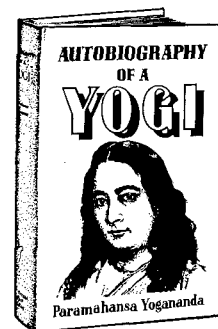
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*—J. R. Wiggins, Editor, *Washington Post*

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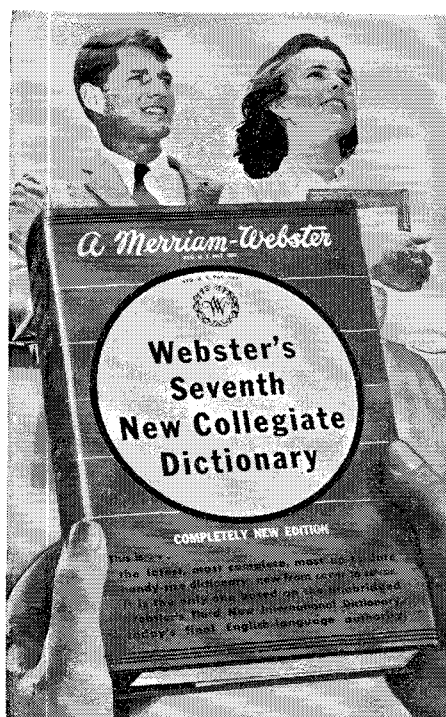
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POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

IVAN MORRIS, associate professor in the department of Chinese and Japanese at Columbia University and translator of several modern Japanese novels, describes court life in tenth-century Japan in *THE WORLD OF THE SHINING PRINCE* (Knopf, \$5.95). The study is specifically intended to help readers of *The Tale of Genji* who wish to know what realities underlie that old classic, but it is so full of antiquarian enthusiasm and bizarre information, and presents its ceremonious, inbred, melancholy world with such vividness, that it becomes highly interesting regardless of one's knowledge of Lady Murasaki's novel.

THE GREEN HORIZONS (Simon and Schuster, \$5.00) is a partial description of modern Brazil, written by GILBERT PHELPS. Mr. Phelps, an Englishman, claims to be no sort of authority about anything, which means that he is willing to take a look at whatever comes up; new buildings, old bandits, ranches, factories, Indians, mission schools, land, and rivers are all equally interesting to him. This state of mind makes for a very good sort of guide, provided the man sees clearly and writes well. Mr. Phelps does both, and his English background leads him to notice and investigate things that an American might pass over because they bear a deceiving surface resemblance to conditions at home.

THE SILENT MIAOW (Crown, \$3.95) is yet another book about cats, with photographs by SUZANNE SZASZ and prose by PAUL GALLICO, an inveterate ailurophile. The pictures are charming, but the text, which purports to be a book of advice written by a successful house cat for the instruction of orphaned kittens, is just about as sticky as such stuff can get.

After years of intense study, VLADIMIR NABOKOV has finished his translation of Pushkin's novel in verse, *EUGENE ONEGIN* (Pantheon, \$18.50). It comes in four volumes, the actual translation occupying part of the first. The other three and one third books contain the Russian text, an index, Mr. Nabokov's notes on the poem, and a discussion of the

horrors attendant on translating verse. He claims it cannot be done, and quotes dreadful examples from various verse translations to prove it. Abandoning any attempt at rhyme, Mr. Nabokov achieves a kind of irregular blank verse in an idiom that is certainly not modern but that requires no more concession on the part of the reader than Byron or Keats. Chronologically, this is just about right, although there are a few unnerving lapses. "Pal" hardly seems a possible word, either for the period or the kind of people Pushkin wrote about, and I wish Mr. Nabokov had never rummaged "molli-tude" out of the linguistic ossuary. The notes include a great deal of peppery opinion, along with an inordinate amount of information about Pushkin, his associates, and the historical period in general; Mr. Nabokov is probably the only scholar in the world who would think to quote Walter Scott in connection with Pushkin. Since Mr. Nabokov is particularly testy about reviewers who describe translations as readable, I hesitate to report that this one is — but truth must prevail. Pushkin's novel has survived and is very readable indeed. The verse and the poetry remain in Russian.

The *COLLECTED SHORT STORIES* (Doubleday, \$4.95) of ROBERT GRAVES must, I suppose, be viewed as a collection of potboilers, for Mr. Graves has publicly insisted that he writes fiction only to finance his real profession of writing poetry. These stories are potboilers of the best sort, skillful, witty, covering a variety of themes by a variety of structural methods, and never, at bottom, quite serious. They were not meant to be serious, and in a time when no author seems willing to undertake anything short of a thundering masterpiece, they are as comfortable as fur boots in a blizzard.

RUSSELL KIRK's *JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE: A STUDY IN AMERICAN POLITICS* (Regnery, \$5.95) actually concentrates on Randolph's ideas and comes close to ignoring the world on which he tried, and for excellent reasons failed, to impose them. What emerges here is less a study of American politics than the portrait of one isolated, eccentric, impractical idealist who had no more connection with the various conservative groups that have since tried to claim him as a saint than he had with the progressives of his own day.

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